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# METROPOLITAN

## MAGAZINE.

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# THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.<sup>1</sup>

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

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### CHAPTER VII.

THE plain was long, the night was dark, the steed flew with precipitancy, as if enabled to understand and fulfil the wishes of his master, who, however, kept his spurs fixed in his horse's flanks, yet unconscious what he did. The steed flew across that plain—another—and yet another; he vaulted over thickets and over ditches; he forded rivers, immersing himself up to the head. His body was reeking with sweat and blood, yet he paused not on his way. This headlong career would have brought both horse and rider to certain ruin, if a speedy succour had not intervened. A man mounted on a nag, who was himself riding hastily at the time, saw this desperate career, and galloped after Rogiero, crying,

“Signor cavaliere! signor cavaliere! for the love of Heaven stop! At the edge of this plain there is a deep river. Signor cavaliere, stop! you will certainly be drowned.”

Rogiero did not hear the cry, but spurring, still spurring onwards, hastened forwards to destruction. The stranger, although he rode a sorry-looking nag, by animating it with his voice, and stimulating it with blows, was able, although with some difficulty, to come up with Rogiero, and to address him again.

“Signor cavaliere! you are determined on death, by what I can see; at the end of this plain there is a torrent; you may hear the rushing sound it sends afar. Oh! do not thus destroy both soul and body; or at least kill yourself in some place where a priest may perform your obsequies. Do you hear what I say, signor cavaliere?” Then seizing Rogiero's horse by the bridle he

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 269, vol. xlv.

stopped him. The scudiero, thus suddenly changing from rapid motion to rest, recollected himself, looked round, passed his hand across his forehead, and said,

"Where am I? Who are you?"

"I am a poor Christian body, going from door to door to beg my bread for the love of Heaven. I have met with you, I have caught a glimpse of your danger, and I hastened to warn you that the torrent is near. You appear to me agitated, signor cavaliere; if you are not one of those renegades who renounce their Saviour for an *agostaro*, since such is the fashion these days; and if you like to do a little good in this world in order to have a great deal in the next, I will pray to St. Philip and to St. Gennaro for the repose of your soul and the soul of your kinsmen departed."

"Away! and thank your saints that I do not take your life in reward for your saving mine."

"Signor cavaliere, do not drive me away so rudely. If your law teaches you to love an enemy, how can you hate him who has succoured you?"

"Did I seek your succour? If you did not leave me to die, it was a sign that it is more for your advantage that I should live; and if your brain has not conceived this thought, your heart has. In this obscurity I cannot see your face, but you must certainly be a villain. Are you not a man?"

"You add to my poverty the oppression of your disdain. Oh! it was not thus with the cavalieri of the old time."

"Man! I do not disdain you because you are poor, but because you are of the human race; and I wish you to know that my disgust for mankind begins with myself."

"But have you not received life from men?"

"Life? Is life a benefit?"

"But maternal love—family affections."

"I know them not. I have no ties. I can hate without remorse, and I live hating. Hence with you, then, in an evil hour, and may you meet a death a hundred times more dreadful than that from which you have delivered me."

"Oh, signor cavaliere! do not speak thus, I conjure you, by the holy sepulchre. If you will not give me a single *burba*\* in charity, give me at least the benefit of your company till we leave this region, which, you must know, is full of robbers and ill-conditioned people, on account of the wars between the Holy See and King Manfred. Do not deny me this courtesy, and may the eyes of your fair lady be ever favourable to you."

"I do not want company. If you are weak, why do you put yourself in danger? Life must be nourished by suffering; why do you wish to avoid your portion, or to have another share it

\* A Saracen coin of small value.

with you? I think of myself. If your safety depended on a movement of my hand, a glance of my eye, do not expect it. Do you not know that the plaint of despair is as the dew of comfort to a soul in desperation? Away! Man is not fit company for man—rather the serpent of the desert.”

With these words he rode away. When he reached the river, not finding any boat to ferry him over, he proceeded along the bank, following the current, in hopes of coming to a bridge.

The morning came. The sun rose in the majesty of his rays, and spread his light and heat over all things. The waters of the river seemed to rejoice at again beholding the sun, and the sun to behold the waters; these trembled in the matin breeze, and the sun shed his beams upon them, and they threw forth a brilliant, quick, incessant sparkling, which the eye could scarcely bear, and which yet was pleasant to look upon. It seemed like the rejoicing of two friends who embrace after many years of separation and of past dangers. The country was all one harmony of varied tints, of song, and of fragrance—the jubilee of nature. Perhaps there is thus one hour in the day in which earth displays itself to us such as it was in the primitive times of creation, before our first parents sinned; and this is certainly the hour in which the sun returns to illuminate it. God in his wisdom has granted this hour as a reward to the man of resignation, who rises with the dawn to follow out the penalty of labour laid upon the descendants of Adam, or rather as a recompense for his condition; for the labourer is poor, and *his* awaking at the rising of the sun is to toil for *him* who never sees that orb but when it is declining.

Noonday came; the beautiful noon in the serene days of summer. What on this nether earth can equal in beauty the azure of the skies? The eye of beauty, says a gentle poet,\* shows the way which conducts to heaven; but it cannot compare with it. The majesty of heaven is alone like the omnipotence of its Creator. The star of life, proud and rejoicing of its youth, delights to shine upon that divine face, and that face offers a boundless field to the pomp of his rays—both beautiful, they love to reciprocate their beauties. Oh, son of earth! in that hour of comfort do not cast down thine eyes upon thy mother that sustains thee; men have despoiled the fields of the fruits of their labour to sustain a life of want and misery; do not cast down thine eyes upon the mother that sustains thee, or the illusion will vanish. Keep thy gaze fixed upon the firmament, it is by *this* the Creator comforts thee.

Hail! hail! thou sun, that awakest, yet circumscribest life.

\* ———— Gentil donna i' veggio  
Nel muover dei vostri occhi un dolce lume  
Che mi mostra la via che al ciel conduce.

Petrarca, Canz. 9.

Gentle lady, I behold in the moving of your eyes a sweet light, which shows me the way that leads to heaven.



Hail, thou fountain of existence and of death ! Thou hast beheld with thy self-same rays the birth-place and the tomb of our first parents ; thou wilt behold the tomb of their last descendants ; nations have disappeared before thee, like the waters of the current, like the sands of the desert. Men have cursed thee, yet thou hast not ceased to shed the blessing of light upon them ; they have offered thee incense and prayers as to a god, and thou hast not increased thy fires ; always great, always immutable in thy goodness. Sometimes a cloud, the daughter of terrene vapour, mantles the countenances destined to thee alone, and thou clothest it with such brightness that it seems like the brow of innocence ; but it grows black, like an ingrate, and makes war against thy rays, the calm is gone, but from us, the tempest rages, but over our heads. The thunder-storm was beneath thee, and thy light, still beautiful and eternal, smiled at its dark life of an hour.

The twilight of evening came, which though variegated with a greater number of colours than that of the morning, yet is nevertheless sad and solemn. A ray of purple and gold emblazons those confines where the sky seems to blend and unite itself with the ocean ; but that ray is of the past, and bears the impress of its decadence ; it is like the fame of some mighty one, who, although vanished from the face of the universe, has left his memory in history, and, as best he may, thus renovates himself, with it in future ages. This strife between light and darkness is as solemn as that between life and death ; it blends with all of affection that is in our hearts ; the labourer leaves his work and the philosopher his meditations to surrender his soul to its melancholy sensations. This hour is the touchstone of sensitive hearts ; if an enemy sought out his enemy and entreated pardon of him, this latter, although capable of returning in the night season to thoughts of revenge, and of executing them, yet could not refuse him *now*. Unhappy he who sees the day expire without mourning it ; a thousand times more unhappy he who sees the day new-born without rejoicing in it !

All this marvellous vicissitude of nature had passed before the eyes of Rogiero, who, though he paid no attention to it, yet felt its influence. In the morning his thoughts were fierce ; *now* they were full of sadness. His horse had now for some time been travelling with difficulty through the interior of a forest. Rogiero looked around for some Christian habitation, but his eye wandered vainly among the foliage ; he strained his ear—all was silent, except the mysterious whisper of the trees when agitated by a slight wind. He dismounted ; he felt his frame weakened ; he took the curb from his horse, which neighed with joy, as if to endure every toil for his master were but duty, and the cessation of the toil merited his gratitude. Rogiero stroked him affectionately, and when passing his hand over his flank he felt it all rough with

congealed blood, while the horse gave a slight shudder at feeling a touch upon his raw wounds. Rogiero, forgetting all his care, burst forth in a voice of lamentation, "Ali, my good steed, see what has befallen thee from a man mad with affliction. Alas! to behave to a friend as to the most direful enemies, is the manifest symptom of a diseased mind." And he looked up to heaven and murmured to himself. Then, all armed as he was, he laid himself down upon the ground, and made a pillow of his shield. His weariness was extreme; at first his mind fixed itself upon one thought; by degrees an infinite series whirled through his brain; these were at first distinct, but soon became interrupted, and were succeeded by others disordered and incoherent, and finally confused; his eyes became heavy, then slowly closed, and Rogiero fell asleep.

He remained in this state for some time, till he was suddenly awakened by an uproar of laughter, blasphemy, and vile words such as are used by the lowest of the people. At a little distance from him, among the bushes of the underwood, he saw a large fire, and before it men of fierce aspect, all sheathed in armour, who were gesticulating in a horrible manner. When their infernal yells had decreased a little, he heard a mournful voice lamenting, and immoderate laughter and insults replying to the lamentations. Most of the people of those times would have made the sign of the cross and fled, as if a thousand fiends were behind them; verily believing that they had beheld the obscene Sabbath and dances of witches in the moonlight, the evil one in the form of a black goat receiving the adoration of the assembly, the sacrifice of a child, and the offering of its bleeding heart on the altar of blasphemies; and similar other errors for which the good people of modern days ridicule those of the olden time, as if they were secure that the future age could not mock them for the follies with which they surround themselves. Rogiero drew his sword, and with stealthy steps approached the scene; he easily perceived that the men were brigands, but did not so readily discover the cause of their mirth. Looking closer, he observed a man whose voice, although altered by his present terror and by weeping, appeared to be that of the person who had requested his company in the morning. His garments were those of poverty; he wore a grey gown, with a slouched hat ornamented with cockle-shells, in the fashion of those who had been to the Holy Land. He might be about fifty years old, was of a slight and apparently very active figure; his face was pale and furrowed with wrinkles; his eyes were sunken, and surrounded with livid rings, but the pupils were jet black.

"Nota bene, because I do not want you to think we treat you ill, and you yourself will be persuaded that it is right you should die. We have rummaged you from head to foot, and we have

found on you not a single image of a saint, nor a sacred heart, but only this purse full of bright new *agostari*, which are a pleasure to behold. This, as you must think, is so much the better for us; but you see that is not the guerdon of pilgrims; and granting it were so, how have you been able by begging from door to door to collect them all new, and all of the same year? Therefore you are not a pilgrim. It remains to be seen whether you are a thief or a spy. But we may spare the inquiry, for in either case you must die. If you are a robber, as it seems, professional jealousy, and the dread of seeing the art in too many hands, now that money and goods grow scarce, induce us to slay you. If you are a spy, the pleasure of vengeance, the certainty that you will never injure us again in future, equally induce us to slay you. Charity, my brother, is a great virtue; but I have often heard that to be perfect it should begin at home. Now your charity is entirely opposite from mine; you are weak, and I am strong; you fled, and I overtook you; therefore I will kill you. What do you think, do I not understand logic?"

This discourse was pronounced by a brigand who appeared to have a certain pre-eminence over the others. He was handsome, young, and tall. The upper part of his face, with his black, ever-frowning eyebrows, his rough forehead, and threatening eyes, appeared truly terrific. In the lower part, his rosy mouth, ever smiling, and full of the whitest teeth, showed him to be a lover of jesting and mirth. In brief, his face was a contradiction, and his soul was a still greater one. At the end of his discourse his companions yelled in chorus, "Right, Drengotto, right!"

The unfortunate pilgrim, when he saw a chance of being heard, threw himself at the feet of the bandit.

"Good cavaliere," said he, "do not dip your hands in innocent blood, for you would commit a heinous sin. I swear to you before Heaven that I am neither thief nor spy. I received these *agostari* from a baron of Chieti, who sheltered me one night for charity in his castle, and who commissioned me to carry them to the Abbot of Montecassino, to be employed in furtherance of his intention. I heard in the neighbourhood that in his youth he had been guilty of many homicides, and of other evil deeds; and now, when he felt that old age was bringing him near to death, remorse touched his heart, and he was seized with a sudden fear of the devil. And you, signor cavaliere, do you not fear the devil?"

"Who is afraid of old friends?"

"Ah, do not injure a poor man! The Lord protects the poor. Let me pursue my journey, and I will pray for you as much as I can. Have you not a Christian soul? And why should you destroy mine, since I am your Christian brother?"

"*Nego minorem*," replied the bandit. "First of all, that your argument should hold good, you must prove that you have a soul,



But grant it be proved, you have either a good soul or a bad one ; if it be good, what is there in this life that can please you ? It is a tissue of sorrows ; the world is a den of wild beasts, and it is not granted to you alone to convert your species ; that is a divine work ; it only remains for you to mourn over your kind. Rejoice, then, to approach the fountain of all perfections, to hasten with all speed to your promised inheritance of bliss. If it be bad, wicked men have made a contract with virtue ; the latter has sold crime to the former ; and these have promised to the former the indemnity of punishment, and I make myself the exactor of it."

"And who has given you this right over my life?"

"Might. Do you think that when I am taken, and, according to the custom of the country, either burnt, or hanged, or buried alive, in the name of the laws, by virtue of a powerful *Dei gratia*, that there is, in fact, any better right over me than this? Might, brother, is the Eve of all rights."

Here the banditti, who had been hitherto deeply attentive to the dispute, shouted out,

"Bravo, doctor! our Drengotto is a clever fellow."

"Ah, signor, you are too learned a master of argument for a poor beggar to dispute with. I conjure you, by the soul of your father, if he is dead . . . ."

"Break there, pilgrim! Since you are so hard to be persuaded that your death is a good—an obstinacy for which alone you deserve to die—let us see if I cannot make you desirous of death by the manner of it which I will prepare for you. You must know, then, that as I am a scholar, and have been a student at Bologna, I should like to give you a Latin death. The glorious Emperor Frederic (whose memory be accursed), amongst his other discoveries, invented the punishment of *propagginating*, derived from *propago*, *propaginis*, which means a plant. This, as you will see, is a curious death; a hole is made in the ground as deep as you are tall, or rather deeper; then they put you in head downwards, and heap earth a-top. What do you think, is not that a truly imperial invention?"

"Yes, *propaginate* him! *propaginate* him!" yelled the ferocious robbers, in concert; and they all began at once to dig the ground.

"Oh, holy Virgin! aid me," exclaimed the pilgrim, overwhelmed with terror.

"Shame! shame!" said Drengotto to him. "Come, prepare to die with a good grace, and comfort yourself with the pleasure of future revenge. Being planted thus you will sprout; from the off-shoot of the spy a certain gallows-wood will grow, and you

\* The character and expressions of the brigand Drengotto are so abominable, that the translator has thought it a necessary tribute to human feelings to make some omissions here.—T.R.

may flatter your last hour with the hope that one or other we shall be the fruit of your tree."

"Do not kill me, magnificent cavalier, do not kill me! By your baptism, by the blessing of God and the saints, keep me for your servant. I know how to take care of a horse, I will love yours and yourself, and I will serve you faithfully. Oh! deliver me, signor, from this horror. Death is too great a calamity." And he wept and sobbed convulsively.

"Who told you that it is a calamity? You were never dead to know it; another time we may believe you, but this time we cannot give you credit."

"Oh, yes, death is grievous! Do you see how I tremble at merely hearing it named? and you would tremble too if you were near it. Why have we this instinct of life if death is not painful?" And again he began to sob, and to entreat with desperate words.

"Alas! do not weep, brother," said the brigand, "you move me to compassion. See, Frederic the glorious emperor, who was a much greater man than you are, is dead; Innocent, the learned pope, is dead also; and I, even I, the son of Messer Tafo di Andreuccio, the banker of Naples, I who have learned jurisprudence and canon law in the university of Bologna, young, handsome, and strong though I be, I am destined to die. We are all born under this obligation; it is a *sine qua non* upon which eternity grants us some years of mortal life. Do not weep over your misfortune; or weep if you will, and I will weep with you over the unhappy race of man. Is the grave ready yet?"

The pilgrim, who, from the compassionate tone in which the preceding discourse was uttered, became somewhat re-assured, was in a state not to be described when he heard the conclusion of it, and especially when he heard, "It is ready, it is ready," repeated all round him.

The robbers sprang upon him; he strove to defend himself; he kicked, he bit every one who touched him; more than once he burst from the hands of his captors; the muscles of his face were convulsed; he howled like one possessed; he glanced rapidly from side to side his terrified looks; he used all the strength of desperation. At length they succeeded in holding him and in turning him heels up; and his cries became, if not louder, at least fiercer, as they dragged him near the grave.

"Oh, most holy Virgin, help me!" he cried with wonderful rapidity of speech. "St. Germano! St. Ermo! St. Philip of Argiro! Angels and archangels have mercy on my soul! Holy martyrs and confessors . . . ."

"Right well," interrupted Drengotto. "If he does not die resigned, at least he dies penitent. Do you hear how he sings the litany of the saints?"

"Well said, well," exclaimed those impious wretches, with a tumult of laughter, as they reached the grave. The unfortunate victim made incredible struggles, but in vain; his head was thrust into the earth, and every hope seemed lost. Suddenly three blasts of a horn were heard; the robbers, startled, let him fall; and, without heeding what might happen to him, all taking their arms ranged themselves under the orders of Drengotto, in array to receive some great personage.

They looked now to this side, now to that, uncertain in what direction he would appear, for the foliage was thick, and its rustling prevented their hearing the coming footsteps. Suddenly Rogiero saw emerge from the darkness and stand revealed in the fire-light, in all the majesty of his form and height, a man of gigantic limbs, and clad like the other brigands, except that he wore, in addition, a corslet of plate-armour carefully polished, a horn slung at his neck, and a plume in his cap. The fire reflected a red light upon his face, and his strongly-pronounced features, his bushy eyebrows, and bloodshot eyes, demonstrated him to be governed by fierce passions; while the elevated head, the ample forehead acute at the angles of the temples, the chin a little pointed downwards, and the lips closely compressed, spoke him a man of immutable will, and born to command. His countenance, although severe, was not terrible, but on the contrary inspired a degree of confidence in those who observed it—a remark which may be always made of the faces of those men who are firm in mind and body. He was followed by four brigands, who led a number of mules laden, as it seemed, with provisions. When they were come forward, the Condottiero looked at all the assembly, and with a courteous and dignified air addressed them.

"I salute you."

"Welcome, Condottiero," replied the robbers.

"Behold! Heaven will not the destruction even of offenders. We have acquired wherewith to supply our wants for some time—those wants that put weapons in our hands against our brethren."

"Acquired!" exclaimed one of the four armed men who had followed the Condottiero. "Acquired! we might indeed have acquired it, and with ease; but you chose to purchase it with good gold coin of Frederic the Second."

"And is not this an acquisition, Beltramo? The world is conquered in these days more by gold than by steel; it will be so for a long time of which I cannot see the end."

"I do not know what to say to this," replied Beltramo, "but certainly the money might have been spared."

"Have I spent yours? Have I required your share? Oh! let us not, for pity's sake, lay a heavy hand on the unfortunate, oppressed by fate and by men; let us teach society, which has



rejected us from its bosom, that we are better than it is—that it is a stepmother to affectionate sons. I might, indeed, have torn from those poor vassals the provisions they were carrying to market, and have left them no recompense save the injury; but could you, Beltramo, eat that food without thinking of the tears that the stern baronial collector would call forth when he went round to gather tribute, and the vassals would have nothing to pay it, and through our means? No, no! bread robbed from the poor is not good for either body or soul. But this evening these poor vassals will return all joyous to their families, and tell them, ‘Five cavaliers met us on the way; we fled, leaving our load behind us to save our lives; they might easily have taken them, but they called us back, and paid us even a better price than if we had gone all the way to the market.’ Yes, and I am certain that when these poor vassals pray they will remember us in their prayers, and our names will ascend to heaven with those of the saints, and God will look upon us in his mercy, and see that we are wretched; and perhaps he will take us from this mode of life, which is an affliction to us and a terror to others. God is merciful over all his works.”

“Amen,” said Drengotto, in an under voice.

“Why do you say amen, Drengotto?” asked the robber who was nearest to him.

“Because the sermon is ended. He ought to have a rope either round his waist or round his neck.”

“Drengotto!” cried the Condottiero.

Drengotto stepped out of the ranks, and, presenting himself boldly, replied, “*Adsum*, captain.”

“Give me an account of your day.”

“It is an unimportant one, Messer Ghino. We have coursed all day between the wood and the river, but have met with neither Saracen nor Christian. We were returning home towards evening empty handed, when the dogs scented something, and sprang barking into a thicket, and we after them, and saw that they had stuck their teeth into a beast of a pilgrim, who is lying upon the ground there; we made all speed to deliver him, for with a moment’s delay they would have torn him up into equal portions among them all, like good brethren.”

“You have done well.”

“Some of our comrades wanted to let him go, but we others, in the plenitude of the power which you delegated to us, opposed it, and said, let us see if the good pilgrim has his pockets lined with reliques or with crown pieces. Sinners as we are, we would not dare lay our hands on holy bones; so far well; but if he has gold, silver, or jewels about him, we will take them, for they are vanities, and we are the censors of morals in this respect. Then we set to work to rummage him, and, *mirabile visu!* he had not

the image of a single saint nestled about him, but this purse full of golden agostari."

"Oh! most glorious baron! by the honour of your family, by the peace of your kindred defunct, save me from that ferocious man, who by his words and deeds seems to be the first-born of Satan. See, he has prepared a pit to *propaginate* me."

Thus broke forth the pilgrim, who, after hearing the gentle words of the Condottiero, had raised himself upon his knees, and dragging himself along on them, had thus reached the feet of the leader. The robbers seeing him move in that manner, with the terrors of death in his countenance, and all bedaubed with dust, burst into peals of laughter, which, however, were soon repressed by the look of the stern Condottiero.

"Rise," said Ghino. "Man ought to kneel to God alone." He unbound his hands, and added, "You are free." Then, as if to avoid the usual formula of thanks, always useless to the wise man who can distinguish gratitude in the expression of the face, he turned to Drengotto, and asked, "Is this true that I hear of you?"

"Yes, captain."

"Why did you want to do that?"

"Oh, it was nothing. We wished to have an example of the mode in which the Emperor Frederic put our comrades to death when they fell into his hands."

"You have transgressed the laws of our band; you deserve punishment."

"Who made those laws, Messer Ghino?"

"Our own free will."

"Then those who made them can unmake them. All things change in this world—rites, languages, customs, the face of nature—and shall a code made by assassins after supper, goblet in hand, be immutable?"

"Who is there present that desires to change it?" cried Ghino, with a voice that thrilled through the hearts of his comrades, and casting around glances which made all who met them cast down their eyes. "Who desires to change it? Our little society is different from society at large, which comprehend the vast family of mankind. Here are no compacts to which you have not all been parties, no promises which you have not made, no oaths, no laws which you have not been previously discussed at length, and agreed to with full consent. You have all quitted society at large, because you hated, or at least offended against its statutes; but on coming into another society, laws and constitutions were not the less necessary; there can be no integrity of order without laws, no permanency of reciprocal brotherhood. Laws, discussed and sworn to, cannot be lightly handled, otherwise we should give but a bad opinion of human wisdom and of eternal justice, showing by

such mutability of ordinances that there is no such thing as good in this world, or that it is vain to seek after it. Let us dwell apart from mankind with such acts and such thoughts, that if recalled to them at some future day we may not be ashamed to lift up our heads amongst them. There is not one among us who in the recesses of his heart does not thrill at the dear remembrance of father, child, relative, or friend; not one who does not sigh after his home. Perhaps we may never see the day of pardon, but we never cease to sigh for that day. In creation all is law and established order, without which we should cease to be."

"Do not talk to me of laws," cried Dengrotto, bantering. "No one can convince you that there are no laws better than I can, who have made law my study. If our nature had willed laws, they would have been given to us by nature, and without writings we should have been good, merciful, and just; but, on the contrary, we are naturally bad, cruel, and unjust. There is in our hearts a furious love for self which incessantly cries out to us, '*myself first.*' The happiness of another is an attack upon our own, because it subtracts a part of the inheritance for which we pant. Every one makes himself the centre of creation; the world is *his* circle, the interests of all mortals are the rays which ought to meet in *him*, and this is certain—do not I talk learnedly? There are persons in society who extract every advantage from laws to which they either have never agreed, or have agreed from various principles, or in a moment of intoxication, like ourselves when we made our own code. That such persons should study to preserve the laws, well and good, it is their own advantage, and I should do the same in a similar case. But the man who finds a stumbling-block of a gallows in the way of his discovered acts does not change his opinions, but hides his actions; hence the perpetual war of robberies, deceits, and frauds, which is not only unpunished, but even praised with the words, *he manages his affairs cleverly.* It is said that matrimony is an essential principle of society, yet every man who has a family is an enemy to society, for every child that is born to him is a motive of war against his brethren, since he desires to enrich it at the expense of all other people. Now there is not in the world a sufficient fund of good to satisfy all; and for every prosperous person there must be a hundred in the lowest penury. The plate, the precious vases, the viands provided for pomp rather than need on the tables of the rich, would not be there if in the innumerable dens of the poor there were bread enough to appease hunger, a draught to quench thirst, and a bed for repose. I think that when a marriage is celebrated the church should be hung with black, and the bells tolled as in a public calamity."

"Destroy then, wretch, destroy law and ordinances. Destruction is the attribute of the devil. In his eternity of anguish he



loves ruins and heaps of corpses ; these are his throne, where he reigns tormenting and scoffing at the souls which trusted to him ; but *he* is immortal—you, poor atom, mixture of imbecility and clay, mere fragile in the hands of the Eternal than straw under the foot of the elephant, how could *you* attain to this power of evil ? how could you avoid the war of all against you ? You would be hunted like the wild beast of the forest, and you would die with the anguish of knowing that you would become a memorial of execration and of disdain to those who should come after you. But suppose you reach the height of evil power, what would you have effected when you had destroyed all things ? how support your own existence with the asp of remorse gnawing at your vitals ? You would no longer hear a voice in the world, but how would you fly from that of your own conscience ? You would be like the whirlwind of the desert ; you would live alone, and die alone. Oh, fool ! you know not the bitterness of solitude—may Heaven never compel you to know it !”

“There is a proverb, Messer Ghino, *better alone than in bad company* ; and proverbs are things to be heeded, for, as I heard when I studied at Bologna, they signify *probatum verbum*, or a tested saying, approved by the experience of ages and the consent of mankind. But what you have said regards the band. Let us provide for our necessities ; meanwhile we delight in living as we do live.”

“Ah, villain, and how can you delight in the blood of the weak and weeping one ? what pleasure or what profit can you have in barbarously murdering him who clasps your knees and implores your pity ? Remember that one day you will be judged.”

“What would you have ? Every man has his own opinions, and I have mine. There was an ancient people, as my tutors have told me, who from mere compassion put to death all the deformed, and they were not without their laudators for it. Now if I put to death the deformed in spirit, ought I to be blamed for it ? Antiquity is a great mother of useful instruction, Messer Ghino.”

“And who are you that pretend to scrutinize the thoughts of man, and to arrogate to yourself the most portentous attribute of the Lord ? If these are truly your sentiments you merit a stab rather than an argument. Let this suffice you to know that the weak is never slain but by the vile. From the story of the Lion\*

\* About the year 1260 a fine lion named St. Mark was presented to the republic of Florence, and kept in the Square of San Giovanni. One day, being negligently guarded, he escaped from his cage, and rambling through the city, he snatched up the posthumous child of one who had been treacherously slain. The mother, with piercing shrieks, prostrated herself before the lion, who, looking gravely at her, restored the boy to her. When the child had grown up to manhood he avenged his father, and was called Orlanduccio of the Lion.—*Villani's Annals. Book VI.*

of St. Mark, who a few years since at Florence saved the child Orlanduccio, learn that the brave is always magnanimous."

"It appears that you would accuse *me* as *vile*, and you have said to me things senseless enough. Now I will call *you honest*, and we shall have told a lie, or said an unmeaning thing of one of us."

"Drengotto!"

"Come, let us throw off this cloak of virtue; it does not become us. Do not you see we are like the devil in a hermit's habit? Let us stand forth in our nakedness; it is loathsome, but we have the heart to endure it. Let us say openly that we are villains; where is the use of concealing it? no one would believe us. Lo, here! whether it be honour, or penalty, each of us bears the mark of Cain on his forehead. It were vain to pull our caps over our brows; the mark would show through the cloth. We are at least sincere, since in feigning we cannot deceive ourselves. Let us renounce the appearance of a virtue from which we can reap no fruit but ridicule. Our being so wholly rogues without law ought to be of more account than acting honest men with law. In the first case you are always secure because you guard yourself; in the other case you trust and are deceived, and then what remains for you?—complaint, the comfort of the weak. I would wager my Damascus blade, Messer Ghino, that you—you yourself—with all your magnanimity, if the pope or Manfred offered you an estate to betray us, you would, without an instant of hesitation, sell us all, like sheep to the butcher, soul and body."

"Drengotto!" cried Ghino, and his hand gripped the dagger, but the wretch, following his loquacious audacity, continued,

"But we watch you, because we have no better opinion of you than you, if you are wise, ought to have of us. For that matter, let every one do as pleases him. Let us remain united as long as we can; when we can be so no longer, let us quit each other, or destroy each other, as best may seem. Meanwhile let us propaginate our pilgrim. Hurrah, for liberty of action!"

"Liberty of action!" shouted some fiercely, and went to seize the pilgrim; but the latter, seeing the robbers intent on the disputation, contracted his person, glided cautiously away behind them, and had taken to his heels as soon as he had got far enough away.

The robbers, disappointed of their prey, wanted to let slip the dogs, to beat the forest, and find him again at any hazard, and propaginate him. But Ghino, joined by most of the band, drew his sword, and exclaimed,

"I forbid it!"

"Let us do it, or we will kill you," screamed the colleagues of Drengotto.

"Kill me, vile ribalds?" cried Ghino, wheeling his sword round him with admirable dexterity. "Attempt it."

"Attempt it!" they re-echoed, and came to blows. But Dengrotto sprang forward, shouting,

"Peace! peace! gentlemen! hear me awhile first. Ghino and I, as you perceive, hold different opinions. We cannot make ourselves agree by words; if we talked and talked till doomsday, each would hold his own, and even if one of us succeeded in upsetting the other it would take too long a time. Let us finish the business with the poignard. Do not let us be like the potentates of the earth, who, when they have any affair to unravel among them, they force mankind to kill themselves cheerfully in the name of glory, without knowing the why or the wherefore. Let us, Messer Ghino, restrain these men, who would support us willingly; let us not disappoint the hopes of the executioner, who would have great cause for complaint if they slew each other. The strife is between us two, and between us let it be finished. Let us confide in the justice of Heaven."

"Heaven has condemned you; my sword has never struck in vain."

"This I know; but do not think, Messer Ghino, that I desire a duel with you; your strength and your skill in arms is different from mine; from your earliest years you have been familiar with sword and lance, and I with codex and commentaries. Let us manage so that neither shall have an advantage; let us lay our poignards on the ground, and retire an hundred paces, you on that side, I on this. At a given sign let each run to catch up his own, and let him who first seizes the poignard strike. What think you of it?"

The robbers were silent. Ghino replaced his sword in its sheath, drew his poignard, and showing it in all its brightness to Dengrotto, said,

"Do you choose it? Remember that I have outrun the wild goat, and Heaven will wing my steps, since the cause is that of Heaven."

"So much the better for you. What would you have? Our companions expected to see the pilgrim propagginated; he has escaped through your fault, and they must have some diversion."

"Be it as you will, and your blood be upon your own head."

Ghino recollected himself a moment; then rubbing his forehead, he flung the poignard from him with such violence that he buried it more than half its length in the earth, then turning away he proceeded towards his own place. Dengrotto watched the moment, darted rapidly forward, and with horrible perfidy was just about to plunge his own poignard into Ghino's side, when the blade of a sword suddenly appeared from behind a tree, and smote the arm of the assassin with such force that the hand was struck off, and fell to the ground. The severed member slid along for a moment rebounding, loosed its hold of the poignard, then rapidly



opened and shut, as if to clutch the weapon again, and continued this convulsive movement for a few seconds before it became motionless. The wounded man uttered a piercing shriek, stood erect for a moment, then dropped down in a swoon. Ghino turned his head, comprehended the whole occurrence with one glance, and exclaimed,

“There is a God that punishes treachery.”

The banditti, all astonished and terrified, cast down their eyes, and muttered between their teeth, as if by constraint,

“There is a God!”

Why Rogiero had remained immovable during the adventure of the poor pilgrim, and had given such valuable assistance to the captain of the banditti, is not difficult of explanation, especially when we remember what the good Lavater says upon the effects of physiognomy. There are some countenances, says he, which at first sight become the delight of our eyes, the joy of our hearts, and which we cannot persuade ourselves we have never seen before, but we feel in our hearts some indistinct affection, like a distant recollection of love, and we take pleasure in deceiving ourselves, and fancying they are the friends of our childhood, which, though lost sight of for years and years, have left notwithstanding a deep longing after them; hence springs an irresistible desire to associate ourselves with them, and to share with them our pleasures and our cares, which it is so sweet to pour forth into the bosom of a friend.\* On the contrary we meet with other faces which inspire us with a sense of aversion, and if our eyes meet theirs we feel constrained to look away; and if we address them, our words do not flow freely, but broken and restrainedly, so that it is disagreeable to hear us, and all our endeavours cannot conquer this natural dislike; perhaps our reason may persuade us not to *hate*, but love is a feeling which will not be commanded by our minds. Besides this reason, which is in itself cogent and natural, there were others of which Rogiero himself, perhaps, did not think, but which, nevertheless, unconsciously swayed his act. For instance, the affair of the pilgrim occurred at some distance from the place where he was concealed; the robbers had all agreed to propagate their prisoner, and to stir in his defence would have most probably been the means, not only of *not* delivering him, but of

\* Part of this quotation from Lavater will remind the reader of the lines in *Lalla Rookh*:—

“Oh! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought;  
As if the very lips and eyes  
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before us then.”

Quoted from memory.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

destroying himself. The adventure of Ghino took place at about two paces further, and the chief part of the band being resolute in the defence of their captain, assured him that his blow would not only pass unpunished, but would even be applauded. But however it might be, Rogiero, considering the impossibility of concealing himself any longer, left his ambush and advanced towards Ghino. His unexpected appearance, his rich armour, and his personal beauty might have presented an idea of St. George, after conquering the dragon; and as St. George, or the archangel Michael, the superstitious minds of the bandits would have worshipped him if Ghino had not met him with a cheerful frank salute, and clasping his hand, said to him,

"I owe you my life, brave cavaliere."

He said no more, but the manner in which these few words were uttered proved to Rogiero that he had found a friend, one who would give his possessions, his life, his honour, to see him happy; they proved to him all those sentiments which no language in the world is able to express; and even if it could, the heart would disdain to use it, for deep feeling is silent, and wordy acknowledgments serve, in the opinion of him who speaks them, to dislodge at least half his debt of obligation.

These circumstances occurred in a few moments. Ghino, after saluting Rogiero, turned hastily to Drengotto, and helped his comrades to tie up, as well as they could, the severed arteries, and stop the hæmorrhage, for the wretch had already lost too much blood. Four of the brigands raised him in their arms, and moved slowly towards their hut, and Ghino supported his head. On the way the wounded man recovered his senses, and raising his heavy eyes saw the condottiero, and said to him, in a smothered voice,

"What a queer man you are, Messer Ghino! what do you mean by this pretended pity? you neither ought nor can feel any for me; have I not tried to kill you? and by treachery, as fools would say. But what is this treachery? You offended me; I wished to avenge myself; I could not do it openly, for injury would have been added to insult. I tried for revenge as well as I could; I failed—patience. It was a contest between us, and chance decided against me, and I care no more about it than the physician who sees his patient dead, or the lawyer who has lost his cause. Go away! your compassion insults me. What is one hand the less? Nature has provided for such accidents by giving us two hands. Since we are born to die, it is better for us to die piecemeal than all at once, for thus we get used to dying. Now one of my hands is dead; by and by it may be a foot. Since one ought to bear the expense of the entertainment, and it has fallen to *my* lot, patience. Bets were always unlucky with me."

Ghino was about to console him, but he fainted again. They had now reached the hut; the condottiero called Beltramo, com-

manded him to take care of him, earnestly entreating him to watch him well, for which he would recompense him. Meanwhile, if the patient grew worse, he should repair to St. Quirico and tell the abbot that Messer Ghino had sent for him, upon which he would certainly come thither; then turning to the band, who had followed him, he said these few words, in a solemn voice,

“Let Drengotto be a warning to you; I pardon the guilty.”

Thus said, and rejecting any companion from the band, he walked towards his own abode, courteously requesting Rogiero to accept from him a lodging for that night. Rogiero not only readily accepted the offer, but would himself have made the request, so much pleasure did he find in the presence of Ghino, and so much need did he feel of repose. He retired cheerfully with him, and they entered certain intricate paths of the forest in which any man who was not well acquainted with them would be lost. We may let them proceed, for Ghino knows the way, and will bring his companion safe to his abode. But we will return to Drengotto.

The robbers, dismissed by Ghino, dispersed abroad, with various thoughts, but all serious ones; we need not record them.

The four brigands who had carried Drengotto laid him on his bed; Beltramo, in a tone of displeasure, said to the other three,

“Have you the heart to leave him alone?”

“Are not you here?” replied one of them. “And what should we do all the night?”

“Let us play at hazard,” rejoined Beltramo.

“In that case I will stay.”

“And I”—“And I,” replied the rest.

But Beltramo, who had one atom more of humanity than his comrades, observed to them that Drengotto had fainted, to which they replied that he was only asleep; and then, though he was not convinced in his mind that Drengotto was really sleeping, suffering himself to be deceived by the affirmation of his comrades, and making some little concord between his conscience and what he ought to do, he drew some dice out of his pocket.

“We want wine.”

One of the bandits, who was impatient to begin playing, replied,

“Look at that table; do not you see that Drengotto is well provided? We should waste too much time in going to our own lodges for wine; let us take that. If Drengotto lives we will repay him, in wine or money, as he pleases; if he dies we shall have drunk without paying the host, and that, as the poet says, changes vinegar into Greek wine.\*”

The brigands laughed at the saying, and taking the wine flasks

\* A fine Italian wine made from grapes grown on vines originally brought from Greece.



and some candles they sat down on the ground in a circle, and began to play.

The game had gone round about six times, when a voice which seemed to issue from the grave, called,

"Beltramo!"

"Have you woke, Drengotto? I will be with you; after this throw the box comes to me; I will throw the dice and be with you."

"Beltramo!"

"Coming—I am ready—give me the dice—a good throw! six and four are ten, and three are thirteen; mark, Cagnazzo, the game is not lost yet."

Then rising, he approached the bed of the wounded man, who said to him,

"Beltramo, while I was in a swoon——"

"How! were you not asleep?" interrupted Beltramo, with seeming surprize.

"While I was in a swoon," continued Drengotto, without minding him, "whether I stirred, or whether the bandage——"

"Three! three!" shouted a brigand. "Come, Beltramo, it is your throw."

"A moment, Drengotto; I will throw the dice, and——"

"The bandage was badly put on, and the blood——"

"The blood?" repeated Beltramo, carelessly. He had retired one step, but he turned back, and added, "Cagnazzo, play for me; I cannot now."

"Almost all the blood in my body has flowed from my lacerated veins, and I am dying—see!" and he showed himself—a miserable spectacle—weltering in a lake of blood.

"Thirteen! I win! We have won! Beltramo, the five loses."

"Mark it on the wall, to prevent disputes. Holy Virgin! why did you not call me sooner, Drengotto?" said Beltramo, and he hastened to bind up the wound anew.

"It is well," said Drengotto, smiling; "but all your labour is in vain. I called you to witness my nuncupative will; and you, comrades, come and listen to my last bequests."

The three robbers, who had finished their game, and who could not well go on without the fourth, rose each with his goblet in his hand, and went towards the wounded man. The latter, seeing them ready to listen, said,

"Considering myself to be near death, which is the conclusion of life, but being of sound mind—that is, as much as I have ever been—I leave, first, my soul to whomsoever it belongs to, and my body entire, as the skin is of no use, to the earth. *Item*—I leave my arms and my clothes to whichever can first lay hold of them. *Item*—my money to you four, that you may perform, or cause to be performed, sundry games of hazard. *Item* also to you four—

the wine I have in store in my hut, that you may pass this night merrily, and the next night, if you leave enough."

"Oh, we have already drank the wine!" exclaimed the robbers.

"Then let the notary cancel this bequest," said the dying man, smiling. "I constitute, further, as general heir to all my debts, Beltramo di Tafo, who has taken such affectionate care of me in my illness."

"Oh, never mind that, Drengotto! you would have done the same for me in a similar case."

"I believe so, indeed, Beltramo. I request one sole favour from you, and I entreat you not to refuse it, for the sake of our ancient friendship. When my body is carried to the grave, look for my hand, which must have remained somewhere in the middle of the wood, and take care to lay it by my side, so that I can readily find it; for when the archangel shall call us to receive judgment (*justice* I have never had) I should like to present myself among the first, and to know at once my fate, whether for good or evil; otherwise, who knows where the devil would stick my hand, and how much time I should lose in poking about for it?"

He smiled, but it was his last smile, when the agonies of death came upon him. His curled-up lips trembled; his teeth chattered; the expression of his face was infernal; his eyelids opened and shut as rapidly as we see the new-caught butterfly flutter his wings. The convulsion was of short duration; by degrees it grew weaker, then ceased, and of the created being there remained but the clay.

The brigands who surrounded the bed, goblet in hand, saw him expire, and lifted the vessels to their lips, saying,

"It is all over—to the repose of his soul!" and drained off the wine. Then they covered the corpse, and began again to play at hazard with the dead man's money.

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## L I N E S

WRITTEN FOR THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE  
BATTLE OF CULLODEN, APRIL 16, 1846.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

BOLD thoughts and true, bold hearts and few, o'er which shall fall to-day  
The shadow of the haunting past, come join me in this lay;  
And while we live the meed we'll give of praise to each brave heart  
That played an hundred years ago on earth a noble part.

For a noble thing it was to cling, when his star was waning fast,  
To the fortunes of their native prince with devotion to the last;  
And a noble strife it was that life, and name, and fortune set  
On the single chance that wreck'd them all in the dark storm where they met.

It had been no wrong had it been strong in numbers as in zeal,  
That cause of Scotland's ancient kings, with its ranks of heart and steel;  
And had they won full many a sun, through the silent years gone by,  
Had seen heroic names shine forth in the blaze of victory.

And shall they die because they lie on the wastes of their renown?  
Live there no generous thoughts this day their generous faith to crown?  
Shall the word defeat lure unworthy feet on their honour'd dust to tread?  
No! by the soul of chivalry! stand forth, ye valiant dead!

Stand forth and tell, as ye may well, that ye suffer'd not that day  
One strong resolve, one plighted truth from your hearts to fall away;  
'That side by side with these ye died beneath the southern spear,  
And dauntless shouted back through death—"On for the Chevalier!"

Tell how ye met on scaffolds wet with the rich blood shed before,  
And firmly there gave utterance to your deathless faith once more;  
And boldly paid, through the headsman's blade, for the right ye would not  
yield,  
To raise an honest voice and arm in the senate or the field.

Let men cast still what stain they will upon your fallen cause,  
Ye noble hearts, ye shall be judged by honour's changeless laws;  
Let them that prize self-sacrifice, that know true glory's worth,  
Now say if ye deserve no place amongst the great of earth?

Strathallan thou lift up thy brow, with Balmerino bold  
And thou, Lochiel, O bravest, best! whose name the hills enfold;  
In conscious worth stand forward, Perth, with Murray at thy side,  
With lofty Ratcliffe and with Forbes, and them that nameless died.

And thou, brave man, whose life-blood ran thy prince's life to save,  
Mackenzie! self-devoted one, rise proudly from thy grave;  
And once again we'll challenge men to search ye one and all,  
And prove that here ye hold our hearts in no ignoble thrall.

When earth has said its worst, brave dead, of this it robs ye not—  
The love-born zeal that cheer'd ye through the darkness of your lot;  
And these tame days, in whose cold ways few warm, true feelings thrive,  
May sigh for the perish'd chivalry of the gallant Forty Five.

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## THE SORTES SCOTTIANÆ; OR, TWO LEAP YEARS.<sup>1</sup>

A TALE.—BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHORESS OF "THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS," &c.

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### CHAPTER III.

Beneath an Indian palm, a girl  
Of other blood reposes ;  
Her cheek is pure and pale as pearl,  
Amid that waste of roses.

Beneath a northern pine, a boy  
Is leaning—fancy bound—  
Nor listens where with noisy joy  
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,  
Relaxed the frosty twine ;  
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.

Sooner shall nature interlace  
The widely-severed boughs,  
Than these young lovers, face to face,  
Renew their early vows.

*R. M. Milnes.*

LATE in the month of October, in the same year wherein our story commenced, the circumstance of the Caledonian Hunt's Races taking place at the period of the northern meeting, had assembled an immense concourse of gay visitors at the ancient town of —, in that district of Scotland. It was the night of one of the Hunt's balls, in the County Rooms, which was, as usual, numerous and brilliantly attended ; and at the moment when our narrative looks in there, the dancing and mirth were at their height.

A waltz was just going on, from which several couples disengaged themselves, and paused to rest, ere joining in it again.

One of these couples approached near to a window, where stood two gentlemen talking. The lady, a young and pretty woman, seated herself, and her partner—no other than Grantley Forbes—remained standing beside her. The latter was somewhat altered in appearance since the summer. He looked paler and thinner,

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 351, vol. xlv.

and his countenance, when silent, wore an expression of deep melancholy. This expression, however, was contradicted by his manner, which, in talking to his partner, was gay, lively, and even rattling, to a degree very different from its wont in former days. An acute observer, nevertheless, would have detected no inconsiderable proportion of effort under this mask of high spirits, as well as of relief in the look with which he turned away his head, and ceased talking, on the young lady's attention being called off by some one on her other side. Just as this took place the ear of Forbes was caught by some words pronounced by one of the gentlemen beside him, which sent the blood rushing to his temples, then suddenly driving it back to the heart, left him as pale as death.

"Colonel Lindesay," said the speaker. "Yes, Colonel Lindesay, who lives at the Holms, near Edinburgh, and has one very pretty daughter. It is he I mean."

"You don't mean to tell me that my old acquaintance, James Lindesay, is *ruined*?" exclaimed the other, in a tone of great concern.

"I am very sorry to say I do," was the reply. "At least, if not utterly ruined, something very like it. He has parted with the remainder of his lease of the Holms, advertised everything for sale, and broken up his establishment. What he means to do, at his time of life, poor man, I don't know."

"But how—how on earth did all this occur?" enquired the second speaker.

"Why, in the way that the same thing has occurred to half-a-dozen other Indians within the last three months, to my certain knowledge. He had left the greater part of his money in one of the great Calcutta houses of agency, for the sake of the high interest, and you know there has been a terrible smash amongst them lately. All he had in this country is safe enough, but I fancy it is a mere trifle compared to what he had invested there. It is a cruel case."

"Cruel!" exclaimed the other. "Good heavens! that lovely girl! What will become of them?"

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Forbes?" enquired the partner of our hero, a few minutes after this, in a tone of considerable interest. "I fear——"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dunbar!" exclaimed he, with a start; "you spoke to me, I believe?"

"Yes, several times," replied the young lady, smiling. "I was afraid you were not well from your looks. Is anything the matter with you?"

"No—yes—nothing of consequence, thank you," he replied, passing his hand across his forehead, as one who tries to arouse himself from a dream. "I am subject to slight attacks of giddi-

ness in the head, but it is quite gone now. I beg your pardon for my rudeness. Shall we join the waltz again?"

"No, thank you," answered she. "I am a good deal tired, and was going to ask you to be kind enough to take me to my aunt. It is lucky for you, Mr. Forbes, for I don't think waltzing would be the best possible cure for your complaint."

"It would do it no harm, I assure you," replied Forbes, as he gave her his arm.

Having consigned Miss Dunbar to the care of her chaperon, Grantley Forbes remained a few minutes by them, talking with as much apparent ease as ever; then, gradually retreating, contrived to extricate himself from the crowd, and proceeding into a small room, at that moment untenanted, flung himself upon a chair by an open window, and hid his face in his hands.

He had not been above a quarter of an hour alone when another young man entered the room—a tall and commanding figure, whose fine face was rendered singularly unattractive by a most imperious expression. Notwithstanding, however, this marked difference between their countenances, a strong family likeness at once proclaimed them brothers.

"Grantley!" exclaimed this gentleman. "What, it is you, then? I thought I saw you go in here a while ago, and came in hopes of detecting you in a tête-a-tête with Mary Dunbar; when, lo! here you are all alone. What has happened now? Is the lady cruel? What has chanced to interrupt you in your newly-discovered vocation of shining in a ball-room, most learned and sober-minded brother?"

"Nothing, Henry, nothing," hastily replied Grantley. "I only came in here to rest."

"The deuce you did! Who ever heard of swains in such request as you are resting in the middle of a ball? Come along, man, you are wanted. That fascinating maiden lady, Miss Mary Dunbar, is impatient at losing sight of you so long, and only refrained from coming along with me to look for you under the supposition that 'my niece Mary' and you were together, 'my niece' having just escaped from the jurisdiction of her vigilant aunt, in some unexplained manner. Come along, Grantley."

"I cannot, Henry," replied his brother; "you must make some excuse for me. Say I am not well. I assure you it is true. I do *not* feel well; I cannot go back to the ball-room."

"Nonsense, Grantley," returned Henry; "you know that is fudge; nobody will believe it. Why did you come here at all?"

"Why, indeed?" exclaimed Grantley, as it were involuntarily.

"I'll tell you why," retorted Henry, with a sneering laugh. "Because the governor sent you, and so you must do as he bids. You are under orders, Grantley, and must obey."



"I am indeed no free agent!" said Grantley, in a low voice of suppressed and bitter feeling.

"Free agent indeed! It is not every younger brother to whom such a glorious chance of repairing the injustice of fortune is opened up. It is rather a good joke to see you boggling at being enriched *malgré vous*. Now, once for all, Grantley, you know you must be on duty; you can't help yourself, so you had better come with a good grace."

"No, Henry," replied his brother firmly, "I neither will nor can. I am not well; there is no falsehood in the case. I have just heard some very painful tidings, connected with—with an old friend in Edinburgh, which have completely upset me, and I am quite unable to return to the ball-room. I shall get away to the hotel as soon as possible. Now, my dear fellow, I have told you the honest truth, and the greatest favour you can do me will be to excuse me to Miss Marjery, and leave me alone."

Henry Forbes attempted some further persuasion, but finding his brother immovable, at length abandoned the contest. Within a short time after Grantley found himself alone in his apartment at the — Hotel. He locked the door, threw open the window, to admit the cold night breeze, and seating himself by it, leant his burning forehead on the ledge. Then starting from his seat, he walked rapidly for a few minutes up and down the room, then again flung himself into the chair, and pressed his hands upon his brow.

"Ruined!" he exclaimed, almost aloud. "In distress—in poverty! and I cannot be near her, cannot console, cannot aid her. And she—what must she not think me? Oh! Sybil! Sybil!"

The memory of the last evening they had passed together rushed over his mind. "*Leap year!*" he said; "how true has been her augury! How true those fatal words, the omen I rashly tempted! Sybil, he who would yield his life's blood to help you is far away, banished from your sight, doomed to act the part of a villain towards your confiding innocence! And you, in sorrow, in bitterness of heart! Oh, Heaven! how is this to be endured?"

At that very moment the eyes of the far-distant Sybil were fixed upon the same night sky, whose breezes were cooling the fevered brow of her lover. Late as the hour was she had been unable to sleep, and unwilling to retire to a restless pillow. Within a few days after that time the sale of household effects was to take place, in the house which so long had been her home, and which so soon must know her no more. Her apartment bore many traces of the miserable confusion incident to such a time; half-packed trunks, empty bookshelves, all its little elegant appliances displaced or removed; how changed from the sanctuary of peace and repose which it was wont to be! But more changed than all

was the heart of its occupant. She had been removing various articles from the drawers of a cabinet, soon to be hers no longer ; hitherto the repository of sundry little precious relics, which she was now transferring to another receptacle. With a pale cheek and quivering lip, yet with a tearless eye, she had lifted many of them, more or less blent with associations of the past. At last she came to one—a withered branch of the lovely little rose de meaux, around whose stalk a slip of paper was sealed, inscribed with the date—“ June 19th, 1824.” It was the rose which Grantley Forbes had plucked and given to her just as they were leaving the garden, that last night which they spent together. Sybil gazed upon it long and earnestly, then pressed it to her lips and laid it down.

“ It is withered,” she said to herself, “ and so it should be.”

The air of the room seemed to stifle her ; she approached the window and threw it open, leant her head upon her hands, as she stood before it, and burst into an agony of tears.

“ Perhaps he has forgotten me,” she said. “ I ought to wish that he may, for I am going where we shall never meet more. God strengthen me to bear this trial. I think I could have borne it all better than that thought. And God bless *him*, wherever he may be.” Her bursting sobs choked the prayer.

And thus were their thoughts united, though they knew it not. There was no “ Agrippa’s glass ” to reveal to one of those sorrowing and faithful hearts the love and the anguish of the other.

“ Alas ! for love, if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, oh, earth ! ”

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Shall song its witching cadence roll ?  
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,  
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,  
And heart to heart responsive beat ?  
What visions wake, to charm, to melt !  
The lost, the loved, the dead, are near ;  
Oh ! hush that strain too deeply felt,  
And cease that solace too severe.

*Campbell.*

Four years had elapsed since the commencement of our narrative ; years fraught with many an eventful change, above all to those yet upon the threshold of life ; for at that period one year will do the work of ten, in altering, maturing, too often in hardening the character. It was now again leap year—1828 ; and again it was the beginning of the beautiful month of June.

The brilliant sunshine of a fine evening, between the hours of five and six, was flinging additional splendour over the stately city

of Edinburgh, as it burst upon the eyes of a party of travellers in a barouche and four, covered with the dust of a long journey, which drove rapidly into Princes Street from the London road, and whirled up to the door of Douglas' Hotel, in St. Andrew's Square. All things looked gay and smiling, as if to welcome their arrival, and Mr. Douglas and his myrmidons rushed forth to perform their part in the reception.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed a gentleman, springing from the carriage as soon as the steps were let down, "here we are once more in Auld Reekie. Welcome to Scotland, my dears," as he extended a helping hand to the remainder of the party, two ladies, preceded by a tall slender lad about eighteen, who jumped out after him. The elder lady, wife to the first-named gentleman, was a fashionable-looking woman, of a certain age; the other much younger, and infinitely prettier. While the rest of the party were talking together, and preparing to enter the hotel, this young lady lingered for an instant on the steps, and cast a long glance around her. Her eyes wandered over the various objects before them with that mournful intensity of gaze which we fix upon the countenance of a dear and long-absent friend; till at length, as the lady's maid, valet, and waiters began ascending, armed with multifarious articles of luggage, she seemed, by an effort, to recall her roving thoughts, passed her little hand over her eyes, and followed her party up stairs.

"Here we are then, in Edinburgh, at last," exclaimed the elder lady, as they entered their sitting-room.

"Ay, blessings on the good old town!" ejaculated her husband. "How my very heart warmed when I caught the first glimpse of Arthur's seat in the distance!"

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is mine own, my native land?"

"And has Sybil not a word to say?" inquired the young man, approaching the window where she stood, gazing out upon the square. "Sybil, you used to talk of nothing but Scotland when we were 'ow'er the seas and far awa'; can you not find a speech to welcome it now?"

"I have a heart to *think* the welcome, at any rate, Frank," answered Sybil, turning her eyes towards him. Tears were trembling on their long black lashes, though a smile was on her lips. Not a heart in that room, however great might be its gladness on returning to its native land, beat with one hundredth part of the tumultuous sensations that agitated hers, on standing once more within the walls of Edinburgh.

That evening, ere the party separated for the night, Sybil had despatched a chairman with the following note to a friend from



whom she had long been divided—her cousin Juliet, who had now been about two years the wife of her guardian's eldest son.

*To Mrs. Maitland, George Street.*

DEAREST JULIET,

I cannot hope to see you this evening, but neither can I resist sending to see whether you are in town, and whether we may hope to meet to-morrow. Indeed, I could not go to sleep to-night without talking to you on paper, since I am denied the comfort of doing so by word of mouth, and telling you how strange—how very strange—it seems to me that I should once more be in Edinburgh. I can scarce believe it, even yet. And so changed ! I do not know myself again for the girl who left this place, now nearly four long years ago. Yes, *four* years ; and this again is leap year ! You used to laugh at my visionary fancies ; but I have one connected with that particular period, which certainly has been strangely realized by this return to Edinburgh. A year and a half ago, when my uncle and aunt Murray had resolved on going down to Scotland, and all our preparations were begun, I know not how it was, but I never *felt* as if we were to make it out then. And so it proved, for my cousin Frank coming home just then so ill from Harrow, and being threatened with consumption, obliged us to set out for Italy instead. And thus our time of absence has been prolonged till this fated period again arrived. You will laugh at me, Juliet. Yet, no ; I don't think you will be inclined to laugh just now, when we are on the eve of meeting after so long, and to me at least, so sad, a separation. There is little thought of laughter in my heart to-night, and I am sure, if the stern realities of life could cure me of the dreams in which I used to indulge, I have had some experience in them since the happy days of old.

I long to see you, Juliet. I have many, many things to say, and to ask, which I cannot write. There is much of the news of Edinburgh that I want to hear, and you know, love, you have not been so good a correspondent since you were married as formerly. Let me know when we can meet ; and now, good night. My kind remembrances to your husband.

Ever, dearest Juliet,

Your most affectionate cousin,

SYBIL LINDESAY.

Douglas' Hotel,

St. Andrew's Square.

It was now above two years since the death of her father had left Sybil an orphan. The severe pecuniary losses sustained by Colonel Lindesay, of which mention has been made in the previous chapter, had induced him to decide on quitting the neighbourhood of Edinburgh for a cheaper place of residence. His ties to it were

fewer than usually occur ; yet at that age to enter upon a new scene, to be forced to abandon the home of years, the very household articles consecrated by habit and association, to relinquish comforts rendered absolutely necessary by long use and advancing infirmity, these are trials of whose magnitude the prosperous can form no adequate conception. Different in degree from the agony which wrings the warm heart of youth, such agony as was felt by poor Sybil in tearing herself away from the dwelling of her childhood ; they fall, perhaps, with more of crushing weight upon the spirit, from which the elasticity of youth, as well as its keen, quick sense of sorrow or joy, has long departed. There is no rebound, no reaction, in the breast of advancing life, when overtaken by heavy affliction. And heavy, indeed, was Colonel Lindesay's ; not for himself, but for the young, innocent, and nearly unfriended daughter, whom he felt that he must ere long leave behind him in a cold-hearted world, without those pecuniary means which might render her independent of its niggard kindness. He had already, in silence, but not the less in deep anxiety, seen her drooping, and losing spirits and bloom, under a sorrow to which neither of them ever ventured an allusion, but which the father's heart could well divine ; and now he had the added misery of feeling that a loss had fallen upon him of whose full extent and cruel consequences, as regarded *her* future lot, she could as yet form no idea, but which the bitter experience of after years would every day bring more sternly home to her. Generous, unworldly youth makes light of the evils of poverty, but maturer age well knows that there is no earthly ill which, when long continued, or hopeless, falls with a deadlier pressure on every hour of existence, or tells with a more killing effect on every emotion of the soul.

Meanwhile, the struggle came to an end ; the bitter hour of parting arrived, and passed away, like all our earthly hours, whether of joy or woe, though it left traces behind, in the hearts of those who experienced its agony, which time might soften, but never could efface. The advice of an old East Indian friend, now settled in the island of Jersey, had induced Colonel Lindesay to resolve on retiring to that cheap and beautiful place of residence ; and there, shortly before the close of *leap year*, did Sybil find her father and herself established. It is needless to dwell on the emotions which wrung her heart on being thus removed, as it seemed, for ever, from the possibility even of hearing of one whom she could not cease to remember. These were for her private hours, her secret tears alone. In her father's presence her care, her tenderness, her anxious thought of his comfort, seemed even redoubled ; and in the necessity for exertion, in the real privations, the actual cares of life, the stern realities of this world, as they manifest themselves to one compelled to find affluence and comfort exchanged for struggling and comparative penury, if she



learned to feel some—not a few—of the bitter, she yet unconsciously became in herself an example of the “sweet uses of adversity.” Her character rose, refined and purified, from the waves of trouble that passed over her. Her poetical impulses were exchanged for humble religious faith ; the hand of Providence, as directing the path of life, manifested itself more clearly to eyes purged by the euphrasy and rue of affliction, from the dimness of mortality, and Sybil, as she became sadder, became also wiser.

But a darker sorrow was in store for her, in the death of her beloved and only parent, whose health never recovered from the shock his unexpected misfortunes had occasioned him. He died, and his daughter, as she hung in anguish over his lifeless remains, felt indeed what it was to be left alone in the world. Hitherto she had had the strongest of all possible motives for exertion ; she had had her father’s comfort to study, his happiness to look to ; she had been forced to act and think for him, as well as for herself ; and most precious privilege of all, she had had his affection, his unfailing love, to flee to as a refuge from all suffering, to hang upon as an unfailing anchor of her soul, when tending to sink under painful retrospection. Now all this was over ; she had no one now to live for, to struggle for ; she was the first object of no human heart ; except the dear brother from whom half the world divided her, there was no living being to whom her affection was of consequence ; the *one* unfailing fountain of love in this world—a parent’s love—was sealed for evermore, and she was desolate. She felt, as she turned away from her father’s lonely grave, that she would gladly, joyfully, have welcomed back the worst hours of poverty and sorrow, have thankfully endured “the loathliest, most despised life,” that ever worldly loss entailed, so she might again have had his tender love as a motive and a reward for her exertions to assuage its troubles.

Providentially, as Colonel Lindesay thankfully felt and acknowledged it, the only brother of his late wife arrived from India, his term of service having expired, about six weeks before the death of the colonel. Mr. Murray hastened to Jersey upon the entreaty of his brother-in-law, and at once willingly undertook the office of trustee to the little property devolving upon Sybil and her brother. Having laid her father’s head in the grave, he escorted his mourning niece to London, and introduced her to his wife, by whom she was kindly received as the future inmate of their home. The final arrangement of her father’s affairs left a sum for his daughter considerably under two thousand pounds, and this was all of worldly property to which she could look forward with any certainty, although her brother, full of the sanguine anticipations of youth, wrote to her of his expectations of realizing a fortune large enough for them both, and of returning from India to make Sybil mistress of his house, before they should both be old and



grey haired. Meanwhile he sent her many little presents, and all the money which he could spare ; and these tokens of fraternal affection were very precious to the sister's heart, the more so in proportion to the dearth of all other household ties, the sense of which weighed so heavily upon her. Her letter to Juliet has given an idea of her movements since becoming an inmate at her uncle's ; and now once more she found the path of her life leading her to Scotland, where Mr. Murray, full of enthusiastic attachment to his native country, had resolved to look out for landed property, in which to invest some of his eastern riches.

One trouble Sybil had experienced within the last year, in the shape of a strong and persevering attachment formed for her by a friend of her uncle's, a Mr. Dundas, whom she had first met abroad, and who had now followed their party home. This gentleman, who was some ten years her senior, and a man of most amiable and respectable character, as well as of considerable fortune, was favoured in his suit by Mr. and Mrs. Murray, to a degree that rendered it very difficult for their niece to repress attentions which gave her much pain, because prompted by a sentiment which she could not return. The knowledge that he had preceded them to Edinburgh, and the dread of his paying them a visit on the morrow, formed the strongest alloy to her pleasure in finding herself there once more.

Many and various, indeed, were the reflections which thronged upon her mind as she sat down that night before her toilet-mirror, to prepare for retiring to rest. She cast her eyes round the elegant sleeping apartment with a melancholy half-smile. "I was less sumptuously lodged long ago, at my own dear home," thought she ; "but I had a lighter heart in those days. Has *he* forgotten them ? Ah, me ! men have not our memories. And I am changed—my very face is changed since then !" as she cast her eye over its reflection in the glass. And so, in truth, it was—changed from the character of sunny loveliness which had animated it four years before ; yet it was an alteration which few could have criticised. A paler tint had overspread its clear soft fairness ; the girlish rounding of the cheeks had fallen into a more oval contour ; there were fewer smiles dimpling round the mouth, though its expression of sweetness remained unaltered—if possible, augmented ; and there was a deeper well of feeling in the dark grey eyes, a loftier expression of thought and intellect on the polished forehead, where the parting clusters of her rich brown ringlets disclosed it to view ; all that alteration, in short, which tells to the eye of a physiognomist that the heart of which such a countenance is the index, has not passed from youth to womanhood without its own share of experience in the loves and the sorrows of our mortal nature, but which tells at the same time, that what the heart has lost in juvenile lightness and joy the soul has gained

in intensity of thought, in depth of feeling, in hallowed submission to the unerring will and the righteous appointments of Heaven. No one whose admiration was worth having could quarrel with such a change; but Sybil was not dreaming of admiration; her thoughts had reverted to other times, to

“—the light and bounding hearts  
The world has yet to wring;  
The bloom that, when it once departs,  
Can know no second spring.”

Alas! there are few amongst us, tutored in submission though our minds may be, who can refuse the tribute of a sigh to retrospections such as these; and we humbly believe that there are none in whom such a sight of un murmuring regret as she breathed for them would be reckoned a sin. We bear about within us hearts originally formed for the unfading joys, the undying loves, of eternity; is it then a wonder that we should sigh and weep over the dear, though vanishing, treasures of time? Such sorrow can only be sinful in excess, when it blinds us to aught beyond our earthly hopes and their frustration.

As Sybil extinguished her chamber light, and laid her head upon her pillow, a low strain of music stole upon her ear. She raised herself in bed and listened. It gradually increased in loudness, then ceased for a short space, then again burst forth, almost beneath her window, in a lively air. She sprang from her bed, and wrapping her dressing-gown around her, drew back the window-curtain, and looked out. In the clear obscure of the northern midsummer night she distinctly perceived the musicians standing beneath the railings of the square garden. They played on various wind instruments, and seemed to belong to a band; perhaps—who could tell?—the identical, the well-remembered band of other days. Whilst Sybil leant upon the window-sill, and listened intently to their performance, the air which they were playing was suddenly exchanged for a slow and plaintive measure. It was the unforgotten melody—“Somebody.” Strange! by what accidental coincidences the finest and tenderest chords of the heart may be made to vibrate! The hour, the scene, the memories called up by these notes from her spirit’s inmost recesses, alike conspired to awaken the gush of feeling that swelled the breast of Sybil. She hid her face in her hands, and gave way to an overwhelming burst of tears.

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## CHAPTER V.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder.  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither frost, nor rain, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The thoughts of that which once hath been.

*Coleridge.*

On the following day our heroine gladly escaped from a visit which, as she had anticipated, the party very early received from Mr. Dundas, to enjoy a meeting with her cousin, at which even the placid Juliet shed tears of pleasure, mingled with those of sad retrospection. It was arranged that Sybil should dine tête-à-tête with Mrs. Maitland, her husband being absent from town; and the evening accordingly found them seated together, and alone. Mrs. Maitland's pretty baby had been kissed, played with, and at length despatched to bed, and there was no one present to restrain the full tide of recollections which rushed upon both their minds on finding themselves once more together.

"I am sure I remember this house, Juliet," said Sybil, as she looked round the drawing-room; "did not Mrs. Hope live here?"

"She did," replied Juliet. "It was sold after her death, and Edgar bought it. We have been at one or two delightful balls in this house, Sybil."

"That we have," replied Sybil, with a mournful smile; "how could I forget it? How many changes there must be amongst those who used to meet here four years ago! Tell me, Juliet, did Matilda Hope marry that handsome Robert Wedderburn? We used to be so sure she would; they always danced together."

"They will never dance together again though," answered Juliet. "What prevented the match I don't know, for they certainly were much attached, but I suppose it was want of fortune. She has now been married above two years to a Sir John Stewart, and Mr. Wedderburn has some diplomatic appointment abroad; he never returned here after her marriage. And pretty Jane Hope is dead!"

"Poor Jane! Is it possible?"

"And Emelia Shaw is married to Anthony Mowbray."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, indeed; who would have thought it once? And—oh! I should never have done, Sybil, were I to begin telling you of all the changes amongst our old friends. There are many sad hearts amongst those whom you left gay and happy, I assure you."

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"I can well believe it," answered Sybil, with a deep sigh.

"And you, dearest," added her cousin, "you are happy with the Murrays; are you not, Sybil? I have so often longed to see you, were it only that I might ask a thousand questions, such as an old friend like me is privileged to do, but which I could not write. You find them kind, do you not, Sybil?"

"Oh! very kind," replied Sybil, with another sigh. "Nothing could be more so; my uncle is a warm-hearted, excellent man, and I like Frank exceedingly. The two girls being at school, I have seen less of them."

"And Mrs. Murray, Sybil?"

"My aunt is very kind, too. She is naturally indolent, and I should say of a much less affectionate temper than her husband, and it is not to be supposed that she should be so fond of me, a stranger to her, though her husband's niece; but she has always treated me with kindness, and I try all I can to please and induce her to love me, still——" She paused.

"Still," said Juliet, "you do not like her so well as your uncle?"

It was not exactly *that* I was going to say," returned Sybil. "It is ungrateful to Providence in me to say it all, for I had no right, no reason to expect to find a comfortable home anywhere after I was deprived of my natural home, and my uncle's house was opened to me like a refuge from a storm. But oh, Juliet!" Her heart swelled; again she paused, then went on. "An uncle's house, be he ever so kind, is not like a father's. After being accustomed to the love, the tenderness that I had been, it takes a long while to habituate yourself to being comparatively an object of indifference, to have no one *really* to love you."

"My poor Sybil!" exclaimed Juliet. "Your affectionate nature does indeed merit a very different fate."

"But it is most wicked in me to repine, Juliet. How thankful I ought to be that my dear, dear father, on his deathbed, was spared the agony of leaving me friendless and poor in the wide world! What would have been my lot but for my uncle?"

"It is true, dearest," said Juliet; "you have, as you say, much cause for gratitude; but still, Sybil, I understand all you feel; though my feelings never were of the keen, sensitive nature of yours, I perfectly comprehend it. It could not be otherwise with you. You *must* have some one to love, and to be loved by, with the whole heart. Oh! how happy would it make me to think that you were likely to find that one in a husband."

"Ah, Juliet!" said Sybil, a smile struggling with the tears which filled her eyes, "you are married yourself, you see, and you think there is no happiness in single life. But I have no wish to marry."

"I believe, however," replied Juliet, looking anxiously and

affectionately at her, "that there is a person very desirous of inspiring you with the wish."

"You mean Mr. Dundas, of course," said Sybil, with her usual ingeniousness. I am very sorry that my aunt and uncle should speak of that to everybody."

"They never spoke of it to me, Sybil; how should they, when we never met till to-day? But the world has been talking of it lately as a thing very likely to occur; and oh! Sybil, I was so glad to hear it!"

"Dearest Juliet," exclaimed Sybil, earnestly, "you—you believed it, did you?"

"Indeed I did, Sybil; I thought it very likely. He is an excellent man, and would make so kind a husband, I am sure. And in your situation, dear girl, what can be more desirable?"

"I know," said Sybil, "that I am poor, and in a measure dependant. But it cannot be desirable, Juliet, that I should requite the preference of an amiable and kind-hearted man by becoming his wife when I do not and cannot love him."

"Dear Sybil, you may not love him with all the capacities of a nature like yours, but yet love him sufficiently to make him happy, and you would find affection grow upon you. Your husband—the father, please God, of your children—would daily become more dear to you. You would have a place of your own to fill, duties to perform, a channel for a thousand affections that are now running to waste. It is not as if you were living in your *own* home, Sybil, as if you had its ties and its duties to contribute to your happiness. You are isolated, and you feel it. You can never be less, and you may be more so, than at present. Oh! do not fling away a chance of regaining the comforts and independence of *home*."

Sybil shook her head.

"It is all just and true, Juliet, so far as it goes, but ——"

"But, Sybil, consider the future. You are now young and beautiful; and moreover, there is no other young lady in your uncle's house but yourself. When your cousins grow up, and come home from school, it may make a sad difference in the not very warm affection with which Mrs. Murray now regards you. How will you be able to bear the consciousness of that? And in the course of nature you must one day lose your uncle; and I am sure, Sybil, you have no conception how dreary, how loveless, how joyless, is the life of an elderly single woman without near connections, who cannot afford herself the comfort—cold and solitary comfort though it be—of a home of her own. Oh! if you had ever visited any ladies in those 'genteel boarding houses' that abound in Edinburgh, as I have done; if you could conceive the jealousies, the petty squabbles, the clashing interests, the ——"



"Juliet, Juliet!" exclaimed Sybil, "spare me, dearest; it is cruel——"

"Only cruel to be kind, my poor dear Sybil. Surely marrying without—even without—very strong affection, is preferable to a lot like that?"

"Ay, Juliet, if I were only thinking of myself, and not of the excellent man on whom I should be practising such an imposition—but *you*, Juliet, I did not expect to hear you advising me to marry any one else, knowing my heart as you once did, and cannot have forgotten you did. I thought, I fancied——" she turned away her head, and paused abruptly.

"Dearest Sybil," exclaimed her cousin, gently taking her hand, now I must scold you. It is time to forget these foolish old stories. Nay, I should not say so to you, but——"

"Forget, Juliet? Ask yourself, could you have forgotten Edgar Maitland at any one's bidding?"

"Edgar never trifled with my affections, Sybil."

"And did—did Grantley Forbes trifle with mine, Juliet? I did not think to have heard you say so."

"I would not hurt your feelings, love, not for the world; but still I own I cannot restrain my indignation when I think of him; for he did trifle with you. Else why, after these months of uninterrupted devotion to you—why, from the day of his mysterious departure from Edinburgh down to the present hour, have you never seen or heard from him again? No man has any right so to neglect the affections which he cannot but be conscious of having awakened."

"How could he be conscious of that, Juliet? We never spoke of love in our lives."

"I don't know, Sybil. I cannot help suspecting that there is no man so ignorant in these matters as not to be aware when he has created an interest in the bosom of a young girl, unaccustomed to disguise her feelings. At all events he knew that he had given you good reason to imagine him devoted to you."

"Nay, Juliet, I am sure he could not know that I loved him, for I never knew it myself till . . . ."

"My dear girl, he might not exactly *know* it, but he must have been singularly stupid if he had not known the probable effect of his attentions. At any rate, what was the world to think of them? No man is independent of the construction that his fellows must put upon his conduct, nor has he any right to expose another person to be misconstrued. Even had his fault lain in inadvertence, I should say it was a great one; but it did no such thing. Sybil, you have not—no unmarried woman can have—any idea of the unprincipled vanity of some men, especially of very handsome men. Edgar has given me an insight into the secret thoughts and private conversations of his sex, that you would not



believe. There is nothing for which I feel more thankful than that my husband is rather ugly than otherwise, for it has saved him from the temptations to which personal beauty exposes men."

In the midst of her own sad thoughts Sybil could not restrain a smile at this uncommon subject of thankfulness, but it was soon chased by other feelings.

"Grantley Forbes," said she, "did not deliberately try to gain my affections; I think—I will say it—I am sure he did like me once; but perhaps, like me, he did not discover the nature of his own feelings till too late to help it."

"Oh, Sybil! there is no man innocent enough for that. You would not believe me were I to tell you of the way in which they talk amongst each other of young girls; the incredible constructions their evil-mindedness leads them to put upon actions that a woman performs from absolute innocence and simplicity of heart. It really has struck me since I obtained some insight into the wickedness of men's imaginations, that the most innocent women stand the worst chance with them, so far as misjudging goes."

"It may be so," said Sybil, the blood rushing into her cheeks, "with fools and coxcombs, but with a man like Grantley Forbes, Juliet, never, never. And do not tell me, Juliet, that any man, not an absolute fool, or worse than a fool, *could* have misconstrued anything I ever said or did. There is, there must be, a conviction brought home to the mind by perfect purity of intention and feeling, that it is quite impossible any man of common sense could withstand."

"Indeed, Sybil, the man who could know you and not feel you to be one of the very purest of human beings, must be something worse, as you say, than a fool. But, dear girl, men alter so strangely. Now you know I wrote you once (I did think it right to do so, though in general I avoided mentioning him) that Grantley Forbes, when he was in Edinburgh the first winter after you left it, was the very gayest of the gay. His former studious habits and indifference to amusement seemed to have totally given place to a new character. He was out everywhere. Then, in the following spring, he went to travel on the Continent. In short, dearest, don't think me cruel or unkind, but it is astonishing how all these influences change young men's dispositions; and . . ."

"I know what you would say, love; it is no more than I have said to myself a thousand times. I know quite well that men are not like us in that respect, and, indeed, how should they? There are so many temptations to their constancy, of which we know nothing. What has been to me a feeling colouring my whole after life, may have been to him a mere boyish dream forgotten in manhood. That often happens."

"Oh, Sybil! Ought that to happen to a man of honour?"

"Only it happens inadvertently, Juliet. It is not right, and we ourselves are weak and erring. People are not always masters of their own affections. Now, Juliet, when I tell you that all this is what I have often said to myself, I am sure you must think me very weak, very undignified, in still cherishing the recollection of Grantley Forbes; but I don't know how it is, I cannot make my affections wait upon my dignity; I cannot forget him." Sybil's eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"I was in hopes," said Juliet, sadly, "that the long absence, the change of scene, the varieties of people with whom you have lately met . . ."

"All these things, Juliet, might have led many people to forget, but I never could do so with any one who had once caught my heart. Oh! it is all a mistake to say that absence weakens love. I never knew how much I loved him till I was absent from him. I have thought of him by day and dreamt of him by night. I have sat in the twilight till I fancied that he was by my side again; and read the books that he used to admire till I imagined that I heard his low, musical voice repeating his favourite passages as he used to do. Even in travelling, and mingling in society abroad, it was still the same; I never could forget him. I have watched from the windows of our hotel in a foreign town, with a wild, vague fancy that he might perhaps be there, and often thought I saw some one like him; and then, when I perceived my mistake, I have been childish enough to shed tears, as if such a thing had been possible. In the very midst of the beautiful, gorgeous scenes of Italy, I have dreamt of our own old garden, with its dark green trees, and the moon peeping above their highest branches in the twilight sky, and have awakened and wept to find it only a dream."

"And he," exclaimed Juliet, indignantly, "who has thus been the cause of your pining away your youth in vain regrets, he . . ."

"Don't blame him, Juliet. I could not, at any rate, have loved or married any one else. Grantley Forbes is the only man I ever saw whom I could have loved. Who could regard any other man with affection, after having loved him? Where could another be found so gifted, so noble, so beautiful? He may be changed now. The world may have polluted and altered his nature; but I can only recollect him as I knew him in my happy youth, when he was the only person I had ever met that realized my dreams of perfection. It might have been different with a girl who was one of a large family, or who mingled much in the world. To one so situated he never could have been all he was to me—the engrossing object of a solitary heart, which found a channel in him for affections that had no other outlet."

"Base! unworthy! that he should have flung away the trea-



sure of such a heart! Sybil, I have no words to express my scorn of him. If I could make you *hate* him I would."

"Hate him, Juliet! Oh! remember what a tyrant my father was said to be; and he is only a younger son, and entirely dependent on him."

"Is? No, Sybil, he is no longer a younger son. I am not much acquainted with his late movements, but this, at any rate, is well known; his brother Henry was shot in a duel with another officer, at Iver-heath, near London, about three months ago."

"Heavens, Juliet! you never wrote me this."

"I preferred *telling* you, love, if we ever should advert to the subject at all, which I fondly hoped might not be the case. I had no wish to awaken in your mind recollections or anticipations of what I more than feared there might be good reason to wish buried in oblivion. I have more to tell you, Sybil, though after what I have just heard you say, there are few things I would not more willingly do. But it will come best from me. His father is dead too; he died six weeks ago. I suppose you have not seen the Scotch papers regularly, or you must have noticed the announcement of his death. And—and—it is confidently asserted amongst his friends here, that Grantley Forbes is on the eve of marriage."

Sybil became as pale as death, but it was with no further evidence of emotion that she repeated in a calm voice,

"Marriage? To whom, Juliet?"

"To a Miss Dunbar, a considerable heiress in the north. He is every way unworthy, Sybil. I have been told by one whom I consider very good authority in his affairs—an old friend of his family, that he has behaved very ill to this young lady; that, villain as he is, he was engaged to her *five years ago*; and that his conduct since, as, indeed, I need not to be told, has been such that it is a matter of surprise to all her connections that the match should go on. But it is now arranged, they say, only that of course his father's death has delayed it."

"If that be true," said Sybil, "if it be possible that he was engaged *then* . . . . I do not believe it, Juliet. I cannot believe that. The remainder of the story is likely enough to be true."

"And what is he?" exclaimed Juliet. "Unprincipled, heartless! Let us speak of him no more. One day, Sybil, you will, you must, think of him as I do. I know there must be time given for that."

"Juliet," said Sybil, with that confiding simplicity which formed in womanhood as well as at an earlier age a distinguishing characteristic of all her words and actions—"Juliet, I spoke nothing but the truth awhile ago, though I could have spoken it to no one but yourself. I cannot *forget* Grantley Forbes, but I will never love the husband of another woman; therefore I must try



to think of him as dead ; which indeed he will henceforth be to me. But even now I cannot regret that I *did* love him, for it made me happier than I should ever otherwise have been. Don't blame him too severely ; I cannot bear to hear you do so. How can we guess at all the circumstances which have led to this. I hope—I hope at all events that he may be happy. She dared trust her voice no farther.

Night came, and Sybil was in her own apartment. “I am alone now,” she said, as she sat down by the table. “Now I may cry ; it will relieve this dull, dead pain at my heart.”

But that pain at the heart is one which stifles the fountain of tears. She could not weep ; she could only press her hands over her dry and burning eyes, and think over old times, old cherished hopes, old recollections, all that passes in review before us as we dig the grave of love. She remembered the long weary months and years which had gone by in suspense and uncertainty, and dreaming of the past ; and wondered that her heart still retained such intensity of feeling as to writhe beneath the last blow. Alas ! the blow which kills the heart's last, best, dearest treasure, falls with equal severity of pain, fall when it will, and after what previous length of suffering it will. It is a fierce pang which extinguishes hope, the tenacious of existence. True, she feeds on visions, but if they have sufficed to give life and vigour, their loss is as terrible as that of realities. “I have too long been a dreamer,” said Sybil to herself, as departed days crowded on her recollections ; “I must try to cure myself of dreaming.”

She took from her letter-case some relics which had lain there for years, now doomed to destruction ; for henceforth she had nothing to do with relics of *him*. They were few in number, and such as no sentiment but love could have led any one to value ; a few notes addressed to her father—the *last* of all wrapped round the bouquet which she had worn on the day of their final interview—one note to herself, of a few formal lines in the third person respecting the loan of a book, the withered roses formerly mentioned, and a bunch of violets which he had brought her one day in early spring. These were all ; but over these how many warm tears had flowed, how many fond recollections clung around them, how much of woman's undying love had hallowed these empty memorials ! Even now the sight of them sufficed to open the floodgates of her imprisoned tears, and she wept long and bitterly as she looked at them. She had taken them out with an intention of burning them, but her courage failed. “Not to-night,” she said to herself, “not to-night. I must visit the Holms once more, and sit in the old garden again. The circle must be completed, and then, on the night of my return, I shall burn them all.” She locked them up again, and endeavoured to compose her mind to her evening devotions.

"The hand of a Father," she said, "is in all that befalls us. His will be done! If I had never known the sorrows I have done I should never have known the sin of giving up my affections to the things of earth. And if this last bitter cup must be given to my lips, I know there must be a good reason for it, else it would not be."

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THE EXILES.

A DUET.

HERE'S TO AULD SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

*Macgregor.*

OH, here's to auld Scotland again,  
Of beauty and valour the shrine!  
A bumper, a bumper for Scotland we'll drain,  
The land o' thy fathers and mine.

*Duncan.*

When we left the dear Highlands as boys,  
My heart was as simple as thine;  
How we wept when we turn'd fra' the hame o' past joys,  
And the friends that we loved o' lang syne!

*Macgregor.*

I can still see the dominie's face,  
Wi' his bonnet an' cassock o' gray,  
As we took our last look o' the auld gloomy place,  
Where we played wi' our comrades sae gay.

*Duncan.*

Oh, check not the tears as they start,  
Thine eye only answers to mine;  
Though gray, I am still but a boy in my heart,  
When I think o' the friends o' lang syne.

*Macgregor.*

Oh, here's to the hills an' the braes,  
The torrent and lonely ravine!  
An' here's to the sports and the loves o' young days,  
When we laugh'd wi' the lassies at e'en.

*Duncan.*

An' here's to auld Scotland again,  
Of beauty an' valour the shrine!  
A bumper, a bumper for Scotland we'll drain,  
And one for the friends o' lang syne!

## CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. VIII.

## THE GREEK ISLES.—CONCLUDED.

HAIL Samos ! leagued with Egypt's early kings ;  
 Where science reigned, and commerce spread her wings ;\*  
 Tyre of the Ægian ! waking Cræsus' sigh,  
 Thy ruined mart yet strikes the wondering eye ;  
 Walls cased in marble, turrets stately still,  
 Theatral benches ranged along the hill.  
 Lo ! where the bird that steals the rainbow dyes,  
 Spreads his rich train, alive with thousand eyes !  
 He stands where rose his mistress' fane of old,†  
 With porphyry pillars, altars rich with gold ;  
 Ah ! shut thy plumes, gay bird, thy pride must bow,  
 For what of Juno recks the Samian now ?  
 Here in this mouldered porch once taught the sage,‡  
 Boast of all Greece, the wonder of his age ;  
 Who read the stars, and traced the soul's bright course,  
 Though errant long to one eternal source ;  
 Caught from truth's radiant planet partial gleams,  
 Sublime in error, beautiful in dreams !

Pass we dark Patmos with its peal of bells ;  
 Sweet from the echoing rocks that music swells ;  
 Yet faint and dying oft, as breezes sweep ;  
 Sure some young Nereid sighs along the deep :  
 Or from the cave where he, the dreamer, lay,  
 While on his rapt soul burst eternal day,  
 Celestial harpings steal o'er ocean's breast,  
 Angelic forms still haunting place so blest.§

\* Seven centuries before the Christian era, Samos, under the patronage of Psammetichus, King of Egypt, became remarkable for maritime enterprize, and was only inferior to Tyre and Sidon as regarded its foreign trade. The ruins of the ancient city are situated near Mount Ampelus ; the walls are incrustated with marble, and many of the square towers still stand ; but the great Temple of Juno, the tutelary goddess of the island, exhibits in its remains but little to attest its ancient magnificence.

† The peacock was sacred to Juno.

‡ Pythagoras.

§ The cave, called the Holy Grotto, in which St. John is said to have written the Apocalypse, is still shown at Patmos, at a short distance from the great monastery which bears his name.



Isle of Apelles ! Cos, the rich and fair,  
While time thy granite city deigns to spare,  
Lives not one piece of all thy painter drew ?  
Phryne's fine form, Campaspa's eyes of blue ?  
Is Philip dust ? doth Venus glow no more,  
Wafted by nymphs to Cyprus' myrtled shore ?\*  
Yes, thy great master's heaven-descended art  
Hath left no trace—so brightest things depart.  
Apelles' works have shrunk into a name,  
An idle echo voiced by doubtful fame.  
But Julis' wrecks still line the storied strand,  
Speaking, this hour, of all that's fair and grand.  
The massive walls, the pillars of the shrine,  
Breathe Titan strength, yet grace in every line.  
High on the ridge that breezy billows kiss,  
Whitens, like snow, the bold Acropolis.  
No ruins rival these through all the isles ;  
They wear no frown, but beauty's softest smiles.  
It seems as though that sage who here had birth,†  
The mighty Healer, once renowned through earth,  
Had breathed a spell on Julis' towers of gray,  
Strengthening their strength, arresting e'en decay.‡

Cos ! famed of yore for black-eyed loveliest maids,  
Who walked in white, their hair in silken braids.§  
As now the summer sunlight glistening falls,  
On grass-grown streets, and sites of royal halls,  
Full many a glowing form, to fancy's eye,  
Leans in the shade, or glides in beauty by.  
The thin gauze veil, a cloud around her throne,  
Reveals a brow—such Phidias carved in stone ;  
The dimpling cheek, the sweet vermilion lip,  
Where warm Anacreon's bee might nectar sip ;

\* Apelles, the Raphael of classic times, was a native of Cos. He drew several portraits of King Philip of Macedon, but all his superb paintings were thrown into the shade by his Venus Anadyomene ; it represented the birth of that goddess, at the moment when she is supposed to be rising from the waves, attended by all the marine deities.

† Hippocrates, the physician.

‡ The ruins of Julis, the ancient capital of Cos, seem entitled to more attention than has been bestowed upon them by travellers. The famous Oxford marble, generally believed to have been found at Paros, was, "in reality," to use the words of Clarke, "discovered among the ruins of Julis." These striking remains cover the summit of a hill, the base of which is washed by the sea. The Acropolis, or citadel, stands on the cape. Tournefort describes the masses of marble employed in the building of the great temple, and the walls, as surpassing any other remains of antiquity to be found in the Greek islands. Some of the blocks are more than twelve feet in length, almost rivalling those at Baalbec and Palmyra.

§ Ovid describes the women of Cos as peculiarly beautiful, and says that they always dressed in white. Vide Met. 7. Fab. 9.

Half screens the breast of snow, where Cupid lies,  
 And darts his shafts, now laughter and now sighs.  
 Blue is the girdle 'round her wasp-like waist,  
 Her rosy arms with jewelled bracelets graced.  
 And thus she moves, her beauty shedding light,  
 Than eve's more soft, than morn's more purely bright ;  
 All that bards, sculptors, dream of forms above,  
 A thing of grace, of poetry, and love.

'Twere long to tell where other islets lie,  
 Strewn with the scanty wrecks of years gone by.  
 From rock-bound Seyros, whitening o'er the waves,  
 Volcanic Hydra's robber-haunted caves ;  
 From fruitful Rhodes, whose red-cheeked favourite flower  
 Still scents the gale, and blushes in each bower,\*  
 To where the deeply blue and freshening seas  
 Make music 'round the clustering Sporades ;  
 E'en to far Crete, and Cyprus, once the home  
 Of her, th' immortal, born of ocean's foam ;  
 Genius and ancient glory watch above  
 These their own realms, the sunny isles they love ;  
 While star-eyed beauty follows in their track,  
 And musing memory sighs, and oft looks back,  
 Shedding her pale immortalizing ray  
 On all that ruin dooms to dark decay.

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### UNION.

GIVE me thy hand, in faithful token  
 That thou my friend wilt always be ;  
 Now never may the chain be broken,  
 Which links my heart this day to thee ;  
 One place of prayer our passions stilling—  
 One home where pleasant hours shall flee—  
 One joy, our bosoms gently thrilling—  
 One heaven, at last, for thee and me.

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\* Rhodes is said to have derived its name from the Greek word, "rhodon," rose, abundance of beautiful roses being found in every part of the island.

RICHARD BIDDULPH;<sup>1</sup>  
OR,  
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

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ONE WORD BY WAY OF APOLOGY TO THE READER.

VARIOUS matters have occurred in the political and private world since Richard Biddulph made his appearance upon the Metropolitan stage, which must act as an apology to the reader for the non-continuance of this work in regular order. An engagement of a grave nature disturbed the contemplated completion, and it was thought unwise to risk a failure of interest for the sake of punctuality. Besides, magazine readers are supposed to have a tolerable memory, which of course helps irregular writers out of dilemmas. Judge kindly the direliction, my kind friend, and as we part now, for a time, I hope ere long to meet you again, and to receive the same leniency as has attended the progress through the press of "Richard Biddulph; or, the Life and adventures of a School-boy." Adieu.

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CHAPTER LII.

HOW THE OLD BONE AND JERICO HAVE AN INTERVIEW WITH A KING.

Well, it has been recorded how the Lord Chief Baron sentenced Richard Biddulph to death, and how he was led from the court into the condemned cell, which is in the very heart—if a prison metaphorically even has a heart—in the very heart of Newgate. Knowing that he was doomed to die, he made up his mind to go out of the world in a bold and determined manner, and having nothing else to do, he turned over and over again the leaves of the Bible which was before him, and rested his eyes mechanically upon the pictures.

It must not be forgotten that the man had horrible dreams when he closed his eyelids, and also day dreams when he opened them again, which last were more terrible than the others, for then there was perfect consciousness of the mind's right action, and there was no waking from the contemplation. The newspapers were right full of most interesting particulars, which were particular in everything, so as to keep the public mind alive to the consideration.

Now, whilst the public were looking forward to the termination of the tragedy, the old bone and Jerico being fired with the purest sentiments, determined to have an interview with no less a personage than the then King of England, in order that the sentence might be com-

<sup>1</sup> Concluded from page 229, vol. xlv.



muted, and the prisoner might have the opportunity for repenting. They had seen the Lord Chief Baron already, as well as the Secretary of State for the Home Department, but these efforts were worse than visionary, for if they had been contented with such high authority they would have sat down with the conviction that the murderer was just about to die ; but no !

"Jerico, my dear Jerico," the old man ejaculated, "we must go to the head itself, for it's no use speaking to the clerk when one wants to consult a lawyer—is it, eh?"

"No, daddy, no," Jerico answered, knowing that his word was enough for the truth of the affirmation. "But who is the head, daddy?" she asked, for the sake of information.

"Why, no less a person than the king, Jerico ; no less a person than the king, and we will go to him forthwith."

"Do you think you will be able to see the king, daddy?"

"Think, Jerico, think ? Why, I know I shall, and that upon the instant ; for although he is a king, he is still a man, Jerico. So come along, will you, eh?" he added, petulantly, as he buttoned the top button of his gaiter, fixed his hat upon his head firmly, and took hold of the hand of Jerico with so nervous yet determined a grasp, that she knew on the moment that he was bent upon the accomplishment of some righteous purpose.

Then the two went out of the door together, but not until they had received the inward blessing of Mrs. Harty, as well as the whole of her generous family ; and as they went along the street, the aged bone, akin to those which are thrown out of old graves, and the youthful Jerico, whose face resembled that of Raffaello's Charity, there appeared but little disparity in their steps, for both of them were walking towards a glorious accomplishment, so that age had but little effect upon the one, and helped to create a smile upon the face of the other. The poor watched them, and followed their onward course with heartfelt blessings, and the rich could not help paying them that respect which is due to disinterested philanthropy.

So they walked on until at last they reached the gates of Saint James's Palace, in the very midst of which palace resided the King of England. The sentry at the gate allowed them to pass when informed they were on a secret mission, and when they got to the massive stone steps leading to the hall, the fat porters did not obstruct their entrance. And why was it ? What was it dissipated the usual ceremony ? Why, then, let the truth stand in the very front of the picture, "*It was the face of Jerico!*" For although she was veiled, the beauty dazzled behind its protector, and the eyes shot forth sparkling effulgence, which was not guarded sufficiently by the crape. And was it this which acted as a password to the Chief Magistrate of England ? Ay, it was this only, for if Jerico had happened to have been a girl of ordinary growth, both she and the old bone might have waited for an audience until the closing of the doom book. As it was, however, the lovely face of the little Jerico had an immediate effect upon the fat porters who lounged in the spacious hall of the palace, as well as the various messengers under them ; so that the twain were ushered forthwith into an oriental

saloon, which was fitted up with exotics from the warm east, and pictures which bore the stamp of genius upon the every touch as well as finish. The old bone looked around him by the aid of his spectacles, and saw quite enough of both statuary and paintings to convince him that the warm taste of a sensualist had brought together a host of subjects better fitted for the studio than the drawing-room; so that he told Jerico to look at the splendid carpet which was beneath their feet, and not at the living *virtuosos* around them; and thus they passed away the short time between their entrance into the palace and their introduction to royalty. One courtier passed through the saloon after another, and looked at the old man and the girl with eyes full of questions, which said, "And pray what the devil brings 'em here?" or "Has the king sent for you?" or "He must be a grandee, or he would not have the presumption!" or "That man *and that girl* came here for something." So said the courtiers' eyes, but they made no impression upon either the one or the other of the visitors, because the old bone quite laughed at the coxcombry of these comparative plebeians, who knew not the mighty mission he was bound upon, and the girl was simply his companion.

After a time they were ushered into the presence of royalty itself, by a confidential servant, who immediately retired; so that he might not be a witness to the conference, and as it is better to describe a king rather than the unreal portrait of one, this is what shall be said of him. He was a man above the ordinary standard as regards height, and he was what is called by the world a finished gentleman, that is, he knew how to take his hat off gracefully in the park, and how to return the smile of a lady at a drawing-room, but beyond this he was a creature of sores and blotches, with an intemperate cheek, and an eye which was only lascivious. His legs were full of gout and chronic disease, and his whole body was a patch. Yet he was a king. As a boy he was mischievous, as a youth he was intemperate and insincere, and now that he was a man he possessed the inheritance of vice. Yet, yet, he was a king! Ay, and being a king he had kingly power, and might with his mere signature release a prisoner from the gripe of the public executioner. What! after the judge, the jury, and the verdict? Yes, marry, might he; and from the prison walls he might set him free upon society if but a mistress hinted that she wished it might be so. And now there was a supPLICATOR who ought to have been attended to. Now it was that the old bone told his simple and unadorned story about Biddulph's early inducement to commit the murder for which he was doomed to die, and asked over and over again that the punishment might be mitigated, but he might just as well have been preaching to a church without a congregation, for the king's eye, as well as the whole of his mind, was fixed upon the retiring features of the beauteous Jerico, whose look was downcast, because of the vicious stare of the monarch; so that when the aged man found how the case stood—for he penetrated it at a glance—he asked of the king, in a petulant tone, whether he knew the subject of his mission.

"Yes, yes," replied the king; "you want this girl placed as a servant in the palace, and I grant your prayer."



"No," answered the old bone, energetically, "I wish you to spare the life of a murderer."

"Then it cannot be."

"No?"

"No, old man," the king said, firmly, "murder must be met with the death of the criminal."

"Then *you* murder, don't ye, eh?"

"We act according to the law."

"Ay, so does the Indian when he uses the scalping knife, don't he, eh?"

"No, sir, no; and as I am not in the humour for argument, I must request that you do not importune me upon the subject."

"But are you not the king?"

"But are not you a subject?" demanded the king, as he left the old man and went up to the girl to ask about her history and the name of the place where she resided, but the old bone followed close upon him, and looked boldly at the king through his spectacles, when taking hold of the hand of Jerico, he abruptly left the palace; and as he did so he thought that the chandeliers, the footmen, and the velvet paper hangings were but sorry companions for a king who happened to be devoid of virtue, and he said to Jerico, in a prophetic tone,

"There will come a time when the chief magistrate will forward schemes for the reformation of his people, and will do all in his power to create them. Why, what a life it must be," he continued, in a reverie, as they walked along, "to go out in a gilt coach, and to know that you have not done your duty! The duty of a king is a vast duty, ain't it, eh?"

"Yes, daddy," Jerico replied; "and I only hope you may be king one day or other, that I do."

"Why, as to that," the old man said—"why, as to that, the first object of my kingship would be to do away with the punishment of death. The minister shouldn't have to tell me what to do, for I'd tell the minister, and if he didn't do it, I'd have another that would act on the instant, and that's what a king ought to do—ay, and a queen too, for the matter of that."

Unfortunately there is not much chance of the old bone having a golden crown upon the top of his head in this world, or most assuredly he would keep his word, but still, for all that let us hope that the matter of capital punishments will very soon be blotted out of the statute book. Now then, my dear reader, *do* go into the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER LIII.

THE WET QUAKER, WITH MRS. SMILER AND RUM STRIKER, DESIGN AN ASTONISHMENT FOR THE CROWD AT THE COMING EXECUTION.

Various representatives of the different sections of Quakers called at the sweet shop in the Old Bailey, and divers were the conversations held upon the all-important subject of the approaching execution. Old



Quaker gentlemen and old Quaker ladies dressed in the habiliments of meekness—ay, and dapper young Quaker gentlemen and ladies too were admitted into the manufactory of sweetmeats; when, having been closeted for a time with the three individuals whose names stand at the top of this chapter, they came out again with faces redolent of unbounded satisfaction. Yes, there was something going on which created upon their countenances that peculiar quiet, private joy, which results from charitable action; and the old bone as well as Jerico, with many other persons of the same stamp, were admitted into the secret; and so that the reader may not grumble at a want of confidence on my part, the front of the house shall be taken away, in order that he may see the very rehearsal, so as to prepare for the thing itself after the whistle of the prompter. Well, then, the wet Quaker tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and put upon the furnace a huge cauldron containing a combination of sugars, whilst Mary stood by looking at the process adopted by her husband, and the solitary figure of the black, whose eyes were swimming over with satisfaction, sat upon a high stool in the centre of the room, masticating a vast sheet of hardbake which his master allowed him for the purpose of satisfying his voracious appetite for sweets. Rum Striker was not so easily satisfied, however, for, to the surprise of Ephraim Smiler, he appeared to consume more and more daily of the legitimate stock, independent of the numerous noses as well as candied bars of iron which, falling from their originals, formed a part of the black's rightful perquisites; and he thought no more of putting a whole handful of pieces into his mouth than he did of combing his woolly locks in the morning. Whilst the black was occupied in the manner described, Smiler kept steadily stirring about the sugar, and adding various colours to it, so as to bring about a uniformity or consistency. His end being accomplished, he waited for the liquid to cool a little, and then poured it, melted sugar as it was, into a large cast, in order that it might bear a similarity to that which had been carved by the designer. All this occurred after the Quakers and the other visitors had left the place, but it was under the advice of those individuals that the whole matter was arranged; and the wet Quaker stood by waiting for the sugar to set regularly, in order that he might see the general effect of the whole operation. Mary put in a word now and then in a quiet, placid tone of voice, which was duly appreciated by her husband; for he was clever enough to perceive that a kind of day-dream had taken full possession of her mind, which would have spoilt the train of events to have interrupted. Yes, her mind was fully occupied with the one idea of realizing an exact resemblance to the face of Richard Biddulph prior to the first punishment, so as to contrast the joyous expression of the boy with the demoniacal character of the man. She put aside the greater portion of her life, and existed again as a mere unsophisticated girl, when the first impression was made upon her gentle heart by the open countenance of the school-boy. In the midst of this reverie she was interrupted by Ephraim, who, having allowed the sugar to harden in the cast, was desirous of getting her testimony as to the likeness, so that after taking it away and holding it in his hand, he said, "Mary, dear, look at the picture," when she raised her eyes mechanically, and

rested them for a time upon it gazingly, without making any observation. Her lips gradually pressed one against the other, her eyelids went apart, whilst her bosom heaved convulsively ; and it was not until her husband had touched up the face with colours here and there, so as to give it a reality, as well as planted glass eyes in the midst of the sugar, that she gave any answer to the inquiry ; when, after a violent flood of tears, she replied,

“ Oh, Ephraim, if you knew my feelings at this moment, caused by an early remembrance, I am sure you would pity me. Yes, long, long before I saw you, Ephraim, as I told you before, there was a childish love between us, a kind of sympathy or dollish affection, yet still it was an affection for all that ; and now that you have lighted up the early idea, and given me a book to read from, oh, how real and positive it appears. Why, Ephraim, that face looked upon me then as it does now, and said, ‘ Dear, dear Mary, cheer up and be of good spirits for my sake.’ Yes, it did more than that, Ephraim, for it made me pray to God for good thoughts that I might share them with him. Oh, there was a smile upon that face, a sunshiny and joyous smile, a smile which appeared to be sent down from heaven, a smile between an infant’s and an angel’s, so pure, so holy, and so true, that it made me love the face in the same manner that I loved the sun or the diamond stars in the heavens, because of their very radiance and divinity.”

Ephraim Smiler watched his wife closely, and opened his ears attentively to every syllable as it fell from her lips ; yet although he felt fidgetty, and his jealousy began to create a difference, he did not allow her to see it, so that after a time she resumed the thread of her dreamy reverie.

“ Sunday came regularly, when I used to look forward to that one face out of the many which were in the gallery, and as I used to look slyly at it through my eyelashes, my heart used to feel as light and joyous as every child’s heart ought to feel ; and as I told you, Ephraim, on one occasion our eyes met electrically, as it were, for an instant, when the smile lighted up still more brilliantly, whilst my face felt flushed and heated as though a flash of lightning had settled upon it for ever. Well, as you know, we met and talked together, and exchanged our little sympathies one with the other, in a way that was delightful to us both, although it might have been called poetical by the outside world. So hours passed, and days, and weeks, when upon one particular Sunday I turned my eyes as usual to his seat, and expected to find the same dear boy sitting there and waiting for the exchange of our childish attentions, when—oh, Ephraim !—I saw Richard Biddulph indeed, but oh, how deadly pale and haggard was the face which had formerly shone so joyously. He kept his eyes upon his book firmly, and followed the clergyman as though it were a task ; for I could tell, girl as I was, that his heart was far away from the bounds of prayer and adorations to his Creator. Once, and once only, he raised his eyes from his book and glanced towards me ; but oh, how different from the glance he had given me before. The smile had gone away from the face, and a determination had taken possession of the muscles which might easily be read as implying some deadly and desperate resolve, some firmly fixed retribution.”



"What was it, Mary, what was it?" inquired Ephraim, more for the purpose of keeping up the interest than to interrupt the history.

"Why, Ephraim, dear, it was the first punishment, the infliction of the first disgrace upon the mind and heart of the child. Oh, it was the degradation of that first flogging which turned the gentle nature of the lovely boy Richard, whose face was one continuous smile of happiness, into the channel of revenge—ay, into the accursed murderer. He looked at me, oh, yes, he looked at me, but there was shame printed in large characters upon his brow, and with that shame there was somewhat of carelessness, and something of unmitigated revenge. Do you blame me, Ephraim, for shrinking back from such a picture of an after existence? Do you blame me, Ephraim?"

"No, Mary, I do not," rejoined her husband, catching at her words, which were honey to his throat; "no, Mary, I do not; and what is more, Mary, I should have wondered if you could have looked at him again."

"Yes, Ephraim, but I did, though, and many times did I watch that haggard countenance as it got more determined still; and although we met as before, there was not that sympathy which was usual between us, for even then I began to dread the face which had been so surpassingly lovely. It is many years since that time, Ephraim, and as you know his fortune and mine have been different, still for all the enemies he has now, and for all the crimes he has been guilty of, I cannot help calling back the days when we were young together, and when this face" (here she took up one of the casts of the murderer's face), "when this face was lighted with a smile."

"Then you think it was the first punishment which produced the change?" asked Ephraim Smiler.

When Mary answered energetically, "Think, Ephraim, think? I know full well that it was so, and I only hope Biddulph's history may do good to the rising generation, and banish that accursed instrument, the rod, out of *all* school-rooms."

"And so do I, Mary, and so do I; for which purpose you know what our intention is at the coming execution."

"Yes, Ephraim, I do, and think highly of the plan; but if you will allow me, dear, I would rather, when the time comes, be far away in the country, away from the noise of this city, in order that I may pray that as he has been a child of circumstances, his soul may be admitted into the realms of bliss."

"Amen, so be it," answered her husband, who, having finished the large sugar face of the school-boy, made the paint shine again on the outside of it; when he set about making the necessary preliminaries so as to read a lesson to the crowd at the execution.

Rum Striker, the aged cymbal-thumper to the British army, had been sitting on his high stool during the whole of this dreamy reverie, munching the remainder of the large sheet of hardbake, and as it was nearly finished, he put the last bite into his mouth, and observed to Mrs. Smiler,

"What you ha' been talking about seems very rum, but I can tell ye they uses the cat hin the army 'most as much as they does the



rod him the school ; and I do really tink as it don't do much good neether."

"No, Mister Striker," rejoined Ephraim, "no ; depend upon this, that no good whatever results from punishment."

"Do you really tink that?"

"Yes, Striker ; and I have heard many clever women, as well as male philosophers say the same thing. But now I'll trouble you to take this advertisement to the several newspapers, and if we don't astonish the crowd when Biddulph is executed, my name's not Smiler, and I'm no Quaker."

Reader, you must, if you please, go into the next chapter, which is the last but one.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

### THE EXECUTION OF RICHARD BIDDULPH.

Some namby-pamby poetical-pated chaps would omit altogether the frightful explanation which the head of this chapter implies, lest the fine sensibilities of young ladies, or young ladies' footmen, should be shocked, and their appetites taken away at dinner-time ; but there shall be no flinching whatever, inasmuch as it is one of the purposes of this work to let young ladies know what takes place in the Old Bailey on the morning of an execution, so that they may exercise their influence with lord chief barons towards a reformation.

Well, then, it must be understood that in the Saturday and Sunday newspapers, before the execution, the following advertisement was inserted by the wet Quaker :—

*"Richard Biddulph's Execution.* The public are respectfully informed that in consequence of the great sale of the murderer's face, Ephraim Smiler has been at a vast expense in preparing a cast of him as he appeared when a boy at school prior to punishment. E. S. pledges himself as to the likeness, and wishes purchasers of the one to buy the other for the sake of comparison. E. S. will exhibit large specimens of the two on Monday morning, and is prepared with an exhibition which will be quite as interesting, and do as much good as the very execution itself. E. S. is sorry he cannot let his house, as the whole of it is engaged for the occasion.

"Signed,

"E. SMILER, Old Bailey."

This advertisement excited the public attention to such a degree that the Old Bailey began to fill on Sunday night, and long before the middle of that night the whole of the street was crammed to suffocation. Every house but one in the vicinity was occupied by those who paid for seats to witness the scene, and that one house was Smiler's, which looked solitary and deserted, more especially as it was exactly opposite the prison, and commanded a better view than any other house in the neighbourhood. There was a platform built out from the first-floor window, but during the night there was not any one upon it, whilst the whole of the other windows were as vacant as usual. With the

morning came a vast and motley crowd from every part of the Metropolis, although it must be confessed that the lower orders formed the greater part of the assemblage round the debtor's door of Newgate, whilst the windows in the vicinity were filled with noblemen, medical students, actors, and others, who came there for curiosity alone, and did not look at all at the justice of the sentence, so that it was carried into execution. This feeling may have pervaded a large portion of the mob whose solitary object was to behold the last struggle of a fellow-creature, and not as may have been the original object of taking warning by the punishment.

As the clock struck six a cry was heard of "Make way for the gallows," and the excited crowd, instantly parting, opened a road for the huge machine, which was drawn along by eight horses right to the usual spot, which, as has been stated, was exactly opposite the house of Ephraim Smiler, the dealer in sweetmeats. Oh! there was a hollowness in the sound created by the wheels which went to the heart of many, and set the closed teeth grating one against the other—ay, cumbersome as the machine was it went along with singular speed towards the accomplishment of its purpose. To be sure the gallows is but a tool in the hands of the ruling government, but then it acts as a law or a principle of continuance; for if it were not in existence, who could imagine that because a man was found guilty of a crime, that alone should be a reason for his immediate execution—sans repentance, sans atonement to the friends of the deceased, sans proper retribution to society—ay, sans everything but the ferocity of revenge and the barbarism of a second murder. Because it has existed for a long time is no reason why it should be beneficial to society, for the rotten boroughs were a portion of the very core of the constitution for a time, when all at once the sleepy mind of the people awoke and cut the diseased and cankered part right away from the noble trunk, which, thank Heaven, is healthier for the operation. But there are other consultations necessary, and other operations are imperatively demanded.

Punishment of death is one of them;

Flogging at school, or in the army, is another;

And the present New Poor Law relief stands also in the picture.

These, and others, which would make this chapter more like an auctioneer's catalogue than a history if recorded may continue for a time, but as sure as the people have power in the state—and who is bold enough to say they have not?—so sure and certain will they be done away with from the constitution of our beloved country. But enough. The gallows stopped in front of the debtor's door at Newgate, and a ladder was placed against it, so that the functionaries as well as the prisoner might make their appearance before the assembled multitude, and so that the sentence might be fulfilled.

The quarters struck upon the clock of St. Sepulchre's, one and two, three and four, five and six, seven and eight—ay, then the long tone of the hour of seven bellowed forth its eventful notice that Richard Biddulph had but sixty minutes longer to exist. Reader, look around the crowd and you will see hardened prostitutes, pickpockets, burglars, and birds out of every prison in the land. Now look at them well,



and answer—do they look like Sabbath breakers or keepers, followers of the doctrines of a pure and holy religion, or determined haters of all that morality which interferes with their evil passions? Ah! my friend, you answer justly when you say you would not marry a girl who is amongst them, nor would you associate with such ribald jibers and hardened reprobates. Why, some of them are swearing oaths too horrible to listen to, and others are planning the perpetration of a crime as they await the final exit of an unfortunate fellow-creature. There is no pity, no wish that their ends may not be like unto his; but there is a simple curiosity, and a questioning as to whether Biddulph will die game. Whether he will go out of the world with a jibe and a curse at humanity, or whether he will embrace that everlasting happiness which invites him to partake of it. Yes, there the motley crowd stand, ready with a hearty cheer if he comes up boldly, and puts his neck to the beam bravely, or a continuous hiss if he is sorry for the crime he has committed, and is bold enough to tell his fellow-creatures that he has honestly repented. And are such people worthy of supporting a dying man at the most trying instant of his whole existence?

Soon the sheriffs enter the prison, and the hangman, and the reporters of the public press, and one or two friends of the officials who are curious as to the manner of his bearing before his appearance upon the gallows. Inside the walls of Newgate the unfortunate prisoner heard the quarters toll one after the other, and as they came, or appeared to come so quickly, the muscles of his face shook a little, and his eyelids moved spasmodically, but beyond that the jailors who had been sitting up with him did not perceive the slightest difference.

During the night the chaplain had been admitted now and then to the prisoner, but all his ministration seemed to have no effect upon the man, for he sat with his eyes fixed upon the stone walls of the cell, and looking at them as though they had been a picture. The turnkeys spoke, but got no answer, and even the old bone's appearance had no other effect upon him, for he assumed a dogged and determined silence which puzzled even the doctor of the prison.

Towards the appointed time the sheriffs went in and questioned him as to any confession he might wish to make, but they were not more fortunate than those who had been before them.

A few minutes before eight a man entered the cell with a rope, and lashed his hands behind him; but he had little difficulty in effecting his purpose, as the prisoner's limbs appeared paralyzed, and did not resist the operation. Then the procession was formed, and Biddulph fell in as though he had been a portion of clockwork, when having passed through a yard they went along a dark passage, and soon got to the foot of the gallows. The ordinary tried all the means in his power to attract the attention of Biddulph, but without any kind of effect whatsoever, for his eyes were fixed upon a thought, and were not to be disturbed by anything.

The bell tolled as the officers ascended the scaffold, and the Christian clergyman read the burial service in a sepulchral tone of voice, when the hardened man followed those who had gone before him, and appeared in the presence of the people so suddenly that they knew not which



was which in the crowd. Soon they recognized the murderer, when a variety of noises were heard for a time, and then a thrilling silence occurred which resulted from curiosity on the one hand, and anxiety on the other.

The man's face as it appeared that day upon the scaffold was that of a hardened and determined reprobate. In fact, just such a face as an actor would have given the world to have imitated on his way across the stage towards a poetical execution. There was the scorn of the heart, and there was a fixity of devilism, so true and so wrought to a point and purpose that it was painful to examine. Yet, determined and diseased as that face was, there was something to pity in it, for it was a book or an old picture of the law of *circumstances*. So thought some persons who witnessed it, and more particularly Smiler, for he now made his appearance upon the platform over the sweetshop, where being quickly followed by Rum Striker—who, by the bye, had just finished a large sheet of hardbake—quickly followed by Striker the black, and as the advertisements had forewarned the people that something was expected, the whole of the crowd turned their attention towards them. Yes, the sheriffs as well as the hangman and ordinary were impelled by curiosity to stop the proceedings for a time.

Ephraim was dressed in the plain attire of his order, and he held in his right hand a large cast which corresponded exactly with that of the murderer's face upon the scaffold. It had all the evidences of guilt upon it, and each furrow was indented with a crime. Smiler after a time hung it upon a nail which was in front of the platform, and took hold of another large cast of a face which was what Richard Biddulph was when he first joined the school of Dr. Frampton. There was joy and happiness in the one cast, which corresponded gloomily with the haggard and determined expression of the other; so that when the boy's face had been put on a level with the man's, and Rum Striker came forward with a large rod pointing at the youth's face first, and then at the murderer's, the crowd understood the object in a moment, and set up one continuous cry of "*Shame!*" which penetrated right into the cells of Newgate. There the three evidences hung opposite to the living criminal, who had not uttered a single exclamation; but when the chaplain asked if he would say some prayer before his execution, the man turned his withered face to the representative of the church, and said, emphatically,

*"I killed the schoolmaster, and if it be a crime I am ready to take the consequences."*

This was the sentiment of a corrupted man, but for all that it shall stand in the history. The same stubbornness again came over his face, the same hardened determination; and when the hangman put the rope around his neck he did not flinch, but bore the punishment more like a hero than a criminal.

For the rest see the newspaper. After hanging the usual time the body of the *corrupted school-boy* was cut down and given over to the surgeons for dissection.

## CHAPTER LV. AND LAST.

## THE CURTAIN FALLS, AND THE PARSON AND THE CLERK GO OUT.

There, the prompter has whistled, and the carpenters have set the machinery to work, so as to shut out the stage from the public view, by means of a curtain; so that, my dear reader, you will please to observe the vast heap of manuscript which stands in a pile right in the centre of the boards, waiting for immediate conflagration. The written upon paper has been before the compositors, and has been struck off by the pressmen; so then that *ballet* girl is quite justified in going upon tip-toes with a box of lucifers in her hands, so as to produce what is called by the critics a theatrical effect. See, she takes a match, scrapes it on the sand-paper, and gracefully places the element to the pile; so I advise you to turn your heads away whilst the ravage is effected, as I wish particularly to call your attention to the embers. There now, it has burnt itself out, and nothing remains but the ruins of what was once useful, and might in other hands have been made powerful—the black embers with the bright sparks flying about in all directions upon it and trying which shall exist the longest. Be a child, my friend, and agree with me that they represent the parson and the clerk. Before they go out of church, however, look at the congregation.

The old bone and Jerico are there, and here, and everywhere—they are not creatures of a book, but everlasting emblems of divinity. They mix with the poor *now*, and try to ease the aching heart of the afflicted.

Smiler and Mary, with the Black, Death and his wife, and the colonel—ay, and the various other personages who have had their likenesses taken in this book are sparks also, as real as the stars in Heaven.

What they are doing now must remain to be found out by the reader, but if he is young or old he may be either a spark—for life is but a mere spark—as bright as Mr. Howard, or a very curse to his kindred.

Flogging is a spark.

The punishment of death is a spark.

The Poor Laws are so many sparks.

But then there are sparks which are brighter than other sparks, and make their smiles penetrate into the thresholds of the poor, the halt, and the blind.

See, the congregation are all out of church, and the parson stands alone in the pulpit. He says a prayer, and asks God to bless the whole world, and bring about universal happiness. The clerk cries amen, so let us follow in the same breath, "So be it."

AN END.

## THE ENDURING AND THE ABIDING.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

AN infant poet open'd his soul's eyes  
On the glad sun reveal'd in summer skies,  
And these two vowed that, thenceforth and for ever,  
Together o'er the green earth they would roam,  
Twin-gods, the sharers of one radiant home,  
To be o'erclouded never.

The holiest moon pour'd on him from above  
The fulness of her passionless, calm love,  
And straight his spirit claim'd her as a mother;  
And every kindly, twinkling star that shone,  
Hail'd with instinctive yearning as his own,  
To him became a brother.

He drank the free breath of the many-toned,  
And wizard wind, and all his spirit owned  
A portion with the mystery of its flowing;  
The silent summer rain, the balmy dew,  
Brought freshness ever to the feelings true,  
Within his deep heart growing.

Mountains, and valleys, and dark hanging woods,  
Lone lakes, and waterfalls, and ocean floods—  
To him the varied shrines of one devotion—  
Became a part of him, another sense,  
Faithful responders to his soul's intense  
And fathomless emotion.

Flowers greeted him in their unrivall'd youth,  
And his heart pledg'd them all its taintless truth—  
A blessed compact, love without love's scheming—  
They cloth'd his soul with one unfading wreath,  
And on the sweetness of their heavenward breath  
He revelled in his dreaming.

The spring-shower of young leaves, the summer's prime,  
The autumn's fall, each found him in their time,  
A welcome worshipper in forest's hoary;  
Or by green hedge-rows where the woodbines run,  
Or on lone heaths far stretching to the sun  
In gold and purple glory.

He knew the wild note of each minstrel bird;  
He track'd the lark ere yet the fresh grass stirr'd;  
And from his eyry with the eagle soaring,  
He found in every melody of day,  
In every twilight breath, a brighten'd way,  
For all his soul's adoring.



*The Enduring and the Abiding.*

And thus from nature up to nature's God  
 He joyous turn'd, still gathering from the sod  
 Its primal truths, each thought from ill securing ;  
 While Heaven look'd down approving on its son,  
 On him whose spirit from the dust had won  
 Thus much of THE ENDURING.

\* \* \* \* \*

That youthful poet walk'd forth in the crowd,  
 With all those melodies of nature, loud  
 And clear, and sweet, amid his heart-chords pealing ;  
 Trusting to hear full many an echo there,  
 Whose glad responses to his own should bear  
 Some kindred mind's revealing.

And with the freshness of his spirit's hope,  
 And with the faith that had not learn'd to cope  
 With faithlessness—in man inherent only—  
 And with the deep love strengthening in his breast  
 He colour'd all things, and awhile found rest,  
 Deeming not he was lonely.

But soon the iron pressure of the throng,  
 On whose dark current he was borne along,  
 To every thought life's sterner truths had spoken ;  
 And rude realities around him drew,  
 Leaving no outlet for the faith that blew  
 The bubbles these had broken.

Ill fared the feelings warm, the glowing thought,  
 So vainly to that hostile region brought,  
 Haunt of the false, the cold, the weary-hearted ;  
 Nature still held true empire in his mind,  
 But from those cherish'd visions of his kind  
 The glory had departed.

Bright thoughts, of faith alike, and beauty born,  
 Won from the crowd one echo of deep scorn,  
 The high, true purpose of his dreams deriding ;  
 The world turn'd coldly from him to its own,  
 His portion there was darkly cast alone,  
 And this was THE ABIDING.

\* \* \* \* \*

What marvel if the poet pass'd not through  
 That ordeal, keeping still his footsteps true ?  
 What marvel if he fell where all were falling ?  
 A fearful fall ! to him whose conscious choice  
 Had been the good, to whom the still, small voice  
 Of God was ever calling.

Thenceforward with a lonely thought he pass'd  
 Upon his way ; his spirit to the last  
 Bowed with the wealth it would have freely given,  
 Till death accorded him *one* common claim ;  
 And then men granted an immortal name  
 To him that had won heaven.

## DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

## No. VI.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Mrs. *Mysteries-of-Udolpho* Radcliffe's Statue in the middle of a great block of marble, to Miss *Children-of-the-Abbey* Roche's Statue in another block of marble.\*

Now, then, for a most intense gossip, for the statues of two ladies have got together.

"My dear Mrs. Radcliffe's statue—or rather, my dear block of marble, for it is difficult to discover your form now, you are so covered up—I declare I am quite delighted to get an opportunity of saying a few words to you at last. Those tyrannous creatures, the men, who are so ridiculously jealous of us harmless beings, they contrive so entirely to usurp all public attention, that we can scarcely ever catch a chance of slipping in a word edgewise."

"You say right, Miss Roche's marble—though I did marry one of them," was the answer. "They are horrid wretches, I do begin to think; and they have been our 'masters,' as Lady Morgan says, too long. Thank goodness our sex has contrived to speak up a little more of late years, as a list of the female authors of the nineteenth century would reveal. How this would delight Mary Woolstonecraft's statue, if she should ever have one!"

"Ay, or Lady Bulwer Lytton's!"

"Or Miss Martineau's!"

"Or the Hon. Mrs. Norton's!"

"Or Mrs. you-know-whose—the authoress of the 'Maid's Husband'——"

\* How comes it we have no statues to women? Where one woman has a statue erected to her a hundred men receive that honour. We have a few statues to our queens, but this is all. It is true our sculptors turn out many statues of ideal women, such as nymphs, goddesses, Mothers Eve, and the like; but we have no statues to our celebrated women who actually lived, or do live. A man shoots a foe, writes a book, or gets up an agitation, and forthwith a subscription is raised to give him a statue. Women do all sorts of good and are forgotten. This is not fair. Perhaps the reason is, that women are never thoroughly such public property as men are. An unmarried woman belongs more or less either to her father, brothers, or other relations: and a married woman to her husband. Let her publish as much as ever she will, she is still under a sort of coverture, or guardianship; so that if any admirer were to propose her a statue, he would be instantly called out and shot. It is as dangerous, sometimes, to compliment a lady as to censure her. If this is a reason for their being neglected in sculpture, I think it ought *not* to be a reason. See what a misery I am reduced to in this dialogue—two blocks of marble instead of two ladies' statues!

"Hush, my dear Mrs. Radcliffe," cried what there was of Miss Roche, suddenly interrupting her, "don't, upon any account, whisper that name. A sublime mystery hangs over it, which everybody is dying to penetrate, and can't. The 'Mysteries of London' and your 'Mysteries of Udolpho' are nothing to it. As you were going to say, she gives it the men nicely—as well as that love of a Lady Bulwer Lytton. In her first works she denounces the monsters so unsparingly that she beseeches the whole race of girls never to think of marrying if they value their happiness. Subsequently, however, on second thoughts, she perceives that the world cannot go on without it, and consequently that it must be. What a pity it is, dear, that a little sentimental conversation—on subjects of poetry, for instance—with a gentleman in a ball-room, will not answer every purpose."

"Precisely, Miss Roche," said Mrs. Radcliffe; "but that will not do."

"I suppose not," returned the maiden lady's statue, doubtingly.

"Indeed," continued Mrs. Radcliffe's mass of marble, "every reflecting person must advocate matrimony, when wisely entered upon, although that state too often does not bring the unmingled happiness we could wish. There is a passage in that well-written novel by a female hand called 'Chances and Changes,' which I will quote, because I approve of it. 'Of all the evils,' says the authoress, 'attendant on a luxurious state of society, he (one of her characters) thought the celibacy to which, from its multiplied artificial wants, it condemns a large portion of the female sex, and the consequent selfish and profligate habits is produced among men, one of the most unhappy in its effects.' There is some truth in this."

"Certainly there is," was the reply; "but I only wish we could devise some means of keeping the tyrants more under our thumbs. I am very much pleased with some of the wholesome scourgings which Mrs. Norton has laid upon them. Then there is that lash of lashes, Charlotte Elizabeth. She lays about her to admiration. She flagellates society more than the men, as a sex; but still her book called, 'The Wrongs of Women' bears a most unmistakable title."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

"But," said the married lady's statue, "those female writers who inculcate sound moral precepts in sensible language, these I have the highest respect for."

"Ah! you are an acute piece of marble," rejoined the other

\* The writer will pardon us for here omitting a small portion of his contribution. We believe that Evangelical religion is the religion of the Bible, and cannot admit into our pages anything which reflects either on itself or on those who do homage to its principles—principles which can alone render men happy in life, and which only can solace and support the spirit in death.—ED. METROPOLITAN.



speaker. "Now there is a book called 'Hints on the Formation of Character, by a plain-spoken Englishwoman.' The very title carries candour with it; and it is full of earnest good sense, such as is likely to do real benefit. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Paxton have done much for the women of England; but their periods sometimes merge into the mawkish. Mrs. Blackford's 'Orphan of Waterloo' is amiable enough, but it is not altogether wholesome for young minds. Mrs. Grey, the author of——"

"Oh! I know who you mean——"

"Stop! I will have my say, and you shall not take the words out of my mouth. The 'Young Prima Donna,' and lots of others. She has the rising generation of girls much at heart, for she has a number of daughters herself—fine girls they are too—(if my statue were a man's statue it would call them ducks) and hence, being anxious about them, she has catered well for the whole sex. I often wish I had been a mother myself—by the bye, have you seen that love of a boy of hers—the young one with the long flaxen hair? However, I was going to say——"

"My dear, isn't your tongue running a little fast?"

"Nonsense, no; I was only going to say that in 'The Belle of the Family' there is perhaps as much truth, feeling, and good advice as in anything she has written."

"I will tell you another lady," said Mrs. Radcliffe, "who has displayed excellent intentions, and the best precepts, in a work called 'The Farmer's Daughter,' and that is——"

"Ah! I will tell you——"

"No you shan't—Mrs. Cameron!"

"I was just going to say Mrs. Cameron."

"You shouldn't interrupt me, my love. There is 'The Woman of Israel,' by Grace Aguilar, which is a most sterling work, as displaying a very fair revelation of the delicacy and of the workings of the female mind. It shows great talent, and I presume the authoress is a Jewess, or of Jewish descent herself."

"Those Jewesses are always full of talent."

"They are, dear, and beauty too. The dark hair on the fair skin makes such a fine contrast. Then the nobly-shaped nose, the expanded forehead, the well-defined eyebrow, and the sparkling black eye, so full of intelligence—all this is most striking in the Jewess."

"A somewhat similar work, but inferior," observed Miss Roche, "has been written by the Rev. Hugh Hughes."

Ah, exactly; his 'Female Characters of Holy Writ;' but we are not discussing men's books to day. Mrs. Maberley's 'Melanthe' displays some passion and some of the female biases; but the passion wanes into sentimentality, and the whole wants naturalness. In Mrs. Stones' 'Young Milliner' the sentiment is weak, but I will do the authoress the justice to say that she wrote

for the advocacy of an excellent cause, and a good intention is like charity."

"You take the will for the deed, my dear Mrs. Statue—my dear Mrs. Udolpho—my dear Mrs. Radcliffe's statue—I mean."

"My love! my love! you talk so quick, you don't give yourself time to reflect on what you are saying."

"Stuff! you are too particular. Let me tell you that I like 'The History of Women in England,' by Hannah Lawrence. This is a sort of pendant to Grace Aguilar; but Hannah has too much deference or dread of the men. She does not sufficiently assert the equality—or perhaps I should say the superiority—of the enduring sex over the domineering one. Mrs. Hugo Reed's 'Plea for Woman' is plain, honest, candid, straight-forward, sensible, and good."

"Miss Roche's marble is right in saying that; and we have several other ladies who have trod in this path. Look at Mrs. Elwood's 'Memoirs of Literary Ladies,' and Mrs. F. Lover's 'Lives of Eminent Females.' Aside, my dear, in a whisper—do you observe how Mrs. Lover has caught hold of her husband's well-known name, and the use she has made of it on the title-page of her book, so as to usher herself forth under his auspices? The display of his name is vastly amusing I declare. But hold your tongue—mum's the word."

"You may trust me," rejoined the other piece of marble, with significance.

"Of this sort of historical work is also Lady Morgan's 'Woman and her Master,' only more bitter. I do think the men writhe under these volumes."

"I'll be bound they do," said the maiden lady's statue; and serve them right too. Miss Aikin has condescended to the biographies of men. She is a sound historian; for, in the compilation of a work, she is patient, laborious, researchful, industrious, and considerate. Her heart is so good that she is ever apologetic for the errors of her heroes. Miss Strickland equally merits our admiration. Her powers of mind are quite masculine. Heaven forgive the expression! but let it go."

"For depth of mind, my love," observed Mrs. Radcliffe's block of carara, "there is Mrs. Somerville. Her science is remarkable——"

"And so is her pension——"

"While Miss Zornlin's 'World of Waters' is a most striking work. Here we have hydrostatics and galvanism in perfection, and plenty of them."

"But what do you think the men say?"

"La, dear, I'm sure I don't know. They are such impertinent things they will say anything."

"Why, only think—but I hope there is nobody listening—"

they say that it is difficult to decide which gives the most powerful shocks, Miss Zornlin's voltaic batteries, or her own charms."

"Goodness me! did you ever?"

"Well, no I never. But what do you think of Mrs. Loudon's 'Light of Mental Science?'"

"Oh! it is most clever, and I highly approve of her opinions and speculations. She inculcates universal education. She will not suffer any to be ignorant now in these days of cheap literature. Ignorance is criminality with her. Just hark. 'Ignorance,' says she, 'is no longer innocence, when leisure and opportunity have brought knowledge within the reach of the individual. New privileges imply new responsibilities.' This is Mrs. Loudon."

"And well said Mrs. Loudon," added Miss Roche's statue, approvingly.

"But if we want profound female writers," continued the other, "I need only still further mention the names of Mrs. Hamilton Gray, whose 'History of Etruria' is most valuable; of Lady Charlotte Guest, whose antiquarian researches, and her translation of the Welsh 'Mabinogion,' are the delight of those who love ancient lore; of Miss Corner, whose labours as an historian are highly estimated; of Miss Martineau, whose varied talents are equally great, though of a different order."

"Oh! her talent is of all sorts of orders."

"Her versatility is amazing."

"By the bye," said Miss Roche's statue. "I believe it was not order, but all disorder, with her till she tried mesmerism."

"'Pon my word you are talking very inconsiderately," observed Mrs. Radcliffe's figure, with an air of reproof.

"The real truth is," rejoined the other lady in excuse, "that owing to the jealousy of the men, who monopolise all attention to themselves, so that a woman can rarely get a chance of opening her lips, I may be a little too eager and too precipitate, now that we have got this nice opportunity for a chat."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Radcliffe's statue, "it is only the enthusiasm of a poetic temperament, which you——"

"A propos of boots—of poetry, I mean——"

"Dear, dear! was there ever anything like it?"

"Never mind; it's no odds. I was going to say that talking of poetry reminded me of the fair bevy of poetesses that grace the bookcases——"

"And lie rather heavily on their publishers' shelves."

"Hush! Their number is legion, and the honey-bee caters not a sweeter feast. Miss Barratt is too sombre for most readers. She has more solemnity than profundity, although she has much of this for a woman—as the men would say."

"Ay, true," was the reply. "Her translations from the Greek first attracted public attention, because it was unusual in a woman



—not but what Greek is Greek to a woman, just as well as to a man."

"And the Miltonic style of her metre rivetted it."

"But it is a pity—I should think so even if I were her friend Miss Edgeworth—it is a pity she trod in the traces of Milton. To say the least of it, the venture was dangerous, and the comparison was not a little hazardous. In doing this she went beyond her depth, though her poetry is high, and pitched amongst the sublime."

"As regards my own opinion," said Miss Roche's voice, from the interior of her marble, "I question whether these solemn, or abstruse, or ethical subjects are the best fitted for poetry—especially if treated of by a woman, whose fort dwells more upon topics of the heart. These deep subjects are never more forcible than when they are in plain, downright, logical prose. The one great subject for poetry is passion—all the passions. Love, jealousy, rage, envy, revenge, and so on. Women write love poetry very well—particularly if it be *successful love*."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Mysteries-of-Udolpho Radcliffe, "because this agrees with their amiable natures better than do the fierce passions aroused by disappointment. Mrs. Norton has written some excellent love verse."

"Her love is so celestial."

"Miss Eliza Cook sometimes writes what may be called pleasing verse; but she too often selects little paltry themes that are miserably unmeet, frivolous, unworthy, and foolish."

"Then I wish she would take her fine large curls for a subject."

"Much more worthy than many she has taken. She is either afraid to make love, and the other great passions of the heart, her topics, or else she does not feel them, and hence passes them over. Miss Sarah Stickney and Miss Edgeworth cannot handle love. Ladies of a certain age —"

"Which all these are not."

"Are afraid to meddle with this momentous subject. They have either quarrelled with it and forsworn its acquaintanceship, or they have turned religious (what a compliment to religion when all else fails!) or they have grown prudish and pretend to despise a passion which they declare is only fit for children smelling of bread and butter; or more strange than all, and yet in many cases true, they think the theme indecent! You never see such ideas in the mind of a girl, who is, nevertheless, all intensity, nor in the rational mind of a married woman."

"I suppose not," answered Miss Roche.

"Mrs. Hornblower," continued the other gossip, "has written some excellent sonnets. Fanny Kemble Butler has great vigour and strength——"

"By the bye," interposed Miss Roche, "she has lately changed to the solemn."

"Yes, love, she has; and this is a change indeed, when we look back upon her 'rollicking' journal in America. I believe you never saw her husband's nice house near Philadelphia? What a pity it is that husbands are not always angels!"

"That is what we have been lamenting all along."

"I don't know which she hates most—husbands, or the editors of newspapers. But I was going to mention the Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard. Read her verse. She has 'a spirit not to be subdued,' and she has written with peculiar fire and fervour."

"Oh!" cried Miss Roche again, trying to have her say with all her might. "Oh! there is Miss Mary Rees—some of her sonnets and other short pieces are remarkably full of pathos and solemnity for so young a person, whilst, on the other hand, she has written several poems striking for their wit, satire, facetiousness, and point. Mrs. Charles Tinsley has penned some delightful lines, especially in her rhyming verse. Mrs. Garrow, Mrs. Torre Holme, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Crawford——"

"You have forgotten Lady Julianna Fullerton."

"No, I haven't, only you won't let me finish my sentence. You interrupted me just as I was going to say that Lady Julianna's prose is poetry complete, though without metre. It is full of the most passionate fire. It tingles like a person's leg recovering its sensation after having been asleep."

"Your simile is peculiar, my love," said Mrs. Radcliffe.

"No matter, dear, as long as you know what I mean. Now we are talking of poetry, I will just mention Mrs. Gore's prize comedy, though that is not in metre. How dreadfully it was abused by the public press! I declare I never. If that play was the best of the lot sent in, then Heaven have mercy upon the sinners who perpetrated the others—that's all! As for Lady Emeline Wortley's 'Moonshine,' it was too severely denounced by an immense deal. I felt for her."

"But Mrs. Gore will never be, or try to be, a poetess," observed Mrs. Radcliffe.

"Oh, no!" continued the friend; "she has no time for it—she is too expeditious a writer. If she gives herself so many volumes to write in so many months, they must be done somehow. It is quantity and not quality then. It is a question of so many words, and not so many original ideas. She is the most prolific authoress of the day, and she makes it pay well. But she writes too fast to be correct. Her style is loose, easy, pleasant, and peculiarly her own, though it is blemished with slang, satirical pretences, and carplings at those above her in rank. Notwithstanding that she writes on, she does not improve. I cannot assert that she is run dry, as the dairymen say, but the flow is

still only milk and water. It does not thicken to cream. Her offspring betrays that it has been brought forth as soon as conceived. The term of gestation has not been long enough."

"Your similes are peculiar again, my dear."

"Nonsense, love; two women may say what they like to each other. Mrs. Trollope has been dreadfully denounced for her vulgarity—by the bye, that painting of her behind the door in the right-hand parlour at Hadley is not unlike—but don't you think that half her vulgarity consists in the sound of her name? The word Trollope always reminds one of Moll Wollops, and the association is very unfavourable."

"Goodness gracious, what extraordinary observations you do make!" exclaimed Mrs. Radcliffe's statue, puckering up its marble in surprise. "Let me explain to you," she continued, "that the name of Trollope is very ancient and very honourable, for an ancestor of her late husband—by the way, perhaps you have not seen his tomb and that of his son in the cemetery near Bruges? The little Ionic column over the son is tottering on its base, and sadly out of repair—but I was going to observe that an ancestor of her husband, many centuries ago, when wolves were as plentiful in England as blackberries, once did great service to one of the Norman kings by slaying three wolves—*trois loups*—by which he received much honour, and was afterwards called Mr. of the *Trois loups*, and from *Trois loups* came Trollope."

"Well now," rejoined Miss Roche's effigies, "that explanation improves the association amazingly. Some of this lady's most valuable works are her travels. I am delighted with Lady Grosvenor's Yacht Voyage in the Mediterranean. This peeress is full of enterprize, and has the good sense not to carry any nonsensically refined airs about with her. She can eat and drink whatever comes first, and does not grumble at her hotel."

"This is always the way with your true lady," said Mrs. Radcliffe. It is only your half-breds, and your would-be's, and your make-believes, that cannot do without their plate, their damask, and their down beds. The true-born can put up with anything cheerfully. Mrs. Romer, in her 'Rhone, Darro, and Guadalquivir,' is to be censured for this fastidiousness; but Mrs. Ashton Yates, in her Swiss Tour, is without it. Mrs. Postans, also, in her travels in India, is free from the weakness, and so is Mrs. Stisted, in her 'Bye-ways of Italy.' That amusing book called 'Western Clearings,' by Mrs. Kirkland, furnishes very pleasant reading, as do the 'Letters from Madras.' In Martha Macdonald Lamont's 'Two Years in France and Switzerland' there is plenty of vigour and freedom, and that, too, is coupled with a little bas-bleuism."

"Your critiques are most acute," said Miss Children-of-the-Abbey Roche. "But what," she added, "do you think of Mary



Ann Everett Wood's 'Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain' for bas-bleuism?"

"Her book, my dear," answered the one addressed, "is a valuable addition to English history."

"And so is Mrs. Thompson's 'Seasons'—oh, no! I mean—"

"What stuff you are talking!"

"I mean Mrs. Thompson's 'Memoirs of the Jacobites.'"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Radcliffe's statue. "Mrs. Bray has displayed great historical knowledge even in her fictions. There is food for history in Lady Charlotte Bury's 'Diary'—you remember how she got scolded?—but we must not be deceived with what Lady Willoughby's make-believe 'purports' to be."

"Oh! Lady Willoughby's 'make-believe,' as you call it, must be looked at merely as an amusing book, though I am aware that the title-page and the getting-up have deceived many. But if we want amusing books without deception, let us turn to the 'Lays and Legends' of Camilla Toulmin, the gossiping anecdotes of Mrs. Vestris Matthews, the 'Country House,' edited by Lady Mary Fox, Mary Howitt's translations, Mrs. Hall's Irish wit, Mary Roberts' 'Ruins and Old Trees,' Eliza Stewart's 'Lord Dacre of Gilsland,' Mrs. Hofland's 'Catherine I.,' or Mrs. Hartley's 'Claudine Mignot.'"

"Precisely," said the other; "or if we want a little of religion, there is Lady Charles Fitzroy's 'Scripture Conversations'——"

"Ah! true, and Lady Calcott's 'Scripture Herbal'——"

"Not so quick, my love; or if we want a little sarcasm, we have the 'Change for the American Notes,' said to be by a lady."

"And Miss Sedgwick's vitriol; but I prefer fictions to national spleen."

"So do I, dear. There is the Baroness ——"

"Just what I was going to say—oh! no, but she is a countess. Let me see—how stupid I am!—don't take the word out of my mouth—the Countess H-h-h-h——"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Radcliffe, "I cannot imagine who you mean by H-h-h-h."

"Oh! that German countess."

"Hahn—Hahn?"

"The very name. What was I going to say of her? I have quite forgot—but no matter. You were going to mention a baroness?"

"Calabrella."

"True, my dear. What a duck of a cab she's got? You've seen that splendid book, the 'Prism of Imagination?' I'm afraid it cost as much as her title, and won't pay itself till Lady Dalmeny again sees the money she spent on her 'Spanish Lady's Love.'"

"I think," remarked Mrs. Radcliffe's statue, "you travel by very devious courses in your rambling disquisition."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense! Talking of travels reminds me of Miss Pardoe. I suppose you are delighted with her works? I am."

"And Miss Costello."

"Stop! I had Miss Costello on the end of my tongue. She has written deliciously all about Persia and the other nations of Europe."

"Europe! Persia is not in Europe."

"Yes it is, I assure you. It didn't used to be, but I suppose annexation has taken place."

"You are quite wrong—indeed you are," persisted Mrs. Radcliffe.

"No, I am not," contended Miss Roche. "Miss Costello says Persia is in Europe; and she ought to know, for she has travelled everywhere—and that's a long way. I'll read you a passage out of her 'Rose Garden of Persia.' She says, 'More poets have been produced in Persia than in all the other nations of Europe.' There now!"

"Well," returned Mrs. Radcliffe, submissively, "I confess I cannot contradict you after that."

"I should think not. I am always very positive when I know I am right."

Here the dialogue stopped suddenly—not because there was no more to say, but because the ladies were quite out of breath.

## DEPARTED BARDS.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

The trail of the serpent is over them all.

*Paradise and the Peri.*

SHADES of the gifted,  
Crown'd children of song,  
Ye who like meteors  
Have pass'd through the throng,  
Brightly, and proudly,  
And sadly—alone,  
How sorrow hath blent  
Its deep words with your own!

Ye trod the broad deep,  
And your foot-prints are there;  
With the wings of a seraph  
Ye cleav'd the blue air;

Ye gave to the beauty  
Of tree and of flower,  
A charm that they knew not  
Till touch'd by your power.

This and more ye have done,  
But ye could not control  
The heart's restless beating,  
The storms of the soul !  
Ye could not forget,  
In the strength of your trust,  
How much ye had yielded  
Of hope to the dust !

The world's bars were round you,  
And still we may see  
The one long, weary struggle  
Of life to be free !  
The beating, the fluttering,  
The pining, that bow'd  
Your proud spirits down  
To the dust of the crowd !

Do they fold you thus thickly,  
The shadows of earth,  
Lest our spirits forget  
The dark place of your birth ?  
Ah ! well in your deep,  
Burning words have ye shown,  
How the glory ye won  
Was not glory alone !

Oh, could ye one happier,  
One holier song pour,  
Now the strife and the sorrow  
Of earth are no more ;  
Now Time with its changes,  
And Death with its thrall,  
And fear with its shadows  
Have pass'd from ye all !

But no ! we must struggle,  
As ye struggled, on,  
Unsooth'd by a tone  
From the lips that are gone :  
Where earth's noble-hearted  
Found refuge alone,  
There's a cheering voice ever  
To answer our own !

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## OLD JONES.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

## CHAPTER I.

O love ! how are thy precious, sweetest moments  
 Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with disappointments !  
 Now pride, now fickleness, fantastic quarrels,  
 And sullen coldness, give us pains by turns ;  
 Malicious, meddling chance is ever busy  
 To bring us fears, disquiet, and delays.

Rowe.

"My dear Lucy," exclaimed George Thornton, breathlessly rushing into the breakfast-parlour, where Miss Jones was seated, "I have only two minutes to say good-bye again. The horses are actually being put to, but I told the coachman to take me up here ; for, although I did take my leave of you last night, not expecting you to be up so very early, yet, finding you were, I could not go without once more seeing you. But where is your uncle ? Not yet risen, I fear. Do you think it would disturb or offend him if I went to his bed-room just . . ."

"Oh, never mind uncle, as your time is so short," interrupted Lucy.

"Not mind him ! Why I owe everything on earth to his kindness. Do you think me so ungrateful then ?"

"Oh, no, not ungrateful ; but I can deliver any message."

"I have no message. I only wished to express to him, while I have yet the opportunity, the deep and ineffaceable sense I have of his exceeding goodness."

"Oh, if you only want to see uncle," replied the pouting girl, pettishly snatching away the hand George had warmly grasped in the ardour of the moment, "I need not waste my time by staying ; for, as you know, the races and ball take place in a few days, and I am very busy preparing for them ; I got up early on purpose for that. I mean to have such a *love* of a dress, and have no doubt I shall make quite a sensation, being, *pardonnez ma vanité, tant soit peu jolie !*"

"I do not want to see your uncle *only*, Lucy ; I wanted, and that with inexpressible desire, to see you, too, and that you know very well. But you delight in torturing the heart you are conscious dares not resent your cruelty."

The coach now drew up to the door. George left a few words with the servant for his beloved benefactor, and then mounted the box.

Lucy ran eagerly to the window, fully expecting he would be-

stow on her the long, lingering look of regretful affection, when reluctantly separating from all it holds dear in the universe. But no, with his hat forced over his brow, his cheek paled by suppressed emotion, and his lips yet quivering with the convulsive twitchings of an agonized heart, he neither glanced to the right nor the left, and the coach drove off.

Lucy could not believe her senses, "Was it possible that he could part in anger—that the first quarrel of their lives should occur when they were parting for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever?"

It was only when the last faint rattle of the coach-wheels over the pebbles of the principal street of the old-fashioned town of Chester expired upon her ear, strained intensely to catch the sound, that she felt convinced George *was* gone, that he *could* go without imploring pardon, without seeking a reconciliation for this dreadful difference. Then flinging herself into a chair, she burst into a passion of tears—tears provoked by a contrariety of feeling—love, pride, shame, mortification, and repentance. How did she despise and execrate the petty vanity that could suggest the ungenerous falsehood she had uttered in her cruel spite, to pain and distress him. She was making no preparations for the races, she had not the remotest idea of attending the ball; she knew that, without George, she should enjoy neither. She had not risen so much earlier than usual with any such intention. No, with the intuition of real love, she had quitted her pillow, with the almost certainty that he would, if only for a moment, contrive to see her again. With what ecstatic impatience had she dressed! With what tumultuous delight had she caught his hurrying step in the passage! With what a wild throbbing had her heart welcomed him! With what admiration did her eyes rest on his fine manly form, expanded to its loftiest bearing by the proud consciousness of being worthy of the affection he inspired! With what refined barbarity did she damp that ardour! With what savage bitterness did she wring the heart she knew was so truly, so devotedly her own.

Then she blamed him for having taken umbrage at an assertion he must have been aware was entirely destitute of probability, and only said under the irritation of the wounded *amour propre* that resented not being *all* in his consideration at such a time.

"O George, George, how miserable have I made you, how miserable I have made myself, by thus giving way to my ill-regulated temper! Oh, if you had only looked kindly at parting, it would have been more precious to me now than the prodigality of tenderness so long lavished on me by those eloquent eyes! But no, no, I never can expect to be gazed on fondly by those dear, gentle eyes again; eyes I have now, perhaps, doomed to weep my fickleness and scorn!"

Lucy was aroused from her agonizing self-upbraidings by the maid-servant suddenly shutting the street door with a degree of violence absolutely startling to delicate nerves. Since George's departure she had remained in the street, with a look of stolid surprise, twirling the guinea he had slipped into her hand, not wondering at his generosity, but that he could go away with such a different appearance to the one he wore on entering the house; and without, too giving her that nice, cheerful nod, which, without being familiar, was still so devoid of anything like an effort at condescension, that it was always received with pleasing gratitude by those on whom it was bestowed.

"E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head!"

Very true, but then that was a prelatical, dignified nod of patronizing approbation, whereas George's was a nod of delightful, hilarious recognition or farewell, which told of the joyousness of a light and affectionate heart.

"There is something the matter between him and Miss Lucy I'll be bound," she soliloquized as she walked back into the kitchen, after making the Chester Highflier much less than "a crow;" "a quarrel, I shouldn't wonder, because he will go to the wars. Well, I shouldn't like my sweetheart to do that, I am sure. I should be for ever dreaming of his being wounded terribly, or, what is worse, forgetting me."

Her uncle now coming in, Lucy pulled down the blinds to prevent his seeing her red and swollen eyes, and seated herself at the breakfast-table, with a sick and sinking heart, to eat with what appetite she could.

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## CHAPTER II.

The blood and spirits of Le Fevre which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.

*Sterne.*

"Old Jones," as he was invariably called whenever spoken of amongst his numerous acquaintances, and to which he answered with the servile obedience of a water-spaniel, was, at the time of this little *exposé* of his *ménage*, still in the prime of life—that is, according to the modern estimate of it, being midway between fifty and sixty; therefore why so patriarchal an adjective should have been affixed to his really respectable cognomen, I am at a loss to understand, unless, indeed, it was synonymous with "good-natured Jones," in the opinion of his friends; he being most fully



entitled to the latter signification from the blandness of his manner, and the Christian charity which influenced all his actions.

He had succeeded his father in a most extensive business of a chemist and druggist, and was still a bachelor, and likely to remain so, to the *désespoir* of the *vieilles filles* of Chester; having a pretty, elegant niece to keep his house, and to whom he was passionately attached, making no secret of his intention of leaving her his very large fortune.

She did not, however, entirely possess the old gentleman's heart, she only divided it with his strong affection for botany and George Thornton. But of neither of these rivals did Lucy feel the least jealous, finding they added essentially to his daily pleasure—the one by leading him abroad into the beautiful fields in the sweet summer time, and the other by beguiling the tediousness of winter by the indefatigable labour and research he bestowed on the voluminous works connected with her uncle's favourite study.

Although still ostensibly in trade, he lived in such good style, had educated Lucy so extremely well, and dressed her so expensively, that few objected either to visit or receive them, either in the town or neighbourhood; the reputation of his ample fortune and her own beauty making her to be considered *une très bonne partie*, while his kind, courteous deportment and varied information rendered him equally acceptable in society; hence Mr. and Miss Jones were hailed by a smile of real pleasure wherever they appeared.

George Thornton was the orphan and only son of a man of once most flourishing circumstances, but who, by a series of misfortunes over which he literally appeared to have no control, was, at the time of his death, in a fit state to sue his parish in *forma pauperis* for decent interment for himself, and maintenance for his son. But Mr. Jones spared his last hour the agony and humiliation of having recourse to so odious a measure by promising to attend his remains to the grave himself, and adopting his forlorn boy with a view, should he prove worthy of his kindness, to bring him up as his successor.

George grew up handsome, highly-gifted, and grateful; and as he grew in stature and intellect, so did he grow to the heart of his only friend, and, perhaps, to that of his lovely niece, too; but of that deponent saith not at present.

Treated in every respect like one of the family, enjoying the daily intercourse of Lucy and her amiable uncle, with every want anticipated, every mortification religiously spared, George was yet far from happy; his spirits grew variable, and his health even more so; till, at length, most serious apprehensions were entertained by his anxious friends that he would fall a victim to the insidious disease, consumption, under which his mother had prematurely sunk. In truth George had no taste for compounding

drugs, nor for the study of pharmacology; and while he was wielding the pestle he sighed to be wielding the sword; "for he had heard of battles," to wit, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, "and Heaven," in the shape of Old Jones, "soon granted his desire of following to the field some warlike lord;" for, after much entreaty he confessed the martial malady under which he was labouring.

It was a sad disappointment to his patron to find his *protégé* could not be content with the mysteries of his laboratory, and his own and Lucy's company, for he was used to George, he loved George, and then he had certain embryo schemes which only the said George, in conjunction with a fair *jeune demoiselle* could realize. However, according to white magic, he plainly perceived that "Venus was invisible, and Mars refulgent in the house of life," so it would be in vain to oppose the boy's inclination; he must not die of a broken heart because he had a fancy for a broken pate from *Messieurs les cuirassiers*. One campaign would suffice, he felt assured, to awaken the foolish fellow from his dream of glory, and send him back with real delight to his now despised gallipots. Besides, he inherits the warlike spirit of his grandfather, added the benevolent old man, even seeking, in his own reflections, to excuse George for desiring to leave those to whom he was so deeply indebted; and therefore the proverb holds good, that, "*Ce qu'on apprend au berceau dure jusqu' au tombeau.*" Thus, with incomparable generosity, between *jest* and *earnest*, he concealed his own chagrin, purchased a commission, and fitted him out in every respect as if he had indeed been his own son.

George, however, in wishing to quit the roof which had sheltered so benignly the years of his desolate youth, had not the slightest idea of being ungrateful; and if he had thought for a moment that his intention could have borne such a revolting construction, he would have for ever abandoned it.

Hitherto his days had glided away in a sweet delusion, without his scarcely being aware of his utter dependance on the bounty of Mr. Jones, without his being aware of the strong and uncontrollable affection which was hourly gaining ground in his heart for his beautiful niece, his *heiress*, without being aware of that affection being returned with equal ardour, or Mr. Jones' intentions respecting it. No explanation ever having taken place between them, no explanation ever having been thought of, he was content to love on in silence; Lucy was content to be so beloved, and her uncle was more than content to watch the progress of the unsuspected passion, which crowned his most sanguine hopes for the only dear, precious beings to him on earth. It was when George saw the admiration which Lucy, in the loveliness of early womanhood, excited, the competition for her smiles, the hopes and fears her known wealth created, that he was aroused from that delusion

to feel poignantly and harrowingly that he was in love, desperately in love, and that he was a beggar—too poor ever to aspire to the fortune-favoured Miss Jones.

Hence his desire for the army, imagining, in the impetuous ambition of inexperienced youth, that he could take fortune by storm, force her to be kind to him, and that he should, as Van Tromp with his broom,\* sweep all before him.

On the morning of the *petit démêlé* above recorded George started to join his regiment at Portsmouth previously to his going abroad to realize these charming anticipations.

### CHAPTER III.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper.

*Merchant of Venice.*

Why, how now, gentlemen!  
What see you in those papers that you lose  
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!  
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there  
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood  
Out of appearance?

*Henry the Fifth.*

With most inconceivable impatience and anxiety did Lucy await for a letter from George. "If he did not feel disposed to write to her, if he was so implacable as still to resent their unhappy quarrel, surely he would write to her uncle? He had not offended him; he was bound by the gratitude of which he so much boasted to give him the earliest information of his welfare." Day after day, however, passed without bringing a line from the dear absentee, until Lucy grew quite ill, and the old man fidgetty and nervous, at his unaccountable silence.

At last a letter came from him for Mr. Jones. Lucy's heart beat and her pale face flushed at the sight of it, but her uncle was too busy rubbing his spectacles to observe her emotion. After reading a couple of pages to himself, he suddenly exclaimed, in an angry tone,

"Lucy, what can he mean about Miss Jones, and enjoying the races and ball, and making a sensation, and that, although all the officers have a fortnight's leave before embarking, yet, under present circumstances, he thinks it better not to intrude on us, although he has no other home, and therefore, miserable as it is, he shall remain at the barracks? What can he mean, I say, by this confounded mystification? If I thought that he had the

\* Van Tromp, when he went to meet Blake, had a broom fixed to his main-topmast, to intimate that he would sweep the Channel clear of the English.—*Mavor's Universal History.*



smallest atom of an idea of trifling with your feelings, and that a red coat, instead of keeping him a brave and honourable man, only covered the back of a libertine and a scoundrel, I would discharge him from ever darkening my threshold with his detestable shadow again, the ungrateful villain !”

“ Oh ! do not call him ungrateful, uncle ; it was his gratitude which has made me so ill and him so wretched.”

“ How, Lucy ?”

“ Why, the morning he left we had a little — a very little quarrel, uncle.”

“ Ah, Lucy ! you do not know the danger of those very little quarrels, how, if left unrepaired, they gradually undermine the sweetest and best affections of our nature, corroding silently and surely at the heart’s core, until that which was once esteemed as the dearest, the most precious of all earthly things, becomes an object of hatred and abhorrence, and all from at first a very little quarrel. How could you conceal it so long from me, Lucy ? How could you suffer the poor fellow to endure so long the tortures of suspense ? Is it not enjoined in the Holy Scriptures to ‘ agree with thine adversary quickly ?’ How much more then is it enjoined to agree with a friend—such a friend as George—the playmate of your infancy, the companion of your youth ?”

“ Good gracious, uncle ! I never thought so seriously of it, I declare ; you quite horrify me ; do, pray, write and entreat George to come here directly. I had no idea such a trifle would hurt his feelings so much, or I would have apologized to him.”

“ George is dependant on my bounty ; he has not, like you, Lucy, the claim of relationship to render the obligation endurable, hence he feels the more acutely any unkindness—and particularly from either of us. Oh ! it requires the study of a life, blent with all the benign sympathies of Christianity, not to wound the feelings of those who are in any way indebted to us, for they are the only really sensitive, the only really proud people.”

Lucy was so affected at the tender gravity of her uncle’s manner, and so contrite for her conduct to George, that, finding it impossible to restrain her tears, she was glad to escape to her own room, to indulge them unwitnessed.

On her return to the parlour her uncle had completely recovered his serenity, and absorbed in the *Chester Courant*, appeared to have forgotten all about George and his melancholy letter. After dinner, while deliberately stirring his tumbler of punch, she observed a stray smile now and then steal over his delightfully placid countenance, and, as was his wont when brooding over any pleasing subject, heard him mutter a few indistinct sentences ; so laying down the Ripstone pippin she was carefully peeling, to see if it would form the letter G when mystically flung over the left shoulder, she seated herself on her uncle’s knee, and putting her arm fondly round his neck, said, coaxingly,

"What are you cogitating in that dear head of yours, uncle?"

"Only a foolish old man's crotchet—nothing more, darling."

"But tell me what made you smile so just now?"

"Why, your pretended illness."

"Well, really now, you naughty uncle! as if I was so affected as to pretend indisposition."

"I do not wish to infer that, love; but I think it is of so slight a description that a change of scene merely would eradicate it—a trip to the Isle of Wight, for instance."

"What, so near to——"

"Oh, Miss Prude! do you think that a certain Ensign Thornton would turn the English Channel into another Hellespont, and swim over to make his peace?"

"La, uncle! what can *you* know of such things?"

"A vast deal more than you, miss; why, do you imagine I was always the same old squaretoes I am now, with a spencer and spur? No, I was, when young, famous for dancing the minuet de la cour with the Vestris gavotte, wrote poetry, and knew, *par cœur*, the histories of all the most celebrated lovers of antiquity—Hero, as I said before, the beautiful priestess of Venus, at Sestus, who used to stand on the top of a high tower, with a burning torch in her hand, to light the enamoured Leander from Abydos; of Dido, who, by the bye, stabbed herself on the funeral pile, she raised in her new dominion on the coast of Africa to preserve her fidelity to her husband, Sichæus, and not for the loss of Æneas, as that glorious triumvirate, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace assert; of Cleopatra, who preferred dying by the bite of an asp to falling into the hands of Augustus, after the death of her beloved Anthony; of Pyramus and his captivating Thisbe, with their awful *tryste* at the tomb of Ninus; of Crusa, and that terribly *igneous* tunic presented to her by the jealous Medea, and which, by spontaneous combustion, consumed her on the morning of her marriage with Jason, down to that more modern, though equally striking instance of woman's devotion evinced in the answer of the heroic girl to the friend of Sir Robert Barkley, who was horribly mutilated while commanding the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, 'Tell him that I will joyfully marry him if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul.' There, can you give me such a list?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"But that is nothing to the purpose; the sea-breezes will do you good. La! you are as pale, and almost as fragile as a snow-drop, so go we will, my dear child; George need know nothing about our being so near, unless, indeed, you feel disposed to mount the keep at Carisbrook Castle, with a flambeau in your hand, a-la-hero, to light your lover over the briny main."

"Oh, uncle! what spirits you are in! how you do run on!"

"Well, well, perhaps I do too much so for my age, but I am very happy just now, and those glimpses of sunshine come, alas! too seldom in the close of life not to be received with more cheerfulness than seems consistent with *grey* hairs, in the eyes of a thoughtless wee thing like you, but wait awhile and then you will know also how grateful and exhilarating is their transient brightness. But seriously, if you have any repugnance to seeing poor George, we can easily manage to conceal our journey from him."

"Why, uncle, since you ask me, to be quite candid I do think our going so near would be rather indelicate, looking, in fact, as if we sought him, whereas, for my part, I should be sorry if he thought we made him of such importance."

"Now, no nonsense, Lucy; he is, or ought to be, of the greatest importance to you, or your encouragement to him is quite unjustifiable."

"Why, uncle, he never said anything serious to me."

"Perhaps not, but you knew very well what he thought, and hoped, miss. But pack up; we will start to-morrow, and when we arrive we can please ourselves about sending for him or not; only remember, my love, that of all despicable characters that of a coquette is the very worst, and one I should grieve to see a niece of mine assume, even in jest."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possessed; nor can be easily  
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Milton.*

On reaching the Fountain Hotel at West Cowes, after rather a fatiguing journey, Lucy, finding that it was near six o'clock, said, as she reclined on a most luxurious sofa,

"If you will excuse it, uncle, I think I shall dine in my travelling costume, feeling really too tired to change my dress."

"Nothing can be more becoming than that black satin, my love, only do, pray, devote a few moments to the arrangement of those dishevelled ringlets; you know I am a great advocate for exquisite neatness in a young lady, as, if once innovations are suffered in that necessary part of the toilette, it soon degenerates into slatternly negligence; besides, I really think, *uncle* as I am, that I am entitled to the compliment of so small an exertion, so go and sacrifice a little to the Graces, darling."

As Lucy left the room in obedience to this command she met the waiter coming in to lay the cloth, so, running up stairs, fearing



to be too late, she did not observe that he was followed by another person, nor the bow that person bestowed on her.

Great, therefore, was her surprise on re-entering the apartment, all the lovelier for her mirror's consultation, to find the cloth laid for *three*, and to see George, in full uniform, seated on the sofa, by her uncle, enjoying a most familiar *tête-à-tête*.

"Only think of George finding us out so soon," said the old man, with a chuckle of delight.

"Ah, uncle! I am not to be deceived; you sent for him, I am positive."

"Well, miss, suppose I did? If you quarrel with me for that I shall impute your anger to jealousy, because I deprived you of the pleasure of doing so yourself."

Lucy thought it prudent to say no more on the subject, knowing, from blushing experience, that when her uncle was *en train* his raillery was most piquant.

She could not help observing that George looked remarkably well in his uniform, and that, whether owing to the brilliancy of the bright scarlet coat, reflecting warmly on his cheek, or to the more active life he had lately led, he had much more colour, and his eyes were much more sparkling, than when she saw him last; that, in truth, there was not the slightest appearance of his having been so very miserable as his letter described; on the contrary, any one would have pronounced him in vulgarly rude health, and in exuberant spirits, which he scarcely made an effort to conceal.

She learnt during dinner that he actually was to spend the whole of his fortnight's leave with them, and, from the conversation carried on almost exclusively between him and her uncle, that that time was to be devoted to most delightful explorations of the picturesque and lovely neighbourhood they were now in. All this had been arranged without once consulting her inclinations; she really felt quite *de trop* on the occasion, and resolved to be very *boudeuse* and unamiable. The painful and ceremonious constraint of her manner towards George, and his to her, quite annoyed her warm-hearted uncle; so, as soon as dinner was over, and the waiters withdrawn, he exclaimed,

"Come, come, my dear children, I cannot allow you to be so ungrateful to Providence for the many real blessings now surrounding you, as to mar them by imaginary troubles. Avail yourselves of present happiness while you have the opportunity, for the time will come—too soon, alas! when the vast and trackless ocean intervenes between you—that you would both willingly give your lives to recall the ecstatic moments you are now abusing. Lucy, George was not to blame; the quarrel was yours alone, therefore be generous, be womanly, be feminine, acknowledge your fault; it is no humiliation, when conscious of error, to admit it. Offer

now the apology you protested, with tears of anguish, only a few days since you were ready to do; offer it, or I shall think that you are yet jealous of his grateful love for your *own* uncle."

"Oh, dear sir!" exclaimed George, agonized at the sight of Lucy's tears, "pray do not distress Miss Jones; I cannot bear it—indeed, indeed, she does not deserve such cruel censure; I alone"—he suddenly stopped, finding his eloquence was thrown away, for old Jones had just bethought him of the massive family silver snuff-box he imprudently left on his dressing-table, and went in search of it; and ere his return, which certainly was not so quick as it might have been, Lucy had been clasped, with fervent rapture, to the throbbing bosom of her accepted lover, and greeted her *rusé* uncle on his return, with the said snuff-box ostentatiously open in his hand, with a countenance radiant with smiles and blushes.

No one had a happier facility of forgetting what had just occurred of an unpleasant nature than old Jones, his obliviousness in that respect was perfectly Lethæan, so it did not much astonish Lucy and George, knowing this peculiar quality of his mind, to hear him say, as he wiped his eyes, having a slight cold, or it might be a *tear* at the restored happiness of the young people,

"We will make a night of it, George, and have a bowl of punch!"

"Oh, my goodness, uncle, how dissipated you are!" said the laughing Lucy, while George arose to ring the bell for it, and then *inadvertently* seated himself on the sofa by her.

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## CHAPTER V.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep, decrepid with his age.  
Behold him when past by; what then is seen  
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?  
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

Young.

Oh, that happy fortnight! how did it indeed speed away

"Thus oiled and swift, and of a silken sound,"

with those two happy, innocent, hopeful beings!

"Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self,  
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
The rural day, and talk'd with flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things."

Lucy, now in the unreserved confidence of approved and ten-

derly reciprocated affection, either discussed with her beloved George the various and delicious plans her heart, in the full expansion of its felicity, formed for their future, when he should be tired of the excitement of a camp, or, with a more subdued tone of feeling, regretted that he should have selected so perilous a profession—one which might separate them shortly, and for ever, when they might have enjoyed such a long, long, blessed life together; and so pathetically was that regret expressed that it almost made him regret his precipitancy too. When she implored him, for her sake, not to put himself unnecessarily forward in the battle, not to expose himself rashly to danger, to display his courage, as, in all the fond anticipatory fears of woman's love, she imagined every bullet would be winged by cruel fate to strike at her most dear and precious treasure, assuring him, with a flattery as pure as truth, that he was quite brave enough now for those who really loved him.

All this sweet communing of heart to heart took place while exploring the beautiful and romantic scenery of the matchless island, whose varied points of attraction furnished a never-failing source of admiration to the lovers, and plausible excuses for those unconscionably long rambles to which they were both exceedingly addicted, the word *fatigue* having been expunged *pro tem.* from their vocabulary; whilst its botanical treasures were an inexhaustible fund of amusement to the unobtrusive old gentleman, who, while George sauntered along with his fine eloquent eyes eternally riveted on the blushing face of the abashed Lucy, kept his as intently fixed on the ground, in a state of perfect herborizing abstraction. Truly old Jones was as blind as the *petit joli Dieu d'Amour*, now playing such fantastic tricks *sur son nez*, for he absolutely saw nothing of the “nods, and winks, and wreathing smiles,” which sparkled around him, like the coruscations of a sunbeam on the dancing waters of a zephyr-stirred lake.

Then, too, he so often pleaded weariness, or oppression from the heat, particularly when he came to some sequestered verdant nook, as a pretence for loitering behind.

“Wisdom's self

Oft seeks so sweet retired solitude;  
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.”

Where seating himself, he begged them, “nothing loath,” to pursue their stroll, and not to hurry it on his account, as he should not find the time tedious, however protracted their stay, for, if the worthy parson Adams was never without his idolized pocket *Æschylus*, nor the ill-fated Dr. Dodd without a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts*, neither was he without his precious 12mo. volume



of Linnæus, for his mental pabulum, knowing very well that his company could be easily dispensed with, as they had long ceased to pay him the compliment of seeing his by no means Lilliputian dimensions, or sparing him one poor word from the torrents that flowed from their lips; and he felt convinced that if nature had bestowed on his bewitched niece an ear as capacious as that of Dionysius of Syracuse, instead of the *mignonne oreille* she possessed, it would not suffice to receive all the vows and protestations of the enamoured George.

At last every object of note had been visited and re-visited—Carisbrook Castle (which, while she ascended the dilapidated steps of its keep, assiduously supported by the vigilant George, Lucy caught the furtive smile of her uncle, so fraught with mischief, and fully expected he would explode with the recent suggestions he made to her *anent* the said keep), the arched rock at Freshwater, Black Gang Chine, with its really terrific scenery, even to a run over to Portsmouth, to inspect and increase George's military comforts, and, *at last*, too, came the moment of separation. Oh! how did Lucy cling in weeping distraction to the bosom of her unnerved lover! Oh! how did the old man's trembling hand, too severely shaken by the agony of the scene, in vain essay to remove the frantic girl from his arms! Oh! how did every lip falter forth the blessings given and received! Oh! how did every eye, blinded by tears of anguish, struggle fruitlessly to distinguish the adored lineaments, soon only to be reflected in the orb of memory! What incoherent entreaties, and promises to write constantly to each other! What vows of fidelity! What prayers for a safe and speedy re-union! And, oh! what a fervent "God bless you, George!" "Heaven protect you, Lucy!" burst from the frantic lovers, as the old man's more subdued aspiration arose above for blessings on them both, like the softer sighing of the weary wind after the hurricane is past.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"WAR.—Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, watercourse, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on.

"Over miles of country, at every field fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture."—*Spectator*.

Lucy, like Calypso, *ne pouvait se consoler du départ de George*. She wandered dejectedly over every scene so lately visited by them

together, *mais ces beaux lieux, loin de modérer sa douleur, ne faisaient que lui rappeler le triste souvenir du bien aimé ami, qu'elle y avait vutant de fois auprès d'elle.*

Her uncle, too, did not derive the same pleasure from botanizing now; he fancied that the vermillion tints of the lychnis were not nearly so vivid, that the blue of the scabions was far from being as cerulean as on their arrival, and that the golden hue of the ragwort had absolutely degenerated into an indefinite green, just the sickly tinge which Shakspeare describes the faded cheek of the hapless Voila to have worn—"she, who never told her love."

In fact, the departure of George had cast a gloom over everything, and more particularly over the minds of those he had left behind. For, after all, it is not so much the actual scene which delights us as the companions with whom we contemplate it. Love and friendship can embellish a desert, while *ennui* and listlessness, wanting those essentials to true enjoyment, can unparadise an elysium. "*La prédisposition de l'âme est un prisme qui colore les objets extérieurs de ses reflets sombres ou rians,*" or, as Milton more forcibly expresses it.

"The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n."

After much deliberation they both agreed that they should be happier at home, so home they resolved to go, *instantanément*.

If Lucy had packed up with alacrity to go the Isle of Wight, with how much more celerity did she re-pack to hurry away from it! hoping that when on the spot where she and George had passed so many happy years, ere conscious of their mutual affection, to regain the tranquillity of mind its knowledge had cost her when surrounded by so many dear remembrances of him.

Never did young bride, on her nuptial morn, spring with more fervent ecstasy into the carriage destined to convey her to the Eden selected for her *lune de miel*, than did Lucy into the chaise which was to conduct her back to Chester—to tears, to regrets, and all the lingering sufferings of absence and anxiety arising from "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick"—sick beyond endurance, followed as eagerly by the old man, who, only intent upon reaching home also, scarcely gave a thought to the placing of the *hortus-siccus* he had taken such pains to collect.

Ah! if post-chaises could speak, how many similar revelations could they make of persons *hurrying* to pleasure, and *hurrying* from pleasure!

George wrote with the punctuality of a secretary to a prime-minister, and the animated accounts he gave of the exciting life he was leading, his various hair-breadth escapes from danger, and his sanguine expectations of soon distinguishing himself, served to diversify the monotony of their existence, and form the sole subject



of their long and interesting conversations, as well as quicken their gratitude to Providence for the especial protection he appeared to afford the being most dear to both of them.

Nor did Lucy want for matter in her voluminous replies, for, with an affectionate girl, it is "out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth (or rather the pen) speaketh." She sent him nothing certainly in the shape of *news*, yet how did he devour every precious word of those read and re-read letters, the more welcome because they contained only the details of the fire-side she was guarding with the constancy of a Penelope during his absence.

It is true that she occasionally wished to have the power granted to lovers of old, of consulting that celebrated spring of Lycia, or rather, the oracle of Thixeus Apollo, situated near it, and where all good and bad fortune was foretold, to learn exactly when George would return; but as that was denied her in these more matter-of-fact days, she was obliged to be content with reading, and with what a proud rapture, his rapid promotion, in the gazette. Ah! she knew not at what a cost that promotion was purchased! She knew not that true to his resolve of "achieving greatness," he had rashly volunteered in the vanguard, forming the forlorn hope of the company to which he belonged, always composed, alas! of "*enfants perdus*," as the French emphatically call them, the party being determined to take a town by storm, at all rates certain that it will lead to promotion or death; and, as in too many cases, the young men recklessly observe, they shall then be *provided* for. Glory was the sole aim of George—to win a name to place in competition with the "filthy lucre" he could not drudge, and plod, and slave to obtain, and thus render himself Lucy's equal.

"Comrade after comrade fell before the fire of the enemy—the young, the loving, and the loved—still did he persevere in making one of the ladder party, with the section of the company to which he belonged, nothing daunted by the bristling '*cheveux de frise*' of *actual* swords raised to oppose them;" when, after performing prodigies of valour, he fell, pierced with bullets, into a ravine.

The next gazette announced that Captain Thornton was coming to England on furlough for his health, and a private letter from a brother officer, to Mr. Jones, informed him when he might expect the invalid.

From morning to night after this intimation Lucy never quitted her seat at the window until the chaise which brought her adored George home again stopped at the door, when she bounded down stairs to welcome him; but, on catching a glimpse of his pallid cheeks and closed eyes, she shrieked "He's dead!" and fell into the arms of her uncle insensible. He was not dead, though; he had only fainted from the over-exertion in his debilitated state of



travelling too fast and far in one day, in his irrepressible eagerness to reach the precious ones who were to "pour wine and oil into his wounds."

Too truly had old Jones predicted that one campaign would suffice for him; he had returned a complete wreck, but with a name most resplendent on the annals of fame.

It was in vain that the more philosophical old gentleman exhorted the frantic Lucy to compose herself, assuring her that her anguish was selfish in the extreme, that if she really loved George she would feel it a paramount duty to conceal it, and endeavour, by her own cheerfulness, to revive his drooping hopes, and that if she did not he should establish himself as sole nurse, and forbid her to enter the room where he was. She promised to do all her really kind uncle wished, and did at last command her feelings wonderfully, but still, when he was not there to chide, and his own poor sunken eyes were closed upon her sorrow, she would allow tear after tear silently to steal down her now pale cheek as she contemplated the wasted form of him she so truly idolized—her once handsome, sanguine, light-hearted, buoyant George, as he lay almost inanimate before her on the sofa, by the side of which she daily took her seat, fearing he never, never could be the same again.

How would she kneel down by that sofa, and with his thin, cold hand unresistingly clasped between hers, bestow kiss after kiss in her lavish pity on those lips, now incapable of returning the precious boon, now almost insensible of it. It was wondrous that passionate girl's ardent embrace had not Promethean power to re-kindle the pulses of that languid heart to health and love again!

Then when he dozed she would turn to the faithful servant who helped to nurse him with her, and who had been wounded in the same engagement, although not so seriously, and make him repeat every act of bravery *her* George had performed, "giving him for his pains a world of sighs," even to the fortitude he had displayed under the doctor's hands, and the sweet dreams he had had of her in the delirium of fever. Then would Lucy steal on tip-toe to the side of her lover, to listen if he really slept, to imprint another and warmer kiss on the dear lips that in almost death still murmured fondly and lovelily of her.

Time, affection, patience, prayers, and piety at length restored him to health. Again he walked forth in his former manly beauty, before the eyes which actually worshipped his every movement; and on the very day on which he was gazetted major (for promotion was awfully rapid in the height of the war—alas! for the new-made widows attesting that melancholy fact) he also became a benedict, and walked up the centre aisle of the magnificent church of St. John with a step as elastic as the one with which he

had formerly bounded up the crazy keep of Carisbrook Castle, while his eye was as brilliant, and his cheek was as vivid, as on that memorable occasion. Nor did uncle Jones, in his snowy waistcoat, blue coat, and nankeen "irresistibles" (as poor Marie Antoinette used to call the *culottes* of the *beaux garçons* who composed her gay and elegant court, in her days of happiness and broken English) appear to have advanced an atom down the hill of life since his visit to the Isle of Wight, while Lucy looked so much younger and lovelier than ever that people could not help remarking, "How is it that Miss Jones keeps her youth and beauty so unimpaired?" *C'est tout simple—le bonheur sied si bien, et George sait si mieux prodiguer cette parure-la* on his sweet bride.

It was a *dual* matrimonial celebration, for George and Lucy were followed by Corporal Lakin and the house-maid, Susannah; he, like Corporal Trim, having found favour in her eyes by his eloquence and indirect compliments, as Trim had formerly, in her susceptible namesake's.

If George had forgotten to nod to her on the eventful morning of his departure, he did not forget it now, quite abashing her by the frequent and significant ones he bestowed on her—nay, winking too, she fancied, but whether the major did or not, "she was certain sure her master did," which we verily believe, for such was the rude state of old Jones' spirits at thus, at last, accomplishing the dearest aim of his heart that it would not have surprised us if he had been guilty of the indecorum of *winking* at the grave and dignified divine who was sealing that aim by the indissoluble vows of love and innocence—or at all events, at the parish clerk!

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## HIDDEN THINGS.

THE summer sky is bright,  
 Fair is the summer night,  
 With her thousand spangles bright,  
     Hanging above.  
 Lovely are woodland bowers  
 Deck'd in their thousand flowers,  
 Sweet with their cherish'd dowers,  
     As the first words of love.

And ocean's varied hue,  
 Now clothed with heaven's own blue,  
     A lovely shroud!

Then like a child's quick laugh,  
Half tears and pleasure half,  
Mirrors each cloud.

All this is beauty, but there are,  
Round every wave, and wood, and star,  
Things lovelier still  
Which cannot be revealed, but live  
Round all of Nature's works, and give  
A spell most fine and sensitive,  
And love instil.

The stars may be the gems that Night  
Weaves in her hair of dusky light ;  
And when she lifts her head  
Perchance these falling lights may be  
Some fragments of her jewellery  
Lent to earth's darker bed ;  
Which, finding no fit sojourn here,  
Melt into tears and disappear.

Each dew-drop on the sparkling grass  
May be a fairy's looking-glass ;  
Each harebell flower may breathe  
Their tiny hopes, and woes and gladness,  
As our own chimes speak joy or sadness,  
Delight, and love, and death.  
Thus ever round all things that are  
We fling some fancy sweeter far.

And 'tis deep hidden in the heart  
That all our dearest thoughts have birth ;  
They *may* be fancied, but to part  
From them were taking heaven from earth.  
Words that perchance were heedless spoken,  
A tear, a look in kindness meant,  
Each treasured as a beauteous token,  
Are so with hopes and fondness blent,  
That memories of love and youth,  
When mingled with the dreams of years,  
Are far, far sweeter than the truth,  
For that, alas ! was quenched in tears.

*Jersey.*

ANNIE.

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## THE PEER AND THE MENDICANT.

THE poor wandering exile, Maria Stuart, was blind and an outcast mendicant. She was, too, as the people said, a little touched in the head. Maria was once innocent, happy, and beautiful, and possessed eyes which spoke the language of truth and love.

On the very day she surrendered her virtue and honour she was struck blind with lightning!—awful day that to poor Maria! The unfortunate girl was soon discarded by her friends and relatives, and thrown upon the wide world an object of pity, destitution, and charity; yet did the child of sorrow experience a peace of mind consequent on inward rectitude. She knew the purity of her intentions; she felt she had been hardly dealt with.

The outcast became the mother of the infant Maria. A month after the birth of the child the parent again betook herself to wandering. She lived entirely upon charity. Suspended from her neck she wore a card on which was inscribed these words—"I am blind and in great distress."

Although divested of sight her countenance was most pleasing. A smile of contentment, mixed with sadness, was ever visible on her deeply interesting features.

Maria was passing through the village of Hampton, bearing her babe in her arms, as she heard the footsteps of horsemen approaching, when, as was her practice, she stood with her back to the wall till they passed by.

Presently the young Lord Lindon, accompanied by his groom, came up. They were returning from a hunting party. His lordship cast an eye on the pitiful object before him, and threw a piece of silver at her feet, which a little boy picked up and gave to Maria.

The young nobleman rode on musingly; he was thinking of the poor blind girl. His lordship's horse, as if conscious of his master's frame of mind, and willing to indulge him in his reverie, moved on with downcast head at the slowest possible pace. The groom kept his position behind, but took little or no heed of his master, for he was well used to these his lordship's melancholy moods.

"Blind and in distress," said Lindon to himself. "And yet," continued he, "she positively looked happy. I observed a smile playing on her countenance as I passed. Good heavens! how strangely do things fall out! The worthy are often in rags, hovels, and poverty; the unworthy in mansions, enjoying wealth

and abundance. Here am I with every luxury at my command, yet am I a stranger to peace and quietness. I do not possess, I cannot purchase the luxury of a good conscience. I have great estates, a splendid mansion, rich apparel, abundance of the world's goods, but what of these if they bring not peace ! The best estate a man can possess is a contented mind and an enlarged intellect." After a short pause he repeated to himself, "Blind and in distress. I have a title," he continued, "but am I superior to that poor outcast female ? What magic does a title possess in the eyes of any one but its owner ? The poor woman," resumed he, "bears a strong resemblance to Maria ; but she had eyes—and what eyes they were !"

His lordship had by this time relinquished his hold of the bridle, and his head drooped upon his breast. A strange contrast did the general appearance of the rider, equipped in his scarlet coat and hunting dress, present to his deeply meditative countenance.

"Young, interesting, in distress, and a mother," said Frederic over again. "I should much like to know her history."

His lordship now resumed his hold of the bridle, turned his head, and addressing the groom, said,

"Go and tell that poor blind girl to call at the castle this evening."

The groom cantered back to the village. The master proceeded on his way homeward, and resumed his reverie as follows :—

"I should much like to see Maria once more ; I think it would do me good. I dance, and sing, and *look* gay, yet do I *feel* a sadness at heart. Even now, overcome by sorrowful emotions, have I absented myself from my Lord Draton's hunting dinner-party. In vain does the fresh sea-breeze kiss my cheeks ; in vain do riches and splendour meet my view ; these cannot dispel my thoughts."

His lordship was interrupted in this chain of self-reproach by the groom trotting up and informing his noble master that he could not find the object he was sent in search of.

An expression of disappointment passed over the features of Frederic as he said to himself, "Truly virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment." He now urged his horse forward, and presently arrived at Barton Castle, the noble mansion handed down to him by his ancestors.

Maria was seated in an obscure lodging-house for travellers when my Lord Lindon's groom entered the village in his fruitless search after her. Here, in company with some few individuals, the very dregs of society—mendicants, by choice and profession, she partook of a dish of tea and some dry bread. What a situation for a sensitive female to be placed in ! for Maria, fallen as she was, possessed the finer feelings of humanity.

Even there her debased companions sympathised with the poor blind and youthful mother.

She caressed her baby, thought in sorrow of her present degraded position, of her once happy home, of him who had been the cause of her ruin. She pressed a fervent kiss on the cheeks of her child, and said, "I cannot see thy face, my lovely one, but I know thou art handsome; every one tells me thou art a beauty. But Heaven has sealed my eyelids, has punished me for my sins. Oh! may Providence preserve thee, my child, from falling into snares such as were laid to blight the peace of thy mother." As she thus spoke she again pressed her infant fervently in her arms and wept in secret.

In the manner described did Maria traverse the country, carrying her babe and a heart weary and heavy laden with cares. Death would have been a welcome visitor to the hapless mother but for her infant charge, for whose sake only she cared to live.

Months passed away and the unhappy mother wandered about the country scarcely knowing whither she proceeded.

It was in the month of December that she arrived in London, weak and enfeebled in mind and body. Maria had cause to remember the twenty-second of that month. The snow, which was falling fast, was blown and drifted about by a piercing northeasterly wind. It was on this night that Maria with her babe had not where to lay her head, for so exhausted was she that she could not reach her humble lodgings. Two years previous the then innocent and light-hearted Maria was assisting her mother at home to prepare the good things with which to celebrate the festive season so close at hand. Alas! what bitter changes do a few short months sometimes work in the destiny of human beings!

Turning sick and faint with over-exertion, cold, and want of food, she sunk in a kind of stupor on one of the stone seats on Westminster Bridge. The passers-by, as they hurried on, were so enveloped in clothing as to prevent their noticing this unfortunate woman had they felt disposed to assist her. In a short time she was covered with a mantle of white, for the piercing wind blew and the snow drifted around her. The babe had as yet slept silently beneath the tattered cloak of its wretched mother. Could the really distressed and unfortunate be readily distinguished from the idle and dissolute the former would meet with prompt assistance from their fellow-creatures, but imposture so frequently steals the boon away from the deserving that all the outcasts of society are viewed with suspicion, and frequently disregarded; thus it was with Maria whilst the outcast lay unconscious of all around her. The child awoke, and feeling cold and hungry began to cry and moan most piteously, which soon attracted the passers-by. At this time Lord Lindon was returning from an evening party to his house in Parliament Street. Observing the crowd that was



fast gathering round the unfortunate woman he was naturally attracted to the spot. The moment he saw poor Maria he recognised her as being the poor creature he saw at Hampton, and whose history he was so desirous of knowing. He could not tell the reason, but he seemed drawn towards her as if she was in some way connected with him. When he came up the crowd made way for him and his liveried attendant. Lindon immediately ordered his servant to call a coach, in which Maria was placed. His lordship desired the coachman to drive to the nearest coffee-house. When poor Maria was placed in the vehicle Lindon followed, bearing the child in his arms. At this time his lordship started with surprise, for the features of that sweet innocent reminded him of his own lost Maria.

They were not many minutes in reaching a coffee-house, when Maria, by Lord Lindon's orders, was led into a warm and comfortable apartment, where a plentiful supply of refreshment was placed before her and her child. Lindon longed most ardently to hear the poor woman's story, but did not like to ask her for her history; at last, however, gaining courage, he said,

"I fear you have suffered much." And he spoke the words in such a sweet and gentle voice. Ah! in the same tone that had lured poor Maria from the path of virtue and honour.

It will not appear strange to the reader when told that Maria, though deprived of sight, knew the voice, and exclaimed, in a passionate flood of tears, at the same time throwing herself in Lindon's arms,

"It is, it must be him! Frederic! oh, how I have longed to hear your voice once more! Ah! this is your child!" and she held the baby to him. "Take her, take her, she is your own, and see what the vengeance of Heaven has inflicted upon me for my crime;" and she placed her hands over her sightless orbs. "I have not seen the light of Heaven since I lost my virtue; I have not seen my child's sweet face, but they tell me it is beautiful to look on. Oh, God! thou hast indeed afflicted me! have mercy on me! have mercy! and let sight once more be restored to my poor eyes, let me but see the face of my child and my Frederic and I shall die in peace."

"Talk not of dying, my much-injured Maria," exclaimed Frederic, in deep emotion; "I will soothe thy grief; you shall never leave me more; I will be thy guide; my eyes shall see for thee; my whole life shall be spent in making recompense to thee for the wrongs I have inflicted on thy defenceless person. Say thou wilt strive to forgive me; it will take a weight from off my heart that is fast wearing me to the grave. Think not, Maria, although I have not suffered the misery you have, that I have gone unscathed. No, I have had an everlasting tormentor in my bosom. I have carried a hell within my breast, though it was not discernible to men."

At Maria's desire Lindon took lodgings in a quiet part of the town, when after a short time he determined, by Maria's consent, to marry her. I fancy I see some stickler for "caste" start with astonishment and indignation when they find his lordship making proposals of marriage to this poor girl. "The idea is monstrous," perchance they will say, "to think of marrying a good for nothing girl that has lost her virtue and a *lord* too! Hussy! how could she dare think of such a thing?" And may I ask, should she not expect it? Ay, and demand it too. What! if a "fine lord" thought her good enough to seduce from the path of virtue, why, I ask, is she not good enough for his wife? I would have my readers strive, when they judge of another's case to make it their own. Was their sister or friend seduced by a lord they would think her good enough to be the *wife* of the said "nobleman."

Maria's days now glided on in comparative happiness, for those she loved were near to support and comfort her. Her child grew in interest and loveliness, and was the delight of its father. Lindon now begged of Maria to become his wife, but now it was in her power to marry him she was not willing to do so, for fear she should bring disgrace on his noble name. But be it known, to the honour of Frederic, that he deemed it a greater disgrace to have it said he first seduced an innocent girl and then left her to her fate, than to marry the girl whose prospects in life he had blighted. Frederic brought a skilful physician to examine poor Maria's eyes, and he was delighted to hear that there were hopes of her sight being restored. The troubles poor Maria had experienced undermined her constitution, and Frederic had to bear the distressing news that his own Maria was in the first stage of a decline. All Frederic's kind attention could not stop the progress of her disease. No, death had marked her for his own. And that Maria felt and knew; but she was patient and resigned to the will of Heaven.

"Frederic," said she, "be a father and a guide to our poor child; shield her from the cruel world; never tell her what sufferings her poor mother underwent, for that would embitter all her days; teach her to love the paths of virtue and rectitude."

Maria's prayer had been heard, and she had the joy of once more beholding her beloved Frederic and darling child. Oh! the delightful ecstasy of that moment when she beheld the face of her sweet child! Who can describe the feeling of that poor and once sightless being when she found that the light of Heaven once more dawned upon her? After great persuasion from Frederic, and for the sake of her darling child, she consented to become his wife.

On the morning of her marriage she was arrayed in a robe of spotless white; suspended from her neck by a black ribbon was a locket that contained the miniature portraits of Frederic and the

child. She might, as she stepped forth on her bridal morn, have been taken for an inhabitant of another world. Scarcely had the blissful sound of "wife" reached her ears before she fainted. She was removed from the altar quite insensible. She lingered a few hours through the day, but was apparently lost to all around her till within a short time of her decease, when she faintly breathed forth the names of her husband and child, and placing her hand in that of her husband, she said, "I am now thy wife;" and with these words on her lips surrendered up her soul to the God who gave it.

I scarcely need say that Frederic was quite inconsolable at her loss, but the sweet prattle of his child, after a time, in some measure assisted to assuage his grief. And he determined to dedicate the remainder of his days to the care and education of his sweet child, thus repaying the love he bore Maria by his kind attention to her beloved offspring—a poor recompense, however, for the ruin he had occasioned.

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## THE RELEASED CAPTIVE'S LAMENT.

BY MRS CHARLES TINSLEY.

Amongst the prisoners released at the destruction of the Bastile, was one old man who had been an inmate of those dreary walls from his youth, and who pathetically implored that he might be allowed to pass the remainder of his days in his dungeon.

'Twas a prison's walls gave way,  
As the crowd in its stormy wrath press'd on,  
And a captive host, when the pass was won  
Burst forth to the glad free day;  
But one whose head bore the weight of years,  
Thus lifted his voice amid burning tears:—

"Are there none to bear me back  
From the boundless wastes of this desert place,  
Verdureless, springless, to one whose race  
Has left on the earth no track?  
Leave me not now in this alien crowd,  
With the sense of my desolation bow'd.

"Ye have brought me forth in vain  
To the scenes in which I can bear no part;  
Ye have call'd me back with my wither'd heart;  
Can ye bid it bloom again?  
Can ye conjure up from the wasted past  
One shape that may gladden mine eyes at last?



*The Released Captive's Lament.*

"They are gone who loved me best;  
They that welcomed me back into life  
They have fled from its unavailing strife,  
And ye know not where they rest!  
And here where they perished and left no trace  
My feet may not find an abiding place.

"Ye speak in a language dead;  
And lead me to fountains whose source is dry;  
And ye pour me a wasted melody,  
Whence the spell and life has fled;  
And dazzle mine eyes with a mocking light  
That brings no dawn to my spirit's night.

"Restore me my heavy chain!  
It was twined with the thoughts of bygone years,  
With the dream of *her* whose parting tears  
Had left in its rust a stain!  
With memories dimm'd not by sun or breeze,  
And where shall I look upon earth for these?

"I had peopled my dungeon's gloom  
With the loved and last of my early days,  
With them for whom on its crowded ways  
All the broad world has no room!  
And its narrow bound to my soul was dear  
For the sake of the glory hovering near!

"Ye have torn me yet once more  
From the cherish'd things that I yearn'd to keep;  
And my heart springs up from its death-like sleep,  
And the founts of dread gush o'er;  
And I learn the strength of the broken reed,  
And feel by this woe that I live indeed!

"It has pass'd! that heedless throng—  
It has left me here for the chain to sigh,  
And the silence and gloom I might not fly  
When my spirit's hope was strong!  
O Lord, let thy servant now ask from thee  
A rest where the happy alone are free!"

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## PERIODICALS OF THE PAST.

## No. III.

WE resume our brief notices of and specimens of the periodicals of a previous period. The subject of our present notice is "The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany." This periodical appeared at intervals of three months, and was published at the same price—namely, six shillings a number—as the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Indeed its plan was essentially the same, the principal difference being that it confined itself, as its title would have led one to expect, to the field of foreign literature. The Foreign Quarterly started in 1828, and died in 1830, making in all five volumes. It had its origin in a dispute between two gentlemen—Mr. Gillies and Mr. Fraser, who were both editorially connected with "The Foreign Quarterly Review," which still exists, and is published by Chapman and Hall. The latter periodical had only started the previous year. The quarrel arose as to which of the two gentlemen was to be considered the principal editor. Mr. Gillies, son of Lord Gillies, one of the Lords of the Court of Session in Scotland, asserted his right to be considered the editor, and maintained that in terms of the arrangement entered into between themselves and the publisher, Mr. Fraser was only to be regarded in the light of an assistant editor. The latter indignantly repudiated this, and said that he was in fact the real working editor, Mr. Gillies being only nominally connected with the Foreign Quarterly. The quarrel led to one of the keenest paper warfares we ever remember to have witnessed, and it lasted not less than twelve months. The matter ended in the secession of Mr. Fraser, who started the "Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany," Black, Young, and Young being the publishers. Sir Walter Scott, if we remember rightly, left the Foreign Quarterly and joined the new concern. So did Mr. Carlyle, and several other eminent writers. The work was ably conducted. Our specimen of its manner of handling subjects is by no means one of the most favourable for it, but it is most suited to our pages. It is an article headed

## MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

Our occupation has been, for the most part, with the modern writers in foreign literature. We now take up one nearly three hundred years old. If by our plan we had professed to limit our regards to the moderns only, we might yet, without any violation of it, and without any extravagance of fiction, have brought under our review such an

author as Montaigne. Notwithstanding his venerable years he is a modern still. As a writer, he is in the full enjoyment of life, and exerts an influence upon the living greater than that of many a wit incarnate whom we have unscrupulously recognised. If his voice be yet heard amongst us, on what principle shall we abstain from speaking of him? for is not the vitality of his works the sole vitality of an author which criticism cares to acknowledge? We have a right to Montaigne, not only as his own writings are read extensively throughout Europe, but as other writings of a recent date have been fashioned after him, and have kindled at his light. His influence at this day is great as proceeding from himself, and great by reflection. Without further apology, we offer these remarks upon his genius and character.

He was born in 1533, at Perigord in Gascony, where his family had long maintained a high rank among the noblesse of the country. The solution of his character commences with his earliest education. From the cradle he was taught to converse with the learned in a dead language, while the mother tongue was prohibited in his presence. Father, mother, nurse, and footman had all been trained, for his instruction, to prattle in the speech of Rome; for it was the father's hope that something of the Roman spirit might thus be infused into the nature of his son. But the plan was not consistent throughout; for in other respects the breeding of the young Montaigne was of the most delicate description, and the utmost refinements of the nursery were lavished upon his childhood. The manner of his being put to sleep is not recorded, but the shock of his awakening was relieved by the sound of musical instruments stationed in his chamber against the moment of his revival. Something analogous to this duplicity in the treatment of his childhood was afterwards apparent in his character as a man. The best teachers whom the age could afford were called to instruct him in the branches in which they respectively excelled; and amongst these our countryman George Buchanan, to whom Montaigne owed his early attachment to the poets. At thirteen years of age he commenced the study of the civil law. Not long after, he was appointed Counsellor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, and there contracted that friendship with a fellow-counsellor, Stephen de la Boetia, which is so memorably recorded in his writings. It furnished the pattern from which he drew the exalted ideas expressed in his essay on that subject. Twenty years after Boetia's death, while travelling in Italy, "*Je lumbe en un pansement si pénible de M. de la Boetia, et y fus si longtemps sans me raviser, qui cela ma fit grand mal.*"

The office of Counsellor he soon resigned, as its duties were not agreeable to his humour; yet his merits had transpired, and reaching the royal ear procured for him the highest mark of distinction among the noblesse of France—the order of St. Michael. His essays were published in the forty-seventh year of his age. He afterwards travelled in Italy, from a desire chiefly to behold and to converse with the remains of antiquity. A journal of his travels, written by himself, was published a hundred and eighty years after his death, but it relates to nothing so much as to the mineral waters that occurred to him in the course of the journey. On his return to France he was elected Mayor



of Bordeaux ; and having held that honourable office during four years he retired to his family residence in Gascony, where he resigned himself to philosophy and ease, and died in his sixtieth year.

From these few incidents one may form a conception of his character, such as it appeared to the common eye of his contemporaries. From infancy he is biassed to the study of philosophy by a singular course of education under the best preceptors of the time ; he is "rocked, and swaddled, and dandled" into a philosopher. The more fashionable accomplishments proper to the rank of a cavalier are not neglected, that the dignity of his family may be conspicuous in the manner of the age ; he is taught to reverence, with the simplicity of a scholar, the greatness of times past ; and, as a man of the world, to understand and to protect himself against the present. He has at once the air of a litterateur and of a cavalier ; in the latter character seeking admission into Parliament, in the other impatient to be out of it. He resorts to the court, where he is gratified by the notice of his prince, and even seems to dally with an ambition for employment in the offices of the state, confesses that he has no more aversion than a monk to an intrigue, and would have fought, if occasion had served, like another Herbert of Cherbury. We behold him next in the groves *curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque*. There his philosophy is not so engrossing that it does not readily give place when the royal family, with its retinue, comes to honour the mansion of Montaigne. He is almost ashamed, like that lesser spirit of Italy, Guarini, to be ranked as a man of letters, and for that reason professes to limit himself to the study of a few favourite authors ; disclaims all pretensions to the pedant faculty of memory, and declares that the language of the taverns is far more agreeable to him than the babble of the schools. All this is to preserve a proper balance betwixt the ornamental duties of his rank and the longings of an original and cultivated intellect. In the tenor of his life one may read the easy and peaceful disposition, which preserved him secure both in property and person in the midst of the transactions of the Reformation. With the enthusiasm of genius, but at a ripe age, and not without bodily infirmities, he sojourns in a foreign land to realize the fancies which had been the entertainment of his life—the amiable pilgrim dividing his attentions in a manner almost pathetic betwixt the waters and the monuments of Italy. Finally he retires ; his character becomes more consistent, and looking back on the insignificance of his life, he finds himself less allied to those who had figured with grandeur on the theatre of the world, than to Plutarch, their intelligent spectator and historian—Plutarch the author.

A contemporary might thus have interpreted the character of Montaigne from the circumstances of his life. Something more, however, has been revealed of it. "I cannot give any account of my life by my actions, fortune has placed them too low for that—I must do it by my fancies." We are thus referred from his history to his books, not only for the matter which they contribute to literature, but also for a full exposition of the character of the author.

The great object of his essays, which are his only remains that interest posterity, he announces in the preface, is to paint himself—that

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an image of his mind may be preserved for his family. Is this a just explanation of the whole object? We think not, for in what manner does he, for the most part, paint himself, but by describing his sentiment and opinions on everything of interest that came under his notice? In that sense, every author may be said to paint himself, though the interest should rest not upon the writer, but upon the matter of the work. In this, however, we perceive the shyness of the Gascon gentleman to descend, with a singleness of aim, into the field of authorship. His work, it seems, is not intended for the common use of all the world, but to be an ornament in the escutcheon of his own family; placed in the hall of his own chateau, this monument of a noble ancestor is to collect for his descendants the precious dust of many generations! His book, however, is something more than an image—a mere *simulacrum* of Montaigne. He was, in truth, too noble-minded to dwell long upon himself, unless as reflecting the great truths of nature, and therefore not limited to the illustration of his own individuality. A great and original thinker, he sought to give expression to his thoughts, not for his own family alone, nor for the gentlemen of Gascony, nor the court of France, but for the whole world. In one respect, it is true, he differs from most authors; he is not bound, in their manner, to any certain subject of investigation, nor to any form of composition, but enjoys an aristocratic freedom from all the common crafts and cares of authorship. His fancies are under no necessity of being tortured into stanzas, or measured to five acts, or twelve books, or of being fashioned after any sort of literary mould; he is not even obliged to common method or consistency any further than he pleases. From all restraints he is happily absolved, by his licentious method of essay writing. “I paint my thoughts rough as they run, and incapable of being corrected. It is as much as I can do to couch them in this airy body of the voice.” In this manner, no doubt, we see the form and habit of his mind better than from more regulated efforts; but it is in this manner, chiefly, that Montaigne can be said, more than any other writers, to paint himself.

What, then, are the matters of which Montaigne, in this spirit of freedom, has treated in his essays? Are they connected with any branch of physical science to which the attention of the world, after a long slumber, had begun to be at this time awakened? The good old pursuits of gardening, planting, or the cultivation of vineyards, then in high esteem among the gentlemen of Gascony—has Montaigne thrown over these the mantle of his literature? “Alas!” says he, “I know no more than a child the phrases and idioms proper for expressing the most common things.” Nothing, then, is to be hoped from him in this department. From his birth he was deaf to the pleasing call of physics; and with a well-expanded intellect he passed through life in a child-like ignorance of everything belonging to them. We are to look for him in his writings as a moralist and metaphysician, an observer of mind and manners, one whose sphere is altogether ideal, and who no more jostles than a spirit with the substantialities of this world. It is thus that Montaigne has come down to posterity.

If it be asked what is that theory of morals or of mental physiology



which, in his exclusive devotion to such subjects, Montaigne has contrived and advocated in his essays, the answer is, that he has none. He pretends not to be the inventor, or the patient expounder of a system like the Monk Father Malebranche, or like that pattern of a scholar Des Cartes. He does not aspire to the honour of anything so purely scholastic. His education as a cavalier, and his practical acquaintance with fashionable society, had taught him to prefer a briefer method of speaking to those whom he would be supposed to address. There was no theorising to excite his emulation—none, at least, upon a great scale among the ancients whom he chiefly admired; and any elaborate efforts of speculation would have been rebuked by the present genius of France which then displayed itself in those sketches of society, historical memoirs, and letters in which France has been hitherto unrivalled. Above all, the genius of Montaigne unfitted him for enterprises of that description; his volatile temperament, and active, prolific understanding, chose rather to exert themselves in short and vigorous sallies upon whatever presented itself with most temptation at the moment. Accordingly, he treats of the virtues individually, and less as a philosopher than as an amateur; and the whole of his mental physiology is but a collection of insulated facts. Even in this sort of flying speculation he cannot be said so much to treat of any subject as to cast a glance at it; and that glance itself is often most oblique, unexpected, and foreign to the subject on which he is immediately engaged.

After all, he is neither moralist nor metaphysician by his own confession. Examine the titles of his essays, and observe how most of them differ from the contents of a treatise professedly upon moral or metaphysical subjects—a treatise, for example, like that by his contemporary and friend Charon de la Sagesse. Under the name of “Coaches,” we have a lesson of moderation in their expenditure to princes; under “Cannibals,” a discussion of the qualities most requisite to an historian; under “Cripples,” a dissertation upon miracles. In this manner he seeks to avoid all appearance of pedantry, and indicates that his own habit of philosophising is too genuine to wait upon the gross suggestion of a philosophical text. In the same view, the subjects of his essays are diversified in the very fashion of his thoughts, as they pass through his mind to the varying occasions of common life. After some remarks upon the “habit of wearing clothes,” there follows a treatise in his noblest style upon the character of Cato the younger. In like manner, to suit his philosophy, to fashion, and to remove it as far as possible from the schools, we have a great deal of reflection upon matters that had come under his own experience in the course of his employment in the public service, forming a sort of diplomatic morality. Of this sort are his essays. “On ceremony at the interviews of princes;” “Whether the governor of a place besieged ought himself to go out to parley;” “The time of parley is dangerous.” Here, it may be seen, is a man who thinks and writes from the life, and who, if he meddles with philosophy at all, does it upon the instinct of an elevated understanding, and not from any motive of scholastic ambition. His very stoicism, in the same view, takes the form of table-talk, and its proudest examples are sought for in the wit of the condemned upon the scaffold. Another



class of the essays is occupied in recording certain facts to gratify a trivial curiosity, such as on "thumbs," "posts," "war-horses," and "monstrous children." It seems as if the author had intended to prosecute under each of these some vein of reflection, but had desisted, *invita Minerva*, and left them to stand upon the interest which they possess as belonging to natural history. They contribute, however, to diversify the topics of his essays, and to relax, in a manner agreeable to the taste of Montaigne, the severity that belongs to the aspect of philosophy.

What, then, is the particular description or line of morality which is to be found in the essays of Montaigne? For to say that he is a moralist is not to distinguish him from thousands. Here again we are referred to the circumstances of his life for the matter of his books, for he declares that his whole study was to discover and appropriate such truths as might have an immediate application to himself. He is, therefore, no teacher of morality to others; his whole concern is to discover and to understand it for the delight and dignity of his own mind. On a rare and blameless principle of philosophical selfishness, justified by the analogy of all creatures striving to secure their own perfection before imparting it to others, we perceive Montaigne, in all his meditations, aiming, in the first place, at what might conduce to the proper regulation of his own mind, but foreseeing that love and benevolence to others would be the certain fruits of his own virtue. "He who rightly understands himself will never mistake another man's work for his own, but will love to improve himself above all other things." As he is exempted then, constitutionally, from most of the vices and feelings of low natures, there is little allusion to these in his book, either in proud disdain or in prudent dehortation. His own rank and fortune were such as not to prompt him to aim at any further advancement in the world; he therefore thinks little about the qualities requisite in the common pursuits of life, and omits the whole class of the prudential virtues; these, by the nature of his pursuits, were not much impressed on his attention. Like Milton, Montaigne does not love to contemplate "clowns and vices," but the loftiest forms of excellence which his fancy can present. His morality has always reference to the virtues which he admires, and not to the vices of which he is either unconscious or ashamed; he looks upward with a passionate veneration, and seldom downwards with self-control. From the vantage ground of a well-disposed nature, he converses only with what is rare and transcendent in morality. He speaks of exalted courage in action or in council, of friendship like that amongst the noblest of the heathens, of candour and of truth not of words alone, but in the silent demonstrations of conduct, of generous loyalty and benevolent hospitality, of a wise moderation in all the desires, and of an universal sympathy with nature, even to the "venomed toad." On all these his fancy ranges, and with full license, as in its proper sphere. "For it is the duty," he says, "of good men to paint virtue as beautiful as possible: and there would be no indecency in the case should our passion a little transport us in favour of its sacred forms." No matter how far his own character may linger behind the model of his imagina-

tion. "It is a great matter for me to have my judgment regular, if the effects cannot be so, and to maintain the sovereign part at least free from corruption." Here is an apology singularly true to the character of Montaigne; though vulgar in the tenor of his life, he will yet be a nothing at heart. Better, no doubt, could an entire harmony have been maintained betwixt the "sovereign part" and "its effects." But better, too, that one should stand aloof in uncommunicated excellence, and "still recoil from its encumbering clay," than that both should amicably succumb to the same infirmities.

In this line of moral speculation, Montaigne had the example of all his favourites among the ancients, particularly of Seneca and Plutarch. No modern writer on morals has so much the stamp of antiquity. Not that we are to rank him under any one denomination of the ancient philosophy, not even the academic; for he is too much indebted, though generally without acknowledgment, to the ethics of Christianity. What he has derived from that source may easily be distinguished throughout his essays, particularly in his Commentary upon Stoicism, which, of all the ancient systems, he appears to have fancied most, but which he scruples not to try by the better revelations of divine truth. In the manner of his reasoning on such subjects, still more than in the doctrine, he differs from every example among the ancients. In that respect his genius is all his own, and preserves its proper lineaments above every foreign inscription, like the last characters of a palimpsest. He has the subtlety of a Greek, without his troublesome subjection to forms of completeness and proportion. Where shall we look for more extensive and philosophical analogies in the moral writings of the ancients? And therein Montaigne acknowledged the best influences of his age; for with the sensibility of genius, he submitted still more to the times in which he lived than to the visions of his fancy. In his writings, it is evident that he had not been insensible to the bold and inquiring genius of the Reformation—to the keen and delicate spirit of the politest society of the time—and he could profit by the subtlety of the schools which he admired, without respecting the frivolous subjects on which it was employed. If we are to look for a resemblance to Montaigne, we must rather turn to the writers of his own time, or to those of a period somewhat posterior. His very image, not impaired by transmission, will be found in the "*Religio Medici*" of Sir Thomas Brown. If a prototype existed anywhere to Lord Bacon, it might be sought for in Montaigne. The English philosopher is not distinguished indeed by the same constant pursuit of the beautiful; for in a far more philosophical spirit he professed himself as the interpreter of universal nature, and in that view, so analogous to the indiscriminating regards of the Creator, found deformity no less worthy of his attention than beauty, and vice than virtue. Is there not, however, in Montaigne the same; that extent of vision that better characterizes the philosophy of Bacon, the same pregnancy in his suggestions, and the same depth of meaning which he discovers in the most familiar examples?

We have seen that Montaigne has no pretensions to any branch of science; that all his views are directed to the higher aspects of mortality, and that his aim was to realize these by enamoured contempla-



tion, and to fix them as attributes of his own character. There is something, however, at which we have not yet arrived, but which forms the key-stone in the structure of his intellect. "Let not the subjects I write on," he says, "be so much attended to as my manner of treating them." He thus flings away, as not belonging to his purpose, the whole subject matter of his morals, and seeks attention to the manner and the genius of the moralist. He desires to exhibit nothing but the native form and lineaments of his mind as developed by his studies. "I wish to make a show only of what is my own, and my own by nature." On this principle he declares that he values not in other men the mere matter of their discourse, but the shape or form of character which it indicates. For the knowledge which any one possesses he cares no more than the painter or the statuary, since he looks with the eye of an artist to the form or *Bildung* of the mind alone, and values learning only as contributing to its development. All acquired knowledge is with him but the worthless scaffolding to character. Nothing, in short, that exists is of value in his estimation but the mind that contemplates it, and that mind itself has no interest for him unless as it reveals itself in characters of beauty.

We perceive now to what a narrow sphere Montaigne has limited his philosophical curiosity, and on what sort of objects he has disciplined his understanding to employ its activities, and to seek for all its gratifications.

Here, indeed, he stands a Platonist confessed—a worshipper of virtue in all its fancied forms of beauty or sublimity—one who sets no value on the largest stores of human learning if only consecrated to utility, or if only qualified for the promoting of external dominion. The principle of this disposition in the mind of Montaigne may be discovered throughout his writings. It is this—What is the sum of all the knowledge which the mind of man can receive, compared with what the universe affords? Is it not so diminutive as to be the very image of mortality? "To my taste it savours too much of death and earth." In this manner, by the very ambition of his nature, and by a sort of false comprehension in his views, he is cut off from all respect for the common branches of human knowledge. From mere finite extent, he has recourse to form and proportion, which, being naturally incommensurable with extent, can suggest no ideas either of finitude or mortality.

We are aware that this Platonic attribute of his character has not been recognized by all his critics; and unquestionably it is at variance with many things about him. It is at variance with the *air cavalier* and the *air du monde*, which he affects in the most earnest efforts of his philosophy; and under the garrulous, conversational manner of Montaigne, who would look for the raptures of a *belle-esprit*? It is at variance with his diplomacy, with his keen and lively sympathies with the world, and with the vices which he permitted to settle on his personal character. But it is always, that the master-principle of a mind can compel the homage of all the rest, or effect their assimilation to itself. We have traced what appear to be the most important lines in the character of Montaigne; but *solum sit jus cujuslibet*—there are



other features that may strike more and reveal themselves earlier. Though dissimilar, they are not incompatible with what has now been pointed out. It does not fall, however, within our course to advert to them at present.

In what follows we submit a few remarks on the personal character of this writer, which necessarily comes before us in any further consideration of his genius in that particular view which we have taken of it.

In the whole circle of literature, indeed, there is not an author who more solicits the reader to a consideration of his personal character; that, in fact, being announced as the great object of his literary performances. The hero is himself; and that, not in his actions, "for these are only scantlings of a particular figure, and are too much the result of fortune," but in the naked metaphysical properties of his mind. We know not, in truth, if Montaigne be so generally known for anything pertaining to him as for his egotism. With that characteristic, for good or for bad, his name is inseparably connected: as an egotist he comes up to any example in literature; and it cannot be denied, that he has the merit of carrying off the character with unequalled bravery and success. Well was his apotheosis merited in France by the honour which he thus rendered to the first infirmity of the great nation. We are not of those, however, who censure, or of those who despise the egotism of Montaigne, both of whom appear to proceed upon false principles. For what constitutes the reproach of egotism, but its selfish neglect of the self-love of others. The peculiarity of this man's egotism, however, is, that it rather introverts the curiosity of the reader upon himself, than solicits his admiration to Montaigne. We seek no other proof than this of its legitimacy. In the very occasion of Montaigne's allusions to himself, there is something which justifies the habit, and even invests it with the dignity of philosophy. It is always after expatiating abstractedly on some uncommon excellence that Montaigne turns to examine, with abated raptures, his own poor condition, in respect to the virtue which has just been the object of his contemplation. His disinterested admiration is placed first; the reference to himself comes after it. But is not this the very process of which every man is conscious in his own mind, when an object of excellence has been placed before it—a process not only natural and necessary, but the very method of all moral cultivation. The exhibition of this private movement is what distinguishes Montaigne, who viewed it, against the vulgar fashion, with an extraordinary candour and naïveté, with the frankness of a cavalier, and with the consciousness of inmost rectitude. "The worst of my qualities," he says, "do not appear to me so foul, as I think it foul and base not to dare to own them: and those who know the freedom of their own thoughts, will not be disposed to quarrel with the freedom of my writings."

One cannot reasonably grudge him the importance which he attaches to his own humours, if he appears not to desire that the same importance shall be attached to them by others; and such is the predicament. He assumes no more room to himself in this majestic world than he permits to every other man; nay, for that matter, like Hamlet,

he could be "confined to a nutshell, and count himself a king of infinite space." This is the saving virtue in the egotism of Montaigne ; and it distinguishes him from all the other mighty egotists in literature. His countryman Rousseau had, in that respect, all the manners of an usurper seeking universal supremacy. He was not only all-important to himself, as Montaigne and every other creature, by the necessity of their existence are ; but the spirit of his egotism was hostile to the rights of others, and rose on their depression. He aspired to an ascendancy over princes and nations, over creeds and the most venerable institutions. Montaigne, on the other hand, so far from courting an offensive domination, actually puts himself at the mercy of his reader. People smile at an amiable man too publicly dealing with the infirmities of his character, and look complacently on one who plies the reasonable and harmless task of self-examination. There was a vital difference in the principles on which these men spoke of themselves : and the symptoms differed accordingly. The invariable cheerfulness and sanity of the one contrast with the endless anxieties and madness of the other. It seems, indeed, as if the latter had acted, in this particular, at the bidding of an evil spirit ; while Montaigne only obeyed, as he professed to do, the injunction of the oracle, "Know thyself."

As to the fidelity of the portraiture, we prefer the evidence that arises from the complexion of the author's own mind, to the doubts of the Port Royal Society. He was no gascon in his deep reverence for truth, and we feel that in tracing the linaments of himself, he is entitled to more confidence than limners of that sort usually receive. "I would come again," he says, "with all my heart from the other world, to give any one the lie, that should report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me." His vanity makes no false demonstrations. It was unlike the vanity of Cicero, which wanted common honesty. Montaigne, indeed, appears to have been ashamed of that partner in fame, as one by whom the name of vanity was degraded. Witness his dignified reproof of the great orator for tampering with the historians who were to write his life ; and, no doubt, if Montaigne was so jealous of self-deception in his own case, he was entitled, in that of Cicero, to reprehend a subornation of testimony.

With all his egotism, it is certain that Montaigne thought there were other prizes than empty honour in the world. This important qualification of it must not be overlooked. "I am one who aim always at the substantial, and like nothing but what is real and solid, and who, if I durst confess so much, would not think avarice much less excusable than ambition, nor pain less to be avoided than shame, nor health less to be coveted than learning, nor riches than nobility." How different in all this, at least, from his own relative he has recorded in his Essays, and who, in his last hours, busied himself in soliciting the honour of certain great men to wait upon his funeral ; and having secured the promise of that distinction, died as if in the assurance of peace to his soul.

What we have said of the unselfishness of his egotism is supported by all the other elements of his character. One of these stands in



direct opposition to every thing reputed odious in egotism—we mean his disposition to understand and to sympathize with every sort of mind, however differently modelled from his own; the feebleness of all his antipathies; in a word, the boundlessness of his good-nature. The true egotist finds the chief source of his complacency in the contemplation of himself; and nothing so much “jangles his sweet bells” as that which would distract his attention to other objects. But this catholic temper of Montaigne strips of all its reproaches the charge of egotism which is brought against him. It lies, too, as we shall see, at the root of much that was both good and bad in his mental constitution.

It renders him, in the first place, a cosmopolite, who professes to make no more account of his own countrymen than of a Polander or a Briton; and that, not so much from any impatience of the ties of immediate affinity, as from the great compass of his benevolence. Whatever limits might exist to his remedies in this respect were always to be discovered in unconscious indifference to the object, and never in a positive or painful aversion.

To what else shall we impute his admitted talents as a mimic? “Whatever I observe I make my own, whether it be a silly countenance, a disagreeable grimace, or a ridiculous way of speaking.”

From the same source arose his devoted friendship to Bœtia; for what was his extraordinary affection to that individual but the concentration of those feelings which should more naturally, perhaps, have expanded upon the whole world, and which were actually to expand in the subsequent years of his life. Unfortunately, however, this unlimited sympathy extends from an amiable regard to all persons, to an indiscriminate reception of all sentiments and of all opinions. It renders him inconstant in his humours, inconsistent in his philosophy, and subjects him, as we shall see, to an imputation, on plausible grounds, of scepticism in his religion.

Montaigne could not fail to notice these contradictions in himself; and accordingly he treats us to their whole philosophy in that ingenuous and good-humoured manner in which he usually surveys his imperfections. He is speaking of simple inconstancy, and never was a vulgar frailty so philosophically defended.

“The universe is one perpetual motion, and constancy itself is only a more languid exhibition of that motion which is the very principle of existence. I can never be sure of my object, for by a natural giddiness it is always wavering, and in the very act of a transition. I take it, as it appears to me at the very instant when I consider it—well aware that I do not paint its essence, but merely its passage from one place to another. In this, perhaps, I may contradict myself, but certainly not the truth.” !!

In his philosophy, accordingly, Montaigne takes the benefit of this sovereign apology for all sorts of inconsistency. At one time he is a stoic, agreeably to the suggestions of his vigorous imagination; at another time an epicurean, according to the desires of his feeble temperament. Betwixt these opposing schemes he appears to vascillate without an effort to reconcile them, and with scarcely a feeling of their



disagreement. Nothing, indeed, comes amiss to him, that from any point of view can present itself in any aspect of plausibility. The most incongruous opinions are admitted ; while there is no great principle or system of principles professed—which, indeed, he was incapable of forming, from the very multitude and variety of his convictions. His genius was only too susceptible ; it was fatally deficient in antipathies—*tanto buon que val niente*. In this manner, that general complacency which was the source of his tranquillity in life, became the cause of his distractions in philosophy. Let us see how it operated on his religion.

On that subject it must be allowed that the reader of the Essays cannot divest himself of some feelings of uncertainty. Montaigne was, without doubt, a man of sentiments too warm, and too naturally directed to be without any religion at all ; and the mere logical faculty which has so often, in such temperaments, thwarted the instincts that are more infallible than reason, he neither very much esteemed, nor exhibited with any vigour in his own intellectual formation. Indeed, he distinctly declares his attachment to the Church of Rome ; and died, it is said, in the full observance of its peculiar ceremonies. He was, in certain of his opinions, as well as in his ordinary conduct, a very faithful servant of the Pope. True to that worshipful authority, but not to his own enlightened understanding, he offers an apology for ignorance in the people, concurrent with the interested orders of the papal court. "It is not fit that the Holy Bible, containing the mysteries of our faith, should be rummaged in a hall or kitchen ;" nor that the inviolable language of the Scriptures should suffer the certain detriment of translation into other tongues. Here was, no doubt, a most acceptable homage to the Church of Rome, then shaken by the Reformation. Montaigne, in that struggle, continued firm to the old-established constitution ; an infidel would naturally have revolted from that party round which the greatest strength of the faith still rallied. The Church of Rome might have presented a more tempting mark for the practice of his wit ; and the sensitive, capricious desire of freedom that marked his temper, might have led him to covet and exult in its downfall. But, like a good Catholic, Montaigne withheld his shafts—partly because that church was in itself an object of his unfeigned reverence, and partly on the sentimental consideration that it had been the church of his fathers. True, it may be said, Montaigne was indeed a Catholic confessed, but does it follow that he was a believer ? We admit that the inference is not conclusive ; that the hottest Catholics may be the coolest infidels ; and that other evidence than his simple homage to the Pope might not be superfluous in establishing his religion. In his Essays there are certainly not many passages that bear testimony to his religious convictions ; but there are some. Witness the Essay on Prayer, that abounds in just and noble thoughts, springing from the inmost sanctuary of his mind. The sentiments there expressed are, in their complexion, peculiarly Christian, and differ from Montaigne's morality in general, as no pattern or suggestion is to be found for them in the writings of Greece or Rome.

After all, however, Montaigne has come down to us as one of those who have been most eminent in their hostility to the Christian faith.

His countrymen, Malbranche and Pascal, were among the first to denounce his scepticism—and that, not only in his philosophy, where it actually existed, but in his religion, which he has distinctly bottomed on the authority of revelation. In this light it has ever since been the fashion to consider him in our own country, where he is represented as one of the boldest impersonations of infidelity. With Tournay and his other apologists we are of opinion that he has here been unfairly dealt with. The accusation is rested chiefly on his famous Essay entitled, “An Apology for Raimond de Sebonde;” and to that we now beg the reader’s attention very shortly—not only as it is the most elaborate of all Montaigne’s speculations, but because, from its unusual method and coherence, it is almost the only one susceptible of analysis.

“Christians are in the wrong to make human reasoning the basis of their belief; for the object of that belief is only conceivable by faith, and by a special inspiration of divine grace.” Such is the argument of this perilous dissertation. The doctrine it announces was evidently levelled at the Reformers, who, in their theological warfare, had set up the standard of pure reason; and as evidently it was intended to support the spiritual tyranny of the Pope, whose best security might rest on such a depression of the understanding in those who submitted to his sway. But in serving his church in this manner, was it necessary that Montaigne should fling away his creed; or that while he indulged his joke against humanity, he could not possibly retain his reverence for its Redeemer? He perilled his faith, no doubt, upon a narrow foundation; and perhaps the worthlessness of human nature, as he describes it, too evidently points to the needlessness of its immortality. The question, however, does not respect the prudence of the reasoner, but the conviction of the man. In illustration of what that conviction might have been consistently with such reasoning, we may mention that the same argument as proposed by Sebonde was considered by many in these times as affording a signal service to revealed religion; and that Sebonde’s book, in which it was contained, was recommended to Montaigne’s devout perusal by his own father.

Having thus secured his religion behind the shelter of faith, Montaigne proceeds to expose the radical uncertainty of every other ground of belief; and opens a tempest of abuse from every quarter upon human nature. In the depreciating spirit of fashionable society, aggravated by a malignant philosophy, he commences by stripping mankind of every mark of distinction from the lower animals. The one is sunk and the other raised, until they stand upon the same level. The whole recorded excellences of the brute are opposed to all the common-place infirmities of the man. Who has not heard, in the former, of instincts superior to reason, and of a reasoning sagacity—of equity and affection, of magnanimity, pity, and repentance—of social propensities, and the contrivances of a civil polity from which man might take example? On the other hand, he enlarges upon the happiness and virtue of the ignorant, the evils of imagination, the madness of great wits, the proneness of the human faculties, in their greatest vigour, to unprofitable studies, and the chimeras of all theologies but one—“Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a flea, and yet he makes gods by dozens.”



Then follows an unrelenting tornado of the metaphysical kind. There is no foundation for the sciences, history, morals, or jurisprudence, because there is no axiom in any of these branches beyond dispute; the very ideas of time, space, motion, and truth, are but the visions of individual minds. The senses are no less the beginning than the end of all our knowledge. "Whoever should make up a faggot of the fooleries of human wisdom would produce wonders. I willingly muster up these for a pattern."

In this treatise the reader will find distinct anticipations of all the sceptical philosophy of the eighteenth century; and it cannot be denied that the mischief which it has wrought has been scarcely less extensive than its influence. More, however, must have been allured by the felicity of the author's vein in this discourse than subdued by the force of his reasons; for the sophistry is, on the whole, far too apparent; and, at any rate, there are worse foundations for a creed than the degradation of human nature. In the meantime, it will be observed, that this sweeping scepticism still professes to hold in reverence whatever has been communicated by faith, and that Montaigne, while a sceptic in his philosophy of human nature, is by no means so, or professedly so, in his religion. That distinction has been generally overlooked; and in treating of his personal character, it has been the fashion to consider him as not more credulous in religion than became such a Pyrrhonist in philosophy; and after all, even in his Pyrrhonism, he appears to have been not much in earnest. "Very often for the sake of exercise and argument, I have undertaken to maintain an opinion contrary to my own; but in the course of bending and applying my mind in that direction, I have become so thoroughly attached to it, that I no longer discern the reasons of my former belief, and forsake it." This is explicit, and we perceive now the unfortunate influence exerted on his philosophy by that extraordinary facility of temper, and indiscriminate toleration of all forms of opinion, which we have already noticed as among the elements of his character.

We have submitted these remarks on the genius and character of Montaigne in those parts of both which appear to have been liable to some misconception. We have said nothing of what has been too well defined to have admitted of any difference of opinion; we have said nothing of his defects, of his capricious and incoherent meditations, of his paraphrastic versions of the ancients under an appearance of novelty, or of the obscenities so frankly and so joyously expressed in the essay that bears the modest title of "Remarks on some verses of Virgil." Our readers will forgive this recurrence to a writer with whom they have been long well acquainted, if we have offered plausible reasons for representing him as retaining, with all his affectations, the sensibility of genius to the *pulcrum et honestum*; as an egotist without vanity; as inconstant from temperament, and yet a great thinker; as a Pyrrhonist and yet a Christian. We are not of the opinion that Montaigne is to be esteemed chiefly for the minute and graphic portrait which he has presented of himself, nor as Mr. Stewart has expressed it, "for the liveliness and felicity with which he has embodied in words the *previous* wanderings of our own imaginations," This is



but a degrading account of the writings of Montaigne, reducing them from the highest aspirations of morality to a level with the fashionable conversations of Swift, and representing every ordinary reader as a fore-runner in his noblest career of meditation.

We have alluded to the extensive influence of Montaigne on the subsequent literature of Europe, and might have adduced some curious illustrations, which we shall reserve for another occasion. In England, as in France, he has been read, admired, and followed. Our own writers, however, have been most ready, in general, to relish and to imitate what was best in the writings of Montaigne. They have taken example for the relaxation of their own style, from the freedom and artlessness of his; they have profited by his conversational manner, gracefully dealing with the topics of philosophy; they have learned something from his ingenuity, his humanity, and even from his idiosyncrasies. But in France Montaigne appears to have operated in a manner altogether injurious; nothing in his writings has been so influential in that country as his scepticism, the seeds of which were scattered so abundantly in his apology for Sebonde; not a hint was there dropped that was not afterwards taken up and fully developed by the more patient and penurious thinkers that formed the sceptical philosophy of France. In the one country his ascendancy has been altogether malignant; in the other it has, on the whole, favourably affected literature, if not morality; and it is remarkable that, in accordance with that diversity of influence, the essays of Montaigne have at this day a greater estimation in this than in their native country.

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## ONE WORD.

TRANSLATED FROM VICTOR HUGO.

ALL feel in joy and grief alike  
One word most cloudless and refin'd,  
That gives a brightness to our brow,  
One word deep cherish'd in the mind.

This hidden word can never change,  
In every heart the same, the same,  
It softly sings, or trembles still—  
A glorious, universal name.

This is the word whose breath can take  
From every pining brow the care,  
The lovely and mysterious sigh  
Heard at all times and everywhere.

The word from whence all other words  
As from a source immortal spring,  
And whose undying sound is heard  
Where'er a human voice may ring.

*Night Song.*

This word, now gay, now seeming dark,  
Is mirror'd in the streamlet bright,  
And in the beacon and the sun,  
As in the lonely widow's light,

That mingles with the village pipe,  
And with the wild dove's note of gloom,  
That in the chattering cradle laughs,  
And still *will* hover round the tomb.

That in the forest wakes to life  
The birds' leaves—zephyrs of the south,  
The goodness in the heart of kings,  
The smiles around a lovely mouth.

The bond which links the streams and fields,  
A charm which heaven itself composes,  
From every wild bird's tender song,  
And the sweet perfume of the roses.

The hymn that chants the dancing wave,  
When bringing wanderers from afar,  
The mystery of each ocean cave,  
The secret of each distant star.

This word whose ceaseless power could base  
A second Rome in worlds above,  
Is called by angel voices "Faith,"  
But in our earthly language, "Love."

ANNIE.

*Jersey.*

## NIGHT SONG.

THE moon is up in splendour,  
And golden stars attend her;  
The heavens are calm and bright;  
Trees cast a deepening shadow,  
And slowly off the meadow  
A mist is rising, silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing  
Round half the world, reposing  
In calm and holy trust;  
All seems one vast, still chamber,  
Where weary hearts remember  
No more the sorrows of the dust.

## LITERATURE.

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Morning, and other Poems.* By a Member of the Scotch Bar.

POETRY hath "a crown of intermingling rays." The expression itself is poetry; it is not, however, ours, but our author's, and it conveys a beautiful and apt idea of his own powers.

There is this essential difference between poetry and prose, that we cannot open a volume of the former, even at random, and glance over a page without almost instantaneously arriving at the conviction of whether or not we are in the company of a true poet, while with the latter we must take a more patient survey to attain a just appreciation of its merits. The language of the land of song is syllabled in music, and we must feel at once whether we are traversing a barren desert or whether flowers surround our path. These may be the wild children of the soil bearing a rich exuberance of blossom, or they may be the more splendid array of cultivated loveliness, but in either case the odour-loaded air, whether breathed from the wild breath of nature's graceful but careless weaving, or from the magnificent coronal of art's devising, bespeaks at once the true poetic clime. Panoramas of the mind, visions of the imagination, open on every hand. It is true the ground may be unequal, and we may even stumble over the *defris* of the way, and sometimes even we may have to grope through the thick fog of Egyptian darkness, yet even in this case we may often stumble over a gem, the brightness of which shall brighten and illuminate our path, and prove that we are following the wild and wavering way of a true poet. We catch a ray from the jewels which compose the poetic crown, and we are satisfied that we are in the wake of genius.

But if this sort of uncertain irradiation prove the legitimacy of the poet, and at once exempt him from critical severity (and we would have it always kept in remembrance that the real bard, of whatever class he may be, however fitful and capricious, is not a subject for anatomical dissection, and that poetry ought to be judged by a sort of sliding scale of justice), if, we say, an occasional flash of the fire of genius, being the masonic sign of the brotherhood of bards, entitle him to a charter of immunities, his freedom should be as the winds of Heaven, whose steady brightness is as the morning light growing into the splendour of the perfect day.



Our prepossessions are generally nothing more than our prejudices under a softened name, yet it must be owned that we opened this work with a prepossession in its favour. "Morning." The name conjured up visions of the chaste loveliness of the virgin day in all its beauty and its purity ere yet its unscorched garment had received the taint of the on-coming sin-stained hours. Morning, dawning on man with his passions calmed, his mind regenerated, his strength renewed, and, as he should humbly hope, his sins forgiven, is just the theme for the poet. Morning, that might well be called the childhood of the day, in which the hopes are brightest, and the spirit lightest. Morning, when the great God of Nature, deigning to unveil the fair world of his creation, and bid it cast away the dark mantle of night, breaks upon us, beaming smiles of gladness and gratitude. Morning, with its heaven-descended dew baptising all the earth. Morning, refreshing the poet's eye with its living freshness, making his very heart hope in its hopefulness, his spirits dance with sympathetic joy, his bosom throb with righteous impulses, and so acting upon him until he break forth in poetry—such poetry as this of which our volume is composed.

The intellectual as well as the natural world is crowded with innumerable forms of loveliness, yet these, ideal as well as visible, are restrained in their allotted places of harmonious order. Poets have each their preferences, and thus one breathes passion, another is reflective, a third delights in pastorals, a fourth adores the trumpet-tongued Bellona, a fifth hymns the high praises of the Deity. The author of "Morning" justifies his taste by his selection of subject. The pure and holy love of nature, and the still purer and holier love of the God of Nature, are fit concomitants, and the one must ever be imperfect without the other. Our poet, for in the strictest sense of the word he is a poet, breathes this sanctified spirit. He is not a being of fitful words and evanescent fancies, now plunged in the depths of unfathomable darkness, and now emerging like a meteoric blaze, but just as because his faith in the good, and his perception of the beautiful are constant as their cause, so is the effect sustained and equal. The mind of man, though it be in truth a mirror, is often too much stained and sullied to reflect the unblemished and the lovely, though they surround him on every hand; yet is the current of this poetry clear as the crystal stream, in the depths of whose waters no slimy pools are sleeping, which if the breath of passion agitate the surface, can no longer glass its own heaven above, or its own flower-crowned embankments. From one end of this volume to the other we find not one impure idea which might have to plead the much-abused license of poetry for pardon. We find not one line which, dying, its author might wish to blot, and not one that distrusts our own self-pleasure in this praise. All

has a moral, much a holy tendency. Even classic lore is made to yield its harvest of salutary lesson. In "Tithon and Aurora" the vanity of human wishes is forcibly illustrated; not in that dictatorial tone of teaching which makes the convinced reason all but join the rebellion of the irritated feelings in rejecting the truth for the sake of its offensive application, but by unveiling the graces of the beautiful, exciting the love which should be a willing tribute. Our poet is a lover of nature, and his eye catches the ever-varying form, and ever-changeable hue of her perfect loveliness. His ear drinks in her myriad harmonies, and he has the power of conveying these impressions to other minds. This is the great secret of poetry. But he is a scholar also, and without the cumbrous parade of learning his taste is refined and classical; above all, the seal of religion is set upon this volume.

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*Rhymes by a Poetaster.*

Of all the various forms of poetry there is none more forcible in expression, more complete in capability, more perfect in formation, or more powerful in effect than the class of short, sonnet-like compositions of which this volume is composed. They are generally written on an impulse, the flash of some bright and bold conception, in which the words, so far from being laboured and studied, seem a part of the thought; not the poetic robe, however, tastefully fitted and arranged, but an integral part of the heaven-born idea. In other species of poetical composition, although the first feeling may be an impulse, the prominent feature throughout be marked with all the force of a powerful inspiration, yet as it must be surrounded and supported by auxiliaries, and these must be gathered and expressed by processes of labour and pains; and just because effort can never have the success of impulse; thus often results grievous disparities even in the most able performances. One great merit may be followed by a host of discrepancies. Not so, however, with those felicitous conceptions which are *one* in thought and expression, *one* in idea and execution, and which, therefore, belong to the most perfect, though perhaps not to the highest class of poetry.

The volume now before us so modestly designated "Rhymes," is composed of pieces of the nature of which we have been speaking. In an age when authors are apt to assume high and often untenable positions the humility of a title with the pretty application of a simple and deprecatory quotation from our Bard of Avon for a preface, may well propitiate gentle usage even from a critic's ungentle hand. Yet because we know that true merit seldom exists without true modesty, that men are generally least humble when they have most need to be so, so the signs of that graceful



virtue which first caught our attention on opening this book led us to expect a fair fulfilment of hope so excited. And we have not been disappointed. Every page of the work might be looked upon as the reflection of the days of our life. Each is marked by an event, a feeling, a meditation, a hope, a sorrow. The real now stands before us in the strong, unmistakable outline of truth, and now the ideal glides past us in all the shadowy hues of imagination. Now it is youth disporting, and now it is age reflecting. We hold that no poet can exist without a fine perception of the beauties of nature, and here we find her portraiture in all the varied phases of her loveliness. The sunshine and the shade of life alternate so happily as to brighten the influence of each other on the spirit. The world, essentially so sorrowful, owes no mean obligation to him who paints cheerfulness with sunbeams, but it owes a still greater debt to him who, opening out the chastening and holy uses of adversity, seeks to reconcile man to his lot. Feeling this we cannot but give our most serious commendation to the latter portion of this volume, in which piety is linked with poetry. Religious feeling can never exist without elevating the understanding, and the very dignity of the subject serves to ennoble even the simplest mode of its expression. There may be many secret and touching strains among these "Rhymes," many lively and piquant sallies, many turns of epigrammatic wit, but these must all yield in point of sterling value to the holier and purer hymnings of a muse not heathen but Christian born.

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*Metaphysical Analysis, Revealing in the Process of the Formation of Thought a New Doctrine of Metaphysics.*

THE mind of man has ever been an enigma and a mystery to itself. It looks abroad and surveys the world above, and scales the skies, backwards to the beginning of time, forward to its end; ay, and far beyond that end, for it penetrates even into eternity; and yet all the while it is a stranger to itself. The exercise of its own faculties having the peculiar effect of carrying the mind out of itself, diverting its own powers from its own state of existence, and thus the operation of its own functions having the strange result of keeping it in ignorance of itself.

Just then on the principle that the eye, which takes cognizance of every other object, cannot behold itself, so has it been argued with the mind. But what if after all it should be proved that the mind is rather acted upon than acting? This is a startling position, but it is the position of our author. In proportion to their importance should men be slow in admitting new creeds, but just in the same proportion with their importance should they be analyzed and investigated. We have here a new creed of metaphy-



sics. We are bound to admit that it is original, and that it is advanced with all the clearness, the fairness, the perspicuity, of which a subject so diversified in its bearings is susceptible. It demands, as its own just due, the attention of men of mind, of science, and of letters. It is not an ingenious subtlety, a beautiful prismatic bubble emanating from a lively imagination, but is put forth with all the claims of a demonstration. It is not to be supposed that a new system, which, instead of being based and built upon the old, commences its operations by razing them to their foundations, can be received without a stern judicial trial. All that the projector can claim is a fair hearing, and to this he is entitled by the originality of his reasoning, by the solidity of his arguments, and by the importance of his subject.

Since the first hour when man began to contemplate himself has the world been lost in the mazes of metaphysics. Materialism and idealism have divided the ranks. As may be always unhesitatingly believed, when clever men take the parts of opponents, much weighty argument has been adduced on both sides, and when we see equal intellect embracing opposite opinions, it is worse than idle to denounce those opinions as puerile. The very contradiction which they elicit entitles them to our respect, and the merit of the champions says much for the merit of their cause. So powerful have been the arguments on both sides that each might have achieved the paradoxical triumph of converting the other. Hence we might almost be led to infer the necessity of a new system. It may be that both have been in error, and that it has been reserved for our author to found a new school in which all rival differences shall be merged. Ours is not an age for men to go on in beaten tracks, and a new light may have sprung up which may establish metaphysics as a science capable of mathematical demonstration. We do not attempt a definition, because we feel that an author should be heard for himself, and we know that partial views injure far more than they benefit, and often darken far more than they enlighten. Let men of competent attainment consult this book and judge for themselves. It is not a thing to fall idly to the ground. It is either a great truth or a great error. If the one it ought to be established; if the other, refuted. The volume is not a lengthy one; its statements have the merit of conciseness. The author knows perfectly well what he means himself; he has not the slightest degree of vagueness or uncertainty in his own mind, and he states his views with logical accuracy. Whether or not he may end in convincing others, he has begun by convincing himself. Such a work as this ought not to have been anonymous, but it is of the less consequence, as if the author has not given a name to the work the work will give a name to its author.

*Belisarius. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By WILLIAM R. SCOTT.

THE name of this impressive tragedy will at once recall the fearful incidents on which it is founded to the recollection of our readers, who must not, for the sake of its interest, admit the heresy of one historic doubt. Belisarius, the great, the brave, the generous, the merciful, will stand at once before them in all his victor pride, and all his civil dignity. They will see him at the head of armies, feared by his enemies, honoured by his friends. They will remember that he it was who supported the tottering throne of the Emperor Justinian, leading captive kings through the streets of Constantinople, and having medals struck in commemoration of his glory. They will remember Belisarius at the summit of his prosperity, exalted above measure, having achieved his own greatness; and then they will carry on their thoughts to a blind beggar whose mendicancy sits like tattered rags upon his nobility, whose sightless orbs are upturned appealingly to that heaven they can no longer see, whose grey hair floats on the wind, whose faltering footsteps are led by a little child, whose feeble voice asks charity of the passers-by, and they will say, "This, too, is Belisarius!"

Here then we have the finest elements for the composition of a tragedy. If reverse of fortune, opposition of position, the widest extremity of separation between the highest and the lowest stages of man's condition upon earth, can command our sympathies and our interest, they must do so in the life of Belisarius, at least the Belisarius of poetry. Were we to image to ourselves the most affecting of human spectacles, it would not be despairing love or maternal anguish, it would not be disappointed ambition or bodily torture, it would not be affection bending with breathless anxiety to catch the parting sigh from the lips of the dying, nor even the despair of that affection for the dead, but it would be the spectacle of old age in poverty, the mournful aspect of the once high and noble, the once great and proud, begging their bread. In Lear alone can we find the parallel of Belisarius, in both of which the climax of human suffering and dramatic power appear to us to have been reached.

If, then, our dramatist has done well in fixing on a theme the exalted nature of which shames into puerility the more selfish passions, he has done also well in sustaining the dignity of his subject far above the reach of inferior interests. Mr. Scott has shown his judgment in not seeking to excite those minor sympathies beyond their just amount as necessary accessories, which could not have failed to deteriorate from the one engrossing feeling. It was just that Belisarius should stand alone, great in the greatness of



his sufferings, as well as in the lofty spirit with which they were endured. The operation of those passions by which his fate is accomplished does but fill in the canvass, and however well and gracefully they may be arranged, we behold in them but the subordinates which enhance the primary interest, but do not subdivide it. This is as it should be. The great general of armies in his stage of beggarhood and blindness should stand alone. Mr. Scott has preserved this concentration of interest to the end. The catastrophe is as much a proof of his judgment as of his power. The happiness of the subordinate characters would have seemed an outrage on the irreversible fate of the sole hero, and therefore is there a just harmony in the fearful winding up, which is in strict keeping with the high-toned severity of the whole conception. It would indeed be wretched taste to throw sunshine on a crowd, or to paint the mourners at a funeral in wedding garments. As it now stands the final scene is in strict keeping with the subject, and the whole tragedy presents us with a solemn harmony.

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*Nimshi. The Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, to gauge the Vast Ages of Planetary Concretion, and to open Bab-Allah, the Gate of God.* Hugh Cunningham, 193, Strand.

SUCH is the wordy title of the work before us. It is truly a literary curiosity. Professedly written to make all things plain, it in reality renders more mysterious that which is already too mystical. The language *coined* for the occasion is such that no individual in Christendom can comprehend. A glossary, however, is considerably appended at the end of the second volume, which glossary we seriously recommend those who think of perusing *Nimshi* to learn by rote ere they commence the formidable undertaking.

This eccentric gentleman, who undertakes to "gauge the vast ages of planetary concretion," will not become popular, because he is above the comprehension even of scientific readers. A literary friend of our own once submitted a manuscript to the late Mr. Coleridge for perusal, with a view to obtain that writer's opinion of his forthcoming work. Coleridge returned the production, frankly acknowledging it to be *above* his comprehension. Our friend thought he must indeed be a brilliant genius to be above the comprehension of so deep a thinker as Coleridge. We, however, ventured to suggest that this incomprehensible elevation (!) of thought and expression would prove fatal to the literary bantling of our friend. Time proved the truth of our conjecture.

Save us, say we, from the man of one idea, more particularly if



he has worked that idea out on paper, and presented it to the public, by which we mean his publisher and some half dozen intimate acquaintances. Such an one, like Abernethy, refers you upon all occasions to the page and line of *his* book, from which there is no appeal. All disputable points are, in the estimation of the man of one book, there settled. Like one of the thousand universal quack nostrums of the day, it is to cure all incurable diseases.

The author of *Nimshi* will, however, have his admirers. How can an individual be without them who for ever has at the tip of his tongue such expressive and intelligible words as the following:—"Anchoretical," "Antagonisticalism," "Bellionically," "Continentalizing," "Dataicalism," "Delenifically," "Geoponics," "Masoretically," "Protoplasmic," "Samatological," "Theomanciate," "Ubiquitareanism."

Yes, those who admire that most which they least comprehend will be in ecstasies at the appearance of *Nimshi*.

"Allow me to immerse the summits of my digits into your pulviverous utensil, that it may cause a felicitous titillation in my olfactory nerves," once said a pedant to a gentleman who was seated beside him, the said pedant simply meaning by this verbiage of words that he wanted a pinch of snuff. The company present tittered, except one old lady who cast her eyes upwards in admiration of the vast talent and eloquence displayed in the above memorable speech. Now the author of *Nimshi* is not a bit less circuitous in asking questions or giving explanations (?) at which people titter or laugh outright, save and except one old lady, who clasps her hands together and exclaims, "How grand! What eloquence! What a book! What a splendid man!"

The author of *The Vestiges of Creation*, Buckland, the Dean of York, Sedgwick, and Lyell, must, ere they again appear in print, be brought to the feet of this geological Gamaliel for further instruction.

Our intuitively scientific author disdains to study books; he sallies forth in search of truth on barren rocks, and lonely recesses deep in the bowels of the earth; he retires to mountainous solitude, and solitary caves, where he holds communion with supernatural beings. Here he meets with strange adventures, and most extraordinary enterprises—to wit, he suffocates a tremendous shark with a puncheon of rum; visits a floating island inhabited by human beings; has a most desperate encounter with a gigantic conger eel; blows the brains out of sundry enormous boa constrictors; swims across rapids just above an awful cataract; wrestles with his satanic majesty; is honoured by having a *tete-a-tete* with Adam, Moses, Gabriel, and other Scripture heroes; in short, sees such wonders and performs such acts that will at once convince the reader that the author of *Nimshi* has studied Baron Mun-

chausen, Don Quixote, Gulliver's Travels, and Robinson Crusoe to some purpose.

Truly Nimshi talks like one who has passed his time in the isolated manner described by himself—unapproached, unapproaching, unapproachable ; he stands on the barren rock of *self-esteem*, disregarding the collected wisdom and experience of others, and defying the opinions of religionists, philosophers, and men of science. But withal the work has some redeeming points. We are refreshed ever and anon by coming across a passage which reminds us somewhat of the delightful poems of Ossian.

We can perceive, too, after much labour that the book does contain a great idea, but this idea is so enveloped in mist that it is hardly perceptible. There is more than one passage of declamatory eloquence in these volumes rarely surpassed by writers of acknowledged talent, which will in some measure repay the reader for wading through hundreds of pages of the ridiculous and sublime, most clumsily concocted. For a specimen of the writer's eloquence of diction we refer our readers to pp. 136, 137, and 138, vol I.

We opine the writer before us is inexperienced ; when he fancies he is writing a smart dialogue, we find him composing long essays, delivering scientific lectures, or preaching a sermon !

He must simplify his style and language, and if he should again appear in print (and we candidly confess we think he possesses no small amount of poetical ability) we recommend him to try his hand at blank verse.

Nimshi is not a practical man. There is great difference between the ideal and the reality, conjecture and demonstration. We cannot receive the flights of a poetic mind as reality, neither can we admit mere conjecture as ocular demonstration.

We once had the misfortune to be acquainted with an enthusiastic mathematician ; a right down run-mad mathematician was this acquaintance of ours. Every word uttered in the presence of this singular individual was, as it were, measured by his time and rule. One day he came running into our study, and threw on the table sundry small pieces of wood cut in divers shapes, which he declared represented every idea past, present, and future ! We frankly acknowledged the matter beyond our comprehension, and ventured to affirm that no person but the possessor of these talismanic figures could appreciate so " vast an idea."

" Doubtless," said I, " it is all plain enough to you, but no one else will be able to comprehend it."

" The world's made up of nothing but fools," exclaimed the enraged mathematician, as he rushed from our presence, bearing with him his magical types. Now we can easily fancy that the author of Nimshi will pronounce us dullards for not being able to comprehend his sublime cogitations. Be it so ; many a better



head than we possess will be found in the same predicament as our own on reading *The Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology*.

Better for a man to have but two commonplace ideas, *with the power of communicating the same intelligibly to his fellow-creatures*, than to possess a hundred thousand fine images which are incomprehensible to every other brain but that in which they were artificially hatched.

We now dismiss these extraordinary volumes, presuming from his enthusiastic style that the writer is not yet out of his teens, and hoping that the lapse of years, hard study, and experience, will enable him to produce something more worthy the consideration of an intelligent reading people.

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*Lectures on the Nature and Treatment of Deformities, delivered at the Royal Orthopædic Hospital, Bloomsbury Square.* By R. W. TAMPLIN, F.R.C.S.E., Surgeon to the Hospital. Longman and Co.

THE Lectures of which this volume consists originally appeared in the "London Medical Gazette," and have been published at the request of friends. The Lectures are fourteen in number, and combine the rare qualities of professional precision in the phraseology employed, with much of an easy and popular manner. The subject of Orthopædic surgery has not received that attention from the profession which its great importance ought to have secured for it. We know, indeed, of no department of surgery which has been so much neglected. The public and the profession are, therefore, under special obligations to Mr. Tamplin for the publication of this volume. It constitutes a valuable contribution to the branch of surgery to which it relates, and is destined, there can be no doubt, to become a standard work in the profession. The Lectures, we ought to add, are largely illustrated with engravings, which greatly add to the value of the volume, as illustrative of the author's views. The work is too professional for a journal like ours, which is devoted to literature of a purely popular nature, otherwise we should have made extracts from it as specimens of Mr. Tamplin's perspicuous style.

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THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.<sup>1</sup>

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LONG years before the opening of our story a good pilgrim on his return from the shrine of St. Jago de Compostella, in Gallicia, was dragging along his infirm body through the streets of Marseilles, like one oppressed by age and by the fatigue of a long journey, in search of a Senodochio\* where he might rest his limbs for that night. After he had passed through many parts of the city he stopped before a splendid palace, whence issued a great light and the sound of an harmonious concert of instruments and voices. He saw ladies and nobles splendidly dressed passing in and out; he saw esquires busily employed, house-stewards hurrying to and fro with silver wands arranging all things in order, and seneschals and servants carrying up and down stairs exquisite refreshments in precious vessels; in brief, everything announced that a great feast was held within. The pilgrim, civilly accosting one of the populace that was assembled before the gate, learned that the palace belonged to Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence. At that time the Count Raymond was held in high repute throughout Christendom, both because he came of noble lineage, being of one common origin with the house of Arragon, and that of the Counts of Toulouse, and because he was a discreet prince, valiant, courteous, and an earnest doer of all honourable works. All the gallant knights of Provence, of France, and of Catalonia, and all the most skilful troubadours that were famous in those days, resorted to his court, and he himself took pleasure in running a tilt in the tournay, and singing a lay of love in the midst of a circle of the fair and young.

The pilgrim determined to test the courtesy of the count, and without hesitation boldly entered the court. The cavaliers marvelled that a mendicant should have the audacity to penetrate into their circle; each of them shrunk from him, and drew aside, as if fearing that their silken robes would be sullied by contact with the

\* Senodochj, or Synedoches, were places especially designed to lodge pilgrims in.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 20.

pilgrim's gown. But this proceeding tended to his advantage, instead of debasing him, as was intended, for he walked forward alone and uninterrupted between two rows of Danes and nobles, who, though they had drawn back in contempt, yet as they made no evident display of their feelings, appeared rather in a respectful position than otherwise.

Count Raymond, who, in order to behold all the festival at one view, had placed himself on an elevated seat in the manner of a throne, fixed in the principal part of the hall, had scarcely seen the pilgrim advancing when he descended from his seat, met him with a courteous reception, and said,

"Welcome to our court, good pilgrim; accommodate yourself according to your good pleasure here, for we intend that you shall be as lord and master."

"My Lord Count, now I perceive that however fame may report of your high courtesy, still its panegyrics are below your merits. I came hither to make trial of them, and to see if in the hour of your pomp you would have disdained to cast a look upon the servant of God, oppressed by age and by the toils of travel. But you, count, you have left pride to the dastard hearts that have made it their master; hearts which, however they be wrapped in a covering of flesh and bone, cannot hide themselves from the eye of the Eternal."

And here he looked sternly round upon the nobles, who were too skilful courtiers to cast down their eyes, but exhibited to him a pleasant and friendly mien. The good pilgrim, disdaining their affability as he had before disdained their contempt, continued his speech with Count Raymond.

"You have not scorned to fulfil the hopes of the poor man who trusted in you; you have offered him that which he needed before he begged it of you, for he who sees want and awaits its petition almost prepares him to deny it. You will be remunerated in this life and in the next; the blessing of Heaven will be with you, and will exalt you above your rivals, and glorify you above your enemies, and your name will be preserved in your posterity, as the odour of myrrh is still diffused after fire has consumed the berry."

The knights and dames were amazed to hear the pilgrim speak so authoritatively, and deemed him a holy man. Count Raymond, much elated, replied to him, in a gracious manner,

"We are infinitely obliged to you, good pilgrim, for the trust you have reposed in our courtesy, although this be not worth the trouble of your remembrance; we should do great wrong, we will not say to our brothers in chivalry, but to our less gentle vassals, if we suspected that they had shut the door against the venerable pilgrim."

"It is not the act, but the manner, my Lord Count; and some



there are who refuse in so benign a manner that we love them more than others who give rudely."

Then Count Raymond, taking the pilgrim by the hand, led him into more retired apartments, refreshed him with meat and drink, and seeing him weary, would not that night detain him in conversation, but commanded that an airy chamber should be prepared for him, and leaving him to his repose returned to the feast.

The count rose very early in the morning, not only to reflect undisturbed on the affairs of his territories, threatened at that time with war by the Count of Toulouse, but also to collect some morning imagery wherewith to embellish a cobola\* which he designed to send to the lady of his thoughts. As he was rambling thus absorbed in his meditations he met the pilgrim, who, having also risen early, had repaired thither to worship the Lord with the first rays of the sun, and who, after the due salutation, asked the count why he appeared troubled in countenance. Though Raymond was circumspect by nature, yet so much faith did he at once repose in the pilgrim that he did not hesitate to open his mind to him; and the pilgrim gave him such prudent counsels that Raymond thought that not only he need not seek to avoid the contest with the Count of Toulouse, but he should rather desire it, since he had with him so good and wise an adviser, and he said to him, "that he would never compel him to remain, and that it rested with his own will to go or stay, but that if his entreaty could prevail, he would gratify him by remaining." If Raymond was delighted with the virtues of the pilgrim, the latter was no less so with those of the count, so that they found themselves briefly in perfect accord; nor was it long ere the pilgrim became master and director of everything in the state. He continued to wear his religious habit, and by his management increased by two-thirds the treasures of the count, though the latter still kept up the same state; so that when the war, on a question of boundaries, took place with the Count of Toulouse (who was then the greatest in the world, having fourteen other counts under him) Raymond obtained greatly the advantage by his own magnanimity, the counsels of the pilgrim, the increase of his treasures, and the great number of knights and military barons under the banners of Provence.

Now it happened that the only children Raymond had were four marriageable daughters, and like most fathers he desired to marry them to valiant and powerful princes, and to make them queens and empresses if he could; but he was not able to devise the means, because his treasure was not sufficient to give to all of them a royal dowry. The good pilgrim bade him be of good cheer, and take no thought of this matter, *he* would provide for it.

\* A Cobola amongst the Provençals was a lyrical composition.



And first of all he married the eldest to Louis IX. of France, with an immense dower; and when the count rebuked him for it, he said,

"It is well done, my lord, for when the eldest is well married at a great expense the others will be married with less for the sake of the connection."

And thus it happened; for Henry III. of England,\* in order to be brother-in-law to the King of France, married the second daughter with less dower; and Richard of Cornwall, his brother, elected King of the Romans, married the third. The fourth remained still in her father's house, and the pilgrim said to Raymond,

"We will give this one to a valiant man, who will be to you as a son, and will succeed you in your dominions."

And with the consent of the count he espoused her to Charles of Anjou, brother to King Louis of France, affirming that he would become one of the best and greatest princes in the world.

After so many years of loyalty and services, accursed envy, the pest of courts and of the world, began to whisper in the ears of Raymond that the pilgrim betrayed him and plundered his treasures. At first he gave no credit to this malignity, but it being perpetually repeated, he took the resolution of demanding from the pilgrim an explanation of all his proceedings. The latter, like a man who was always prepared, produced writings, gave explanations of everything, and demanded his dismissal. The count perceiving that he had done wrong, apologized with humble excuses, and with earnestness implored him not to abandon him now that they had passed so much of their lives together, but the pilgrim cut short his entreaties, saying,

"No, Count Raymond; let us part while we are friends; our separation will be bitter, but each of us will leave with the other a remembrance that each will take pleasure in recalling. If we delayed our parting it might not be thus. You are old, and age is accompanied by infirmity of body and suspicion of mind. Perhaps this is a vice of years, perhaps it is the fruit of an experience which has found men more ready to deceive than to be loyal; however it be, suspicion is the companion of old age, and would to Heaven it were the only one! This your unexpected demand to receive accounts of all my acts (although in yourself you ought to have considered that from an insignificant situation I have raised you to large dominion) has shown me that your old age is not exempt from the common lot of distrust, whether it has been spontaneously engendered in your own mind, or whether it was the work of others. At present, Heaven be praised! I have been able to explain to you all you required; perhaps at a later period I could not, for if sometimes evidence to convict crime is deficient, so it might be deficient for the demonstration of innocence; then

\* In the original this is erroneously printed Edward III.—TRANSLATOR.

you would punish me, and you would do wickedly, and your hitherto stainless honour would receive an irremediable injury. Let me, then, provide for my security and your honour while there is yet time; ere long death would have come to divide us by force; let us separate now voluntarily. These are painful words, but they must be spoken. Farewell! May your remaining days be tranquil and glorious! may those who have removed me from you serve you as loyally as I have done! Poor I came to your court, and poor I will depart; the staff and scrip which I have preserved, as the precious gift of poverty, and with which I think myself rich and above riches, shall be my possessions; my legs, although infirm, shall be my palfrey. Whatever reward I may have merited for my services, either keep it or do good with it to the poor of the land. Farewell, my good lord, farewell! may we meet in Paradise!"

Neither the tears nor the entreaties of the count were of any avail to detain him. The pilgrim departed in humble garments, bearing with him the love and the regrets of all. Raymond, with his vassals, followed him, uttering dolorous cries. At the gate of the city the pilgrim embraced the count, took leave of him anew, and commended him to God. He was unable to take the same leave individually of all the rest, therefore he raised his hand and gave them his benediction, which they received on their knees, lamenting, weeping, and sobbing as if each had just lost his father or his mother. Thus the pilgrim departed as he came; and it was never known who he was or whither he went, but by the most of those who had seen him and spoken with him he was held a saint.

Raymond did not long survive the departure of the pilgrim; and by his death Provence came under the dominion of Charles, his son-in-law.

Charles was born in 1220, of Louis VIII. and Blanche of Castile. As a son of France he received the earldom of Anjou for his portion, with the country of Maine; and as husband of Beatrice, the daughter of Count Raymond, he obtained Provence, Forcalquier, Languedoc, and part of Piedmont. According to Villani, a contemporary historian, whom we have taken for our guide in this chapter, he was wise, magnanimous, full of honourable intentions, severe, firm in adversity, truthful in all his promises, speaking little, but diligent in works, smiling rarely, and then but faintly, profuse of his own, covetous of others. He despised troubadours, minstrels, jesters, and all merely amusing persons; he slept but little, for it was his maxim that the less we sleep the less we die; his air was ferocious, his person tall and muscular, his complexion olive-brown; for the rest, he was devout and moral, as much as a soldier can be.

Having accompanied St. Louis in 1250 to the conquest of Jeru-



saalem, he, together with his brother and the principal barons of France, fell into the power of the Infidels near Damietta. On his deliverance from captivity he went into Provence, where he had to sustain many contests with his vassals, whose rights he strove to annul, and to make himself absolute lord without any restriction.

He was in Provence when he was informed by Cardinal Simon de Tours of the election of Pope Urban; and after holding a conference with the King of France, and the counts of Artois and Alençon, his brothers, he proposed to enter the lists for the kingdom of Naples, for the honour of God, as he said, and of the Holy Roman Church; and his brothers, in order to rid themselves of an ambitious man, animated him to the enterprize, and promised him subsidies of arms and money.

If his natural cupidity gave him a certain degree of eagerness for this acquisition, he was not the less stimulated by the vivid representations of his wife Beatrice, who, in order to raise money, pledged all her jewels, which is the greatest sacrifice that any woman in the world can make. According to the chronicles of the time, the cause of Beatrice's anxiety was, that a short time before she had gone to Paris with her other sisters to celebrate the Feast of the Nativity in the court of her brother-in-law, and that when assisting with them at the Festival of the Epiphany, which the French monarchs always solemnized in the Church of St. Denis, she had been compelled to sit on a seat lower than those of her sisters, because she did not wear a royal crown. Infinite were the arts, and not all of them fit to be narrated, which this ambitious woman used to lure into her party the flower of the French chivalry. In those days two powerful incitements to warlike enterprizes existed; the courtesy of warriors, by which they deemed it inexcusable to refuse any request to undertake an enterprize for a lady's love, and the spirit of religion. Both these incitements were brought into operation; the first by Beatrice, the second by the pope's legates, who preached throughout France a crusade against Manfred, and promised remission of sins, and the same indulgences as to those who fought in Palestine. As for those who cared little for the flatteries of a woman or the indulgences of the Church (and the chronicle relates that these were the majority), their avidity for the large pay was sufficient to bring them under the standard of Charles. Add to these things the natural love of the French for novelty, and our readers will not be surprised to hear that his army amounted to sixty thousand men, cavalry, cross-bowmen, and infantry of all kinds.

The death of Urban IV., and the accession of Clement IV. to the pontificate, instead of interrupting the enterprize, hastened it forwards; for Clement was a subject of Charles, and a zealous supporter of his party. He had formerly been married, and had



children, and was held in high estimation as a skilful jurisconsult ; but his wife having died he took orders, and became successively Bishop of Poix, Cardinal of Narbonne, legate in England, and finally pope. Bartholomew Pignatelli, Archbishop of Cosenza, the vassal and the enemy of Manfred, being sent into Provence in great haste, united himself with Simon Cardinal di St. Cecilia, and excited Charles to make a descent upon Italy.

Manfred did not lose courage at the news of such great armaments, but like a man of high and magnanimous spirit prepared to give the enemy a suitable reception. He took the utmost pains to guard the passes on the land side, fortifying Cepperano and San Germano, and throwing a chosen garrison into Benevento. At sea, his gallies uniting with those of the Pisans and Genoese, amounting together to above eighty, made himself secure on that side. The forces of the King of France, not to say merely those of a count, appeared insufficient to injure him. Yet all human plans are fallacious, and Manfred's were overturned both on land and sea, with an astonishing celerity, as we shall perceive in the progress of this story.

Charles, considering of what great importance his presence in Italy would be, and that fortune seldom presents an opportunity more than once, prepared, though strongly dissuaded from it by many, to go on board his gallies, and repair with all speed to Rome. He knew well that Manfred had guarded all the Roman shores, and that his gallies numbered scarcely a quarter of those of the enemy ; notwithstanding he created Guy de Montfort lieutenant-general of his army, recommended the Countess Beatrice to his care, and trusting in his own maxim, which he frequently repeated, that *good heed conquers ill fortune*, he embarked and ordered the bow of his vessel to be turned towards the much-desired land of Italy.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

Come, let us admire the glories of creation on the utmost verge of the sea shore. Behold ! ocean reposes in the quiet of the lion ; not a breath dares disturb the azure surface, not a wave to murmur among the rocks ; it seems a mirror in which the firmament delights to reflect its beauties. The eye of man strains itself in vain in search of a boundary which the weakness of its construction has impressed upon its vision, but which ocean has never known. The sight loses itself amid the multitude of the waters, and is at length obliged to lower itself to the earth, while the spirit chafes at the idea that human clay is not able to sustain the contempla-

tion of the elements, as the presumptuous soul that dared wish to penetrate the cloud that surrounds the throne of the Omnipotent faints after a long labour in the abyss of the intellectual world, overcome by the vastness of the imagery, wearied with meditation, and subdued by the certainty that the Eternal cannot be comprehended by aught that is destined to die. This is the repose of the ocean; and yet the planet of life and light seems to approach it tremblingly (as the suppliant approaches the throne), often pallid and without rays; and ocean absorbs him at its boundless bosom, as the earth receives the creature that has become a corpse. But when the heaped-up waters vehemently raging, as if anxious to recover their ancient dominion, they hasten to scourge the ends of the earth, where they find the insuperable barrier, and the only one worthy to subdue their fearful power—the word of the Creator. But when rolling in the amplitude of their space the waters overwhelm the ship that they meet in their fatal course, where the pilot, despairing of all human aid, looks to Heaven and sees Heaven menacing, there is no escape; the wave that is seen swelling onwards from afar comes to execute the sentence of death that nature has pronounced against him; then among the thoughts of the next world the remembrance of his family insinuates itself, and rends his heart. His children! his wife!—is she sleeping? Among the whistling of the winds, among the roaring of the waves, she thinks she hears her name breathed in the delirium of a terrible agony; she springs up, terrified, and sees nothing but subdued waves and a darkened sky. Peace be with the soul of the shipwrecked mariner; but ought he to brave the terrible element with the weight of his children on his heart? When all is confusion, all is terror, happy he who in safety can walk with pleasure on the utmost line of the land, and smile (as we smile upon our dearest friends) on the wave which after causing a thousand wrecks comes to burst amid the rocks of the beach. Happy he who in the noise of the thunder, and in the savage howl of the sea-monsters, can hear a sweet harmony, a voice of love, like that which soothed the sorrows of his childhood. But still more happy he who in the hour of the tempest can commit his body to the agitated billows. The spectators entreat him in the name of all the saints not to venture, but he despises the advice of fear, and delights to see himself suspended over the abyss, the description of which freezes the blood of thousands. Certainly he seems but a floating atom in the light; he knows the danger of being overwhelmed in a moment; he beholds the face of death, but grows not pale, and his recompense is a soul purified from many an earthly passion, many a human weakness; he has learned that *he* may call himself happy who fears not the extinction of life, nor the king of terrors; he has beheld things which he can neither relate nor others comprehend, but the remembrance of which remains in



his mind as a pledge of future greatness. Now this courageous man, lifted upon the summit of a wave, sees himself higher than the earth, perceiving the shore and his companions at a distance, now precipitated far below into the deeps he beholds the ascending waters surround him like a rampart, and curl their foamy crests, whistling like the serpents on the head of a fury. But he conquers; and he returns, when he pleases, in safety to the shore. To such alone may it be conceded to tell of the ocean; he stretches his hand upon the sea, as upon an altar, and says, "I am worthy of thee." Come, let us adore the glories of creation on the utmost verge of the sea shore.

Ocean, I love thee with the affection with which my proud brethren gaze upon the face of woman. I delight in the sound of thy waves, in thy calm, and in thy tempest. Free from the beginning of creation no potentate has been able to give thee laws, no ambitious man to subjugate thee, whether by force or fraud. The vicissitude of years and of seasons is nothing to thee; that barbarian sovereign\* who thought to impose chains upon thee is a monument of derision in history—chains were made for men.

With the heartfelt uneasiness of him who wrestles for a crown Charles of Anjou had for three days traversed the ocean. Often, as he sat at table, or played at chess, he sprang up when his companions least expected it, ascended to the deck, gazed southwards with sharpened sight, and exclaimed in a voice between joy and dread,

"Is that Italy?"

"No, my lord, it is a cloud," would some one reply, and Charles plunged back into his longing, and returned again with a dark countenance to the place whence he had come.

In these days a man, however ignorant he may be, can easily comprehend that a robber, whether he has no feeling when he goes to possess himself of the property of others, or whether he has, is in point of sentiments exactly like a conqueror. True it is that the latter ingeniously adorns his acts with the luminous phantoms of glory; but the varnish which the crafty have invented to embellish the crime of the powerful which they punish in the weak under a different name (calling that *conquest*, *enterprise*, in the great which they call robbery in the little), that varnish cannot quiet the conscience; and he who takes from others, whether it be little or much, whether with thousands of arms or with one single hand, either does evil in all, or does no evil at all. I have written this reflection, not because Charles had the least remorse on account of the great robbery he was about to commit, but because it here occurred to my mind. That which now agitated the heart of the count was the idea of the great peril, united to a feeling of valour which made him eager for dangerous enterprises. There was an indescribable mixture of old habits and of new sen-

\* Xerxes.



sations; it was not a desire of retreat, nor a principle of fear which thrilled his frame; it was not a desire to hasten the contest, yet Charles heard ever and anon that the object which he supposed to be Italy was but a cloud, and he sighed with vexation—the thrilling hesitation of a great spirit between the design and the execution, a hesitation that neither I nor my readers have experienced, even though our souls may have come into the world doubled into 64mo.\*

Charles was agitated and uneasy, nor were the barons whom he had chosen for companions able to soothe him. They had fought by his side in Palestine and in Provence; they had become renowned by a thousand proofs of valour, but they were as stern as the steel in which they were cased. With faces unused to smile, they knew nothing beyond the sword and the battle-axe; in the sword, at that period, the whole education of the nobles consisted. Perhaps they might have been able to relate their past enterprizes, and with the relation of past dangers to animate themselves for that which was impending; but when the soul is panting over the handle of the sword, it is rare to find one who relates, and more rarely one who listens to, the tale of old times. Our barons at the least disturbance sprang up, sword in hand, thinking they were attacked, nor when they found themselves mistaken did they lay aside their suspicion and distrust.

The master of the vessel was a ruddy-visaged, frizly-haired Provengal, a jester, a skilful judge of wine, able to sing half-a-dozen drinking songs to the lute, and accomplished in all the oaths that were then current in the mouths of the faithful. But whenever he espied the severe countenance of Charles the gay song died away, and still more quickly the oath, the count being religious, or professing to be so; all the accomplishments of the master shrank to nothing, and he became like a dead man. There might have remained the resource of talking over the wine-cup, but how could he have the courage to discourse with a prince who drank only water? The master was quite in despair.

Thus a profound silence, interrupted only by the strokes of the oars and the wind murmuring through the sails, reigned in the galley. On the fourth day, about the hour of *nones*, Charles, feeling the vessel proceed with greater rapidity than on the three preceding days, ascended to walk on the deck. He found no one there but the helmsman, who, with his hand on the helm and his eyes fixed on the compass (an invention contested by the French with the Italian Gioja d'Amalsi, and then but recently used in sea voyages), seemed to take no notice whatever of the count. Charles, with his arms crossed, paced from bow to stern, and notwithstanding that his steps were resounding, as he habitually wore

\* This, I have been told by a bookseller, is the smallest form in which any book has hitherto appeared.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

armour, that he stopped suddenly from time to time in front of the helmsman, and that he stamped impatiently on the planks, he could not succeed in making the mariner look up, this observation, which he had frequent occasion to repeat, excited his curiosity to know something of the man. He took the resolution to go and stand beside him, and to say, in a tone which was not a question, and yet which required an assent,

"This is fine weather!"

Still the helmsman, with his eyes fixed on the compass, remained silent, and Charles, who was impetuous, like most of the French, could no longer contain himself, but directly inquired,

"What do you think of it? Is it not fine weather?"

"It is."

"And do you think it will last?"

"Who sends the storm? who the calm? Can the creature know the secrets there on high?" and he pointed upwards.

"Praised be the name of the Lord!" replied Charles, making the sign of the cross. "But we thought that you might tell us without sin if the weather to-morrow is likely to be fine or bad."

"It is fine to-day, yet I fear that to-morrow it will be bad. During the tempest there is hope of calm, during the calm there is fear of storm. This wind which speeds our galley favourably at noon may wreck it by evening."

"The saints in Paradise forbid! But your words are bitter."

"Could they, ought they, to be otherwise, issuing from the mouth of man?"

"You are then unhappy?"

"And what? are *you* happy?"

"We hope so at least. When the Holy Father shall have placed the crown of Sicily on our head, and we shall have won it with our sword, then we shall think ourselves happy."

"Hope! it is a delusive companion, which drives us along the precipice of life when our frame is weary and our feet bleeding from the rough road. You are in that strife of the soul when it pants after some desired thing, and this is a torturing state, yet it is the least bitter for us. But when you have arrived at the height of your desire, you will look down into the boundless deep below you, and the vertigo of fortune will make your foot slip, and you will fall into the abyss where there is no voice to console you, no eye to weep for you, no echo to answer you, no hope——"

"And have you experienced this?"

"There," said the steersman, pointing in the direction of Italy, "there, in that land a corpse lies buried, with which all my peace lies buried also. I began my day with the morning of joy, but crime presided at its noon, and fierce passion darkens its night with despair."

"Then you know that country?"



"Do I know it? I was born there."

"You born in Italy! Tell me, is it as beautiful a land as fame boasts it to be?"

"More beautiful than a mind insatiable of delight can conceive, more than the fantastic troubadour can imagine."

"And the people?"

The lips of the helmsman trembled; they strove to express a crowd of ideas which impetuously confused his brain, but they could only murmur, brokenly,

"Ferocious - ferocious."

"And you born in that country, how dare you to exert your skill and raise your hand against it? Do you not know, or do you despise the retribution bestowed on traitors?"

"I a traitor! You have spoken a bold word, Count of Anjou; but let it pass. You, born in France, how is it that treason can surprise you?"

Charles shook his head and knitted his brow in such a terrific manner that his eyes were completely hidden, and he burst forth, with a voice of emotion,

"Why do you slander our country? is infamy a plant peculiar to our land, or is it a tree of boundless scope that spreads its dark branches over all the universé? Be the firmament scowling, be it serene and azure as in the east, cloudy as in the north, neither sky nor climate checks its growth, its roots are in the hearts of the living. Yes, earth is too surely covered with villains and with traitors; but before you call *us* guilty, prove to us that you are innocent. Yet know that we deem you a traitor, and abhor you. If crime is in the world, it is not in our royal house. Look, if you dare, on the fleur-de-lis of France; if your eyes can bear its splendour you will see it has no stain."

"But it will have."

"Then may our race be exterminated, annihilated from the things that are had in remembrance. If *we* had suffered any injury not affecting life, from our country, rather than strike the dagger to her heart we would plunge it in our own. If there be things thou canst not bear, then die, or otherwise love life, and be a coward and a villain."

"Count," replied the helmsman, closely clenching his hands; "count, you speak bold words. Who are you that constitute yourself judge of praise and censure? Learn, you who are destined, perhaps, to govern a great nation, learn that though you are raised a degree above the heads of your brethren, you do not consequently surpass them in wisdom, that you are as frail and weak as they are, and dust as they are, but more presumptuous. Learn here, and say if I love life."

And he vehemently tore open his garments, and showed to Charles his loins encircled with an iron girdle which had made a



ring of wounds whence issued drops of black and corrupted blood. Charles sprang backwards, terrified, and exclaimed,

"That is indeed a horrible penance."

"Now can you think that I fear death? Do you not see that each of these wounds has caused me greater suffering than that which is needed to extinguish life? Behold, my life is passing away amid torments which I have prepared for myself. I let it consume in anguish, but when it seems ready to fail I reanimate it, because it is a deposit of vengeance and of wrath."

"What can make you so cruel to yourself and to your native country? What is there in this world that can make you preserve existence in spite of pain and shame?"

The helmsman made no reply. Charles continued,

"A mind inflamed by disease or by passion, reason extinct, or a mind overturned by fury could alone conceive such a design."

"Charles," replied the mariner, with a choaking voice, "are you firm of heart? Rest upon your arm, and try if it can support you through a recital."

"We have seen our most loyal vassals slain at our side without weeping, as we have seen, without smiling, the coronet of Provence placed upon our head."

"That is not sufficient."

"We are human; seek supernatural passions from demons, or from angels; nevertheless, try us."

"You will it?"

"It does not seem that our will has much power over the conceptions of your brain, but we desire it."

"Listen, and since the evil seed of sin and death cannot be destroyed, you, who are born to rule, listen and learn some argument to ameliorate it. I am certain you will not succeed in your endeavours to do so, but this is the path which the Lord has traced out for the rulers of the earth. Not far from Naples, near Pozzuoli, were two stately castles, built in the ancient times by two Lombard barons, when Zotone was entitled Duke of Benevento by the glorious king Otari,\* who knew no other boundary to his kingdom but the sea. Tradition says that these barons were so closely united in a long friendship that they were as brothers, and not enduring to be separated by any space of country, they built their castles close together, and that the first foundation stones were sprinkled with the blood of both, and that a wise necromancer muttered over them conjurations, and inscribed them with magic characters, so that by the power of his spells the lords of those castles should be always united in mutual love, until one or the

\* Otari, after the conquest of Sannio in 589, when he founded the duchy of Benevento, was passing through Calabria to Reggio, and riding in his armour along the shore, he saw a pillar in the sea, spurred his horse to it, and smote it with his lance, exclaiming, *that* should be the limit of the Lombard dominions.

other of them, hating his companion, should, through means of *deception*, be slain by him, *against the will* of the homicide; and that then, when the prophecy was fulfilled, the castles would remain standing but for a short time, for the spell being cast in blood drawn from the veins of both in pledge of friendship, should be dissolved by blood shed in anger. Alas! that the prophecy in part fulfilled should find in me its accomplishment, for I am the unfortunate lord of one of the castles."

"You noble!" interrupted Charles, showing a greater degree of respect than he had hitherto testified to the steersman.

"I am a creature that must die," replied the latter, in displeasure. "Attend to my relation, and say nothing; it does not deserve to be interrupted by such abject observations. Do you know what friendship is in Italy, where all the passions partake of the heat of the sun that glows upon it? The love of woman cannot be compared with it; love born of fancy, and nourished by a frail beauty which years injure or destroy, becomes extinct with it; reason has not presided at the choice, but on the contrary, often blushes at it; and if its extinction does not speedily occur, time will infallibly produce it, for time with the same instrument wherewith it impressed the mark of mortality on the brow of woman, breaks the chains of the soul, and the intellect remains freed from a shameful servitude. Later, and the thought of man passes from love to the grave which has been long calling on him; and though he has not attended to the call, his form bends towards the earth, as if to clasp it in a long embrace. This is the abject vicissitude of him who has burned his soul as a holocaust to voluptuous love. But friendship is different; we love deeply in friendship, but not for the sake of beauty. It consists with all good passions, and they all increase by its influence. When the hairs are grey, and all things fade from the mind like an image of distant memories, the cheeks, though pale, can still glow, and the eye glisten at the name of the dead or absent friend. Friendship has in itself something sacred; when losing themselves in the mysteries of infancy two beings love ere they know what love is, ere the will exercises its attributes, but the will blesses the bond, and reason smiles upon it. What can be denied to a friend? Life is esteemed the most precious gift that the Deity can make to man, yet it is thought but a poor sacrifice to friendship—ease, affluence, peace, it would be meanness to mention; honour it does not require, because that is its nourishment. A friend will follow thee in every misfortune, will support thee when sinking, will raise thee when fallen, will be thy pride in glory, thy stay in disasters, will weep with thy tears—now I am condemned to weep alone."

Here he drooped his head, and held it down for a long time. When he raised it again his face was suffused with tears; his eyes



were inflamed as if he had endured a great struggle in making them flow, and he continued, trembling,

"I had such a friend—I loved him—and I slew him."

Again he hung down his head, and his breathing became oppressed.

"I slew him, yet my father had bade me love him; I slew him, yet the voice of my own heart, still more powerfully than that of my father, constrained me to love him. Our parents when we were born gave us their own names, that death should doubt, as it were, having dominion over the friendship of our families; they desired that wondering ages should deem the Folcandi, and the Gostanzi eternal among mortals by the will of Heaven, in order that they might be a perpetual example of this noble affection. We drank from the same cup, we reposed in the same bed, our studies and our amusements were in common, and we grew up the wonder of men and the blessed of Heaven. When our fathers died their last words were prayers and counsels to preserve our mutual affection, adding that this was the most precious part of the inheritance that they left us. Our fields had no landmarks, our flocks were mingled together; we would willingly have retired together to inhabit the same castle, but that from respect to our fathers' memories neither of us wished to leave his paternal castle deserted. We agreed to leave alternately the one with the other, and we did so. Happy years passed on, the remembrance of which, in my present anguish, is the fiercest torment which vengeance could desire for an enemy. On a sudden Berardo became thoughtful, often lost himself in the forest, returned late to the castle, and cared not for food, however much he were fatigued.

"'Thou art suffering, my friend,' I said to him one day, and he answered me,

"'I love.'

"I asked him whom. It was a pious maiden, the daughter of a poor noble who lived about two miles from our castles. The hearts of these young persons had been warmed with a reciprocal love; they wished to express it, they wished to sanctify it with the solemnity of religion, but they dared not, so timid were these two innocent souls. It was I who sought the maiden, who demanded her of her father, I who prepared the feast, and hastened the ceremony. Nor was I jealous, for I knew that the affection felt for a wife is different from that felt for a friend, and the heart of Berardo remained to me entire. Shall I describe to you the joy of the vassals, the joy of the wedded pair, the happiness of the kindred, the loud merriment of the guests? I leave these things as unimportant to my narrative. I leave the happy days that followed this event, and I come to the days of wrath and blood.

"The fair bride had a wish to accompany us to the chase; we



brought her with us, and so eager were we after the game that we entangled ourselves in the forest so deeply that it was impossible to reach the castle before evening. We quitted the forest, and proceeded towards a house which appeared at a distance on the plain. We arrived at it; a cavalier invited us in a courteous manner to enter; I looked in his countenance, and I felt myself disturbed with a hitherto unknown trouble, which I have since analyzed to have been a mixture of hate, contempt, and disgust. I turned my horse to fly from one who had excited in my soul the loathing of a venomous reptile; but Berardo held me back, and forced me to follow him. I entered into the house trembling, presaging some great calamity. The cavalier smiled on me; his smile was like a dagger in my heart. I cast down my eyes to avoid seeing him; I did not speak, I refused food, I feigned a sudden illness, and hastened our departure. On the road I turned my head suspiciously round from time to time, as if some one dogged me, and I broke forth into menaces; Berardo and Messinella thought I had lost my senses. Some days passed without our seeing or remembering the fatal cavalier, and my spirit began to grow calm. One evening as I was out riding for exercise I felt an irresistible desire arise in my mind to return to the castle. I spurred on my steed; I arrived; I saw a horse secured in the court. I ascended the stairs; a cavalier was conversing familiarly with Messinella, and was holding her firmly by the hand. She was pale, and appeared alarmed at finding herself alone with that man. At the sound of my footsteps he turned round—horror! it was the detested host. He rose suddenly, came forward, saluted me, and held out his hand; mine moved not, but felt as if chained to my side. The words that I spoke were few and bitter. He perceived that he was unwelcome there; he took leave and departed. We remained, Messinella and I, with downcast eyes, not venturing to utter a word respecting the cavalier. It seemed as if he bore about his person some spell which fascinated us, or the natural property of those serpents whose breath makes all within its reach drop down insensible. Berardo came to the castle; supper was served, but happiness for that evening did not attend us at the table. From this point the horrible history commences. Berardo became silent and suspicious, and avoided my presence; the eyes of Messinella often appeared red; and though whenever she saw me afar she ran smiling to meet me with a sister's embrace, they were the same lips that smiled on me, but not with the former smile; they were the same arms that encircled my neck, but lightly, and soon relaxing, as though they had ventured too much."

## THE GRAVES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

TINY, cared-for mounds, that greet us  
 In the graveyards everywhere,  
 Little need have we to ask you  
 Of the fruit ye bear ;  
 It has left its own sweet trace,  
 Sanctifying all the place.

O'er each heap a mother's shadow  
 Falleth, though she stand not by ;  
 It has wander'd since her lov'd one  
 Turn'd away to die ;  
 'Tis the shadow of her heart,  
 And it may not yet depart.

With a feeling fresh and holy,  
 Ting'd, albeit, with hues of grief,  
 Read we now these little hist'ries  
 Beautiful and brief ;  
 Years how few that glided by,  
 Not to stain but sanctify !

Ah ! how many hearths have sorrow'd  
 Since these narrow heaps arose,  
 O'er the unaccustomed dullness  
 Of their cold repose ;  
 Missing many a merry tone  
 Sacred unto them alone !

Laughing imps, methinks I see you  
 As in life ye brightly stood,  
 Witching, loving, all resistless  
 In whatever mood ;  
 Winning with your countless wiles  
 Sweet caresses, words and smiles.

Merry, roguish, stealthy glances,  
 Slyly peeping in and out,  
 Scaring all our graver fancies  
 As ye peer'd about,  
 Till we could not choose but be  
 Partners in your revelry.

*The Graves of Childhood.*

To your tones I seem to listen,  
Clearly on my heart they come  
With some snatch of the old rhymings  
That belong to home—  
The sweet "Children in the Wood,"  
Or the pet "Red Riding Hood."

Tireless feet so lightly bounding,  
Free to come or to depart,  
Through the stillness round I hear you,  
Till I almost start  
With a conscious thought that ye,  
If near, would turn to me!

Tiny hands that were too busy  
Respite, save in sleep, to allow,  
Sad it is to think how mutely  
Ye are folded now  
On each little pulseless breast,  
Evermore to be at rest!

Little ones! the spring-tide blossom  
Hangs, all tempting, on the bough;  
Bright and fair things are rejoicing—  
Where rejoice ye now?  
For your sake a sadness lies  
On earth's beauty to our eyes.

Ye have robb'd death of its terrors  
Since ye pass'd it in our sight;  
Ye have chang'd the dread to trusting,  
Darkness into light,  
Bright flowers floating down the sea  
Of fathomless eternity!

Oh, the faith must be eternal  
That could leave its treasures here,  
Living on through all the memories  
That have been so dear,  
And the yearning love that strung  
Flowers the shroud's pale folds among!

Often when my heart is weary,  
Like a sunbeam o'er it cast,  
Comes the thought of quiet dreaming  
In your midst at last;  
Sure the sleep would peaceful be,  
Guarded by your purity.

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## THE VICTIM OF CALUMNY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

## CHAPTER I.

Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but, ah ! how short !  
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,  
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.  
 Oh, slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,  
 What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf  
 Of man's sad history ! To-day most happy,  
 And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject  
 How scant the space between these vast extremes !

*Blair's Grave.*

THE marriage of Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark, with the princess Caroline Matilda, sister to George the Third of England, was hailed by the nation as a most propitious event, and created the most sanguine expectations of the happiness and prosperity which must necessarily accrue to it from so desirable and well-assorted an union.

Christian, then in the seventeenth year of his age, is described by historians as being singularly gifted by nature, both in mind and person. His simple and unaffected demeanour, and extreme affability, captivated every heart, while his extraordinary powers of elocution and fluency of expression charmed and delighted all who were so fortunate as to listen to the interesting and fascinating young monarch.

Caroline Matilda, a year junior to her husband, was beautiful beyond conception, combining with the most faultless regularity of features, a complexion of the most dazzling fairness, a profusion of that gorgeous golden hair, such as Carlo Maratta overshadows the seraphic countenances of the angels who came with the shepherds to worship the infant Jesus, and a figure of the most graceful symmetry ; added to which, she was highly accomplished, and possessed a vivacity and artlessness of manner irresistibly winning and endearing.

Ignorant, to even a pitiable degree, of the fraud and guile of the world, and believing every one as sincere and innocent as herself who uttered those flatteries which are, alas ! the only expressions of a court, she placed implicit confidence in all, only learning, when too late, to be more reserved.

“ En entrant dans le monde, on en est enivré  
 Au plus frivole accueil ou se croit adoré ;  
 On prend pour des amis de simple connaissances,  
 Eh ! que de repentirs suivent ces imprudences.”

Christian did for a time literally adore his lovely bride, who

returned his affection with all the ardent devotion of which woman is capable when conscious that to love is with her *un besoin absolu*, and who meets with a being whose delicate tenderness ministers to that charming necessity. But the pleasures and dissipations which his more ascetic predecessor had banished from his court, attracted by the youth and gaiety of the inexperienced sovereign, re-appeared, and too soon, alas ! distilled the venom of infidelity into his hitherto affectionate and faithful heart.

The young and profligate courtiers who formed almost his sole companions, assured him, "that it was derogatory to his dignity, and rendered him open to the ridicule of all sensible persons, to be so deeply enamoured of his wife, that kings only married for expediency, and that connubial love was a decidedly vulgar attribute, to be but tolerated in the meanest of their subjects."

These pernicious sentiments had a speedy and fatal effect on the mind of the giddy and inconsiderate Christian, and but too well answered the purpose for which they were designed—that of undermining the growing influence of the queen, and making her an object of indifference to her husband.

## CHAPTER II.

Voilà notre pouvoir sur les esprits des hommes,  
Voilà ce qui nous reste, et l'ordinaire effet  
De l'amour qu'on nous offre, et des vœux qu'on nous fait—  
Tant qu'ils ne sont qu'amans nous sommes souveraines,  
Mais après . . . .

*Corneille.*

Day after day was passed by the deserted and miserable Caroline Matilda in tears and solitude. She entirely lost her vivacity, her figure became attenuated, her cheek pallid, her eye sunken, and she was but a shadow of that lovely creature who, a few months before, had bounded along on the elastic step of health and happiness, making the palace echo with her musical laugh of gladness and joy. Rarely, indeed, did the presence of the fickle and inconstant Christian disturb the monotony of her wretched and wearisome existence; and when he did come, her faded beauty, her depression of spirits, and the tender reproaches she could not restrain, soon drove him to seek the more congenial conversation of his ribald associates, who displayed their pointless wit at the expense of everything sacred and moral.

His mild and amiable grandmother, Sophia of Brandenburg, who witnessed with silent and secret sorrow the sad estrangement of the young couple, the uncomplaining patience and resignation of the neglected wife, and the signs of discontent amongst those faithful subjects who had hoped so much from the happy disposition of their idolized king, determined to expostulate with Chris-

tian, and endeavour, if possible, to bring him back to a sense of his duty.

For this purpose she requested the favour of a private interview, which being granted, she pointed out to him, with all the eloquence of the deepest and most poignant regret, "the atrocity of his conduct to the sweet and unoffending being whom he had so recently sworn to cherish and protect, whom he had allured from a happy home and tender kindred, to suffer her, in the bloom of youth, to languish in obscurity, and, perhaps, die of grief amid strangers, and the cruellest unkindness. I implore you," she continued, more energetically, "not to sacrifice your future felicity to the vain and evanescent pleasures of the present, but *now*, in your youth, to cultivate those virtues, garner up those precious and laudable acquirements which will make you the object of emulation of all good men, gild the close of life with beatific rays, and shed a halo of indescribable lustre round your grave."

For a moment the king's better feelings prevailed at this pathetic appeal of his venerable and respected relative, and with considerable emotion he assured her, "that it was his highest ambition to set the bright example she so forcibly depicted, that if he failed some little excuse ought to be made for his youth and the temptations by which princes were environed. As for the graver charge of neglecting the queen, he was not aware that he had done so, that he had various state affairs to distract his attention, and that she should be more reasonable than to expect him, in his exalted position, to display the affection he might really feel, as if kings, like common men, could dream away their lives in the enjoyment of domestic love, that she must take it for granted that his sentiments were unchanged, for that it neither suited his views nor inclinations to submit to the unreasonable wishes of a mere girl, who could not be happy unless her husband was a subservient slave—that, in fact, there was no use in being a king, in his estimation, unless he were free and unshackled in all his actions."

"Free and unshackled! where is the king who can indulge that vain hope, even for a moment? A good king is less free, is more shackled, than the captives he enchained. Free! he cannot be free; he is fettered, both by the laws which raise him to the throne and the indissoluble bonds of his own conscience, that conscience which, in the midst of the violation of the sacred obligations his kingly crown imposes upon him, is still heard denouncing the doom that awaits him hereafter, for his terrible derelictions. O sire! believe me, believe one who only seeks your good, believe one who has no motive to flatter you, no selfish purpose to serve by concealing the truth, believe that neither your youth nor inexperience will shield you from the execrations of posterity, nor guarantee you now from the deep-breathed male-



dictions of your disappointed and indignant subjects, to say nothing of that heart-eating remorse you will surely feel for your behaviour to the innocent victim of your neglect and scorn. I, Christian, who assisted to form your beautiful infancy, to develope and expand the graces of your mind, finding it indeed a labour of love so to do, can but weep over the abuse of the god-like talents with which you were so richly endowed, can but deplore the fatal errors which have led you astray, and tarnished the effulgence of the brightest promise that ever youth displayed, to render his maturity like the cloudless and beneficent sun, from whose diffusive rays emanate universal unfading prosperity and joy. You boast of being a king," she continued, despite of his evident impatience, "act, then, as becomes a king; be not enslaved by passions whose unrestrained indulgence would debase and imbrute the lowest of your species. Rouse yourself from the benumbing lethargy of vice, shake off the parasites who cling to you, as the ivy to the oak, poisoning your vital energies, as its pestiferous fibres destroy the strength and vigour of the lordly tree, where it falls prostrate to the earth to rot to annihilation for ever! Be no longer governed by the sycophants who prey upon you, ruin you, for their own advantage and gratification alone. Learn the best, the noblest of all governments—the government of yourself, the government of those propensities which lead to misery here and misery hereafter. Receive this admonition as a solemn oracle, as the prophecy of one who has nearly completed the tedious pilgrimage of life, of one who knows from experience that they who are seated on a throne have duties of the highest import to fulfil, the dereliction of which is unpardonable, sinful, and unworthy; and that he who hopes to find he can violate them with impunity will, alas! when too late, discover his egregious, his terrible mistake; for woe, woe, woe, to the kings of the earth, who neglect to observe the charge given them by the King of Heaven—their king, the *King* of kings indeed!"

"Madam," exclaimed the king, impatiently, "garrulity is the privilege of age, therefore I have endured this long and unprovoked lecture from you, evincing, by the attention I bestowed upon it, the respect and veneration I have for your opinions, even when guided, as in the present instance, more by prejudice than the sound judgment which usually distinguishes you; but let me observe, that if any one else had had the presumptuous audacity of censuring me thus, I should have visited him with my severest resentment and displeasure. Now let me advise you, in return for my patience and placability, to go and read my refractory wife a similar lecture on *her* duties; perhaps you may induce her, madam, to be more resigned to her fate, and submit with a better grace to the will of her husband and sovereign, than to receive him with tears and frowns whenever he condescends to seek her society."

CHAPTER III.

Look here and weep with tenderness and transport!  
What is all tasteless luxury to this?  
To these best joys which holy love bestows?  
Oh! nature, parent nature, thou alone  
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

The queen's only hope of reclaiming her husband was in his awakened tenderness for the son to whom she had just given birth. His first-born, the heir of his name, the inheritor of his crown—how did the young and lovely mother, judging by the rapture which thrilled her own bosom, imagine the ecstasy of the proud father, and prognosticate the happiest results from the new and interesting claim she now had on his entire affection.

She deemed it impossible that he could be deaf to the voice of nature, that he could resist the powerful appeal that innocent babe would make in her behalf, that he could refuse to receive it as the pledge of renewed and unalterable love between them.

"Oh!" she mentally ejaculated, as the sounds of general rejoicing reached her ear, "shall I be the only mourner? shall I alone weep while every other eye flashes with the triumph of gladness and exultation? shall my voice alone be mute while a whole nation is pouring out the grateful acclamations of their hearts? *I*, thy mother! Oh! who should rejoice if she does not? Sweet babe," she continued, as she contemplated the slumbering cherub, while tears of anguish bedewed its calm seraphic countenance, "sweet babe, be thou the mediator of reconciled love, and then will thy mother rend the very heavens with her rejoicing gratitude for thy birth. Oh! may thy father feel, in beholding thee, that thou art indeed Heaven sent to restore peace to our hearthstone, and heal the lacerations of animosity, to awaken the purest emotions of the soul, to kindle ecstasies almost divine, and teach him how proud, how gloriously proud, paternity ought to render man, how beautiful, how *dear*, are its precious responsibilities, how enviable the tranquillity it diffuses over the mind, how ineffable the serenity it sheds around, how bright the hopes it inspires—hopes to be realized in the richness of thy love-fostered maturity."

With a palpitating heart, Caroline Matilda watched the first effects of this tender experiment on the heart of Christian.

"Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,  
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form  
Flutters as wing'd with joy."

But when she saw, by his cold indifference, that he merely regarded the infant as a necessary object to perpetuate his name,

she sank into utter despair ; and it was long, long, ere she could arouse herself from the apathy it created, so as to be aware that she still had her child to comfort and console her. At length the blissful idea that she was a mother brought comparative tranquillity to her mind.

"Yes, I am a mother," she exclaimed, with a holy exultation. "Hush, all external things, let me enter into the inner chamber of my soul, and dwell with deliberate ecstasy on that sublime consciousness. Yes, I *am* a mother ! I have a babe of my own, a precious feeble creature who will depend on me for every sustaining help, who will actually draw its own vital support from my very being. Oh ! pure be the nutriment of this breast for thee ! pure be its thoughts when cradling thy rest ! What, shall I always despair ?" she continued ; "shall I always be a prey to sorrow ? shall I never have reliance on that Providence who promises to aid those who trust in Him ? He *has* blest me in my child, and He *will* bless me yet in its contrite father."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Oh, the dark days of vanity ! while here  
How tasteless ! and how terrible when gone !  
Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past they haunt us still,  
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,  
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The ministers who were yet faithful to the real interests of their misguided monarch, and who beheld him with fear and consternation sink deeper and deeper into the vices which were ruining his constitution, and threatening the ruin of his kingdom, advised him, as the surest means of separating him from his dissolute associates, and alluring him from the dissipations they so recklessly encouraged, to travel for a time, to recruit his health, and enlarge his views of men and manners.

Christian, almost satiated with the pleasures he could so easily command, caught with avidity at the idea of the new ones awaiting him in other countries ; he, therefore, instantly conceded to the suggestion, and taking a hasty leave of his young consort, set out with a splendid retinue to visit the court of his brother-in-law, George the Third, of England.

He was received with the greatest magnificence and splendour, the virtuous and domestic George easily believing, as he was informed, that the queen, his sister's, recent confinement and consequent delicate health, had alone prevented her accompanying her husband ; had he known the truth, Christian would have been far from welcome ; as it was, his presence created universal joy, and



a series of the most gorgeous entertainments followed in rapid succession, to amuse and gratify the handsome and popular young king. After seeing everything worthy of observation in that vast and flourishing country, Christian and his suite passed into Holland, from thence to Paris, and was on the eve of setting out for Italy, when he received the account of some serious misunderstandings having arisen between the three queens—his wife, his mother-in-law, Mary of Brunswick, and his grandmother; he hastened his return home to Denmark.

On his arrival he was considerably astonished at the change a few months had effected in the personal appearance of Caroline Matilda; her girlish figure had ripened into the full maturity of womanly beauty; her countenance, always lovely, had, from her early sorrows, assumed an expression of pensive tenderness and dignity, touching in the extreme; while her understanding, enlarged by experience and reflection, lent a charm to all she said.

The unaffected warmth of her reception, the total absence of all reproach, and the undisguised satisfaction she evinced at her husband's return, strengthened the impression her charms and good sense had made, and there was every probability that had Christian been left to follow his own inclinations, that, more enamoured of the queen than at their nuptials, now conscious of her immeasurable superiority over every other woman who had captivated his fickle heart, he would have realized the one fond hope so long cherished, and lived in perfect love and harmony with her again. But there were those still about the court whose interest it was to prevent this desirable re-union—those who knew that if once the virtuous wife obtained the ascendancy over the mind of her husband, which is the natural result of high principles, blended with example, and that devoted self-abnegating affection so peculiarly the characteristic of a sincere and deeply-rooted love like the queen's, their influence would cease, and their anticipated aggrandizement vanish into the nothingness of a brilliant but empty dream.

Vague and uncertain rumours of the infidelity of the destined Caroline Matilda penetrated even into the domestic privacy of the absorbed young couple, but not absolute enough to shake the confidence of the king. The conspirators, finding this, determined to strike a decisive blow at once, and therefore openly charged her with harbouring a passion inimical to the peace and honour of his majesty.

The queen's own inadvertent conduct at this time in some measure confirmed these atrocious assertions. Conscious of her innocence, and her utter abhorrence of injuring Christian, even in thought, she treated with disdainful scorn the base insinuations of the fiends who sought her destruction, placing no restraint upon her outward actions, and endeavouring to show, by her sovereign

contempt, how little she regarded them. But, alas ! that by which she intended to confound her enemies only furnished them with what they were pleased to term, blacker proofs against her.

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## CHAPTER V.

It is a busy talking world,  
That with licentious breath blows like the wind,  
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

*Rowe.*

Mark me, Clotilda,  
And mark me well ; I am no desperate wretch,  
Who borrows an excuse from shameful passion  
To make its shame more vile—  
I am a wretched, but a spotless wife.

*Maturin.*

The king had taken out with him, and afterwards brought back, a young physician named Struensee, a man of pre-eminent talents, unswerving integrity, prepossessing manners, and a pleasing and graceful exterior.

During their travels, by his enlarged views, disinterested conduct, undeviating attentions, and that delicate and refined *tact*, only highly cultivated minds display in their intercourse with their superiors, he had become especially endeared to Christian, and had gained considerable power over him, and was, in fact, mainly instrumental in cementing that union between him and his consort, whose first indications he hailed with cordial and heartfelt satisfaction.

The king, to testify his continued regard, and to reward the merit he knew Struensee really possessed, distinguished him by marks of the highest favour, making him first minister, with unlimited political sway, while the queen, grateful for the happiness she enjoyed through his benevolence, showed him the most flattering attentions on all occasions—attentions which he never for one moment thought of abusing ; nay, so fully aware was he of the affected misconstruction placed on those innocent attentions by his enemies and hers, that, in his zeal to save her, he took the liberty of venturing to caution the queen against the danger she ran in so openly honouring him with those attentions, and he implored her, with all the sincerity of a true friend, to be more guarded, for her own sake.

“What,” exclaimed the queen, indignantly, “would any one dare to insinuate that I have other motive in those attentions than to show the gratitude I feel, to reward virtue, and to honour the man whom my husband delights to honour, for his uprightness and honesty ? Let them breathe their calumnious whispers, Struensee ; secure in conscious innocence, I defy their malice to

injure me. No, if there is justice above it must recoil on the slanderers themselves."

"Alas! madam, conscious innocence may be, and is, doubtless, sufficient in the eyes of God, but it is not enough in the eyes of man, if even the shadow of indiscretion can offer a pretence for calumny. The malignant ones who envy the favourites of kings, and whose hearts are incapable of comprehending disinterested generosity, and attach an occult and sinister meaning to the most open and candid actions, seek my ruin, seizing on the marks of distinction with which your majesty honours me as proofs of undeniable guilt, or, at least, so they persuade others to believe."

"What others? Others, indeed! Who would give a moment's credence to their monstrous and shallow falsehoods? The slightest investigation would reveal their total want of foundation."

"True, madam; but the public will not take the trouble to investigate; too eager for news, it gladly believes, without going to the source from whence reports spring; and, alas! it receives far more favourably whatever tends to injure and villify, than that which is calculated to raise virtue, or increase respect for goodness. Your enemies know your perfect, *your* unsullied innocence; they also know *mine*, know that the angels above are scarcely regarded more holily by me than is the august partner of my sovereign; but that will not save us, lady; no, we are both doomed for exercising that righteous influence over one whose fine faculties are already partially impaired by the excesses into which he has been led by these traitorous wretches. Yet, if I alone could be the victim, rejoicingly would I, by a willing death, appease their hatred; but, oh! to think my young and idolized queen must be sacrificed too, to the Moloch of detestable envy, overwhelms me with horror—unmans me quite."

"And can you suffer your really superior mind to be shaken and intimidated by a few of the most idle words malice ever gave utterance to? Can you be content to submit to the ruin you imagine they threaten without one effort to escape it? I am not so easily alarmed, nor so yielding; I know that the timidity of innocence only strengthens the audacity of our oppressors, and that by fearing their machinations, instead of defying them, we allow them to triumph over us. Now, to prove to you how utterly I disregard these formidable enemies, how perfectly impossible I feel it is for them to injure me in the opinion of my beloved husband, and how in accordance it is with his desire that I should treat you with every kindness, I intend in future that you shall accompany me everywhere in public, even to-night to the theatre."

"Madam, I implore you, for your own sake, consider——"

"No more, sir; your queen commands your attendance. Poor Struensee!" she added, in a milder tone, "fear nothing, the king knows my affection for him, that is enough; that will protect us both, I feel assured."



## CHAPTER VI.

Oh! think what anxious moments pass between  
 The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.  
 Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
 Fill'd up with horror, and big with death.

*Addison's Cato.*

Nothing but the extreme youth of the queen, and the blind confidence she placed in the king's revived affection for her, could palliate or excuse the imprudences she now committed, really compromising her reputation in the eyes of the public—a reputation she would have died to preserve unstained, under the delusive idea that by thus openly defying her enemies she should defeat them.

Too often woman, in her ignorance of evil, from very thoughtlessness alone, and led away by the vivacity of youth, that pauses not to weigh the consequences of aught it undertakes, provokes those censures, and entails those suspicions on her character, which remain as a brand on it to the close of life, causing her to suffer, although innocent, incredible misery and mortification; being condemned by appearances, she never can justify herself—the fiat of public disapprobation has been fulminated against her. A virtuous woman should *seem* so—the wife of Cæsar must not be suspected.

Caroline Matilda, according to her design, was accompanied everywhere by Struensee, who, lulled as well as herself into a fatal security by the cessation of the rumours, which had first excited so powerful an alarm, and the continued affection which the king manifested towards the queen, resumed his wonted confidence, and was again the active and indefatigable minister of state. But what he thought had ceased for ever, what the queen thought her courage had destroyed, was only the temporary hush of malice to concentrate all its force, like the brief pause in the storm-blast ere it rushes on in its last mighty fury of overwhelming destruction.

It was at the termination of a masked ball given in the royal palace that the conspirators resolved to bring their diabolical scheme to a final issue, by seizing on the person of the queen, Struensee, and all those who were attached to them.

Accordingly, as soon as every one had retired for the night, fatigued with the excitement and gaiety of the scene, they met in a remote part of the palace to mature their operations. The first thing to be effected, to ensure success, was to gain over the king as a partizan; this was accomplished by Rantzan, the chief of the plotters, rushing unceremoniously into his majesty's bed-room, with every demonstration of alarm and agitation, assuring him,

with a faltering voice, "that he had *providentially* discovered a plot formed against his person and dignity, at the head of which were the queen, her paramour, Struensee, and their mutual adherents. He therefore implored his majesty, as he valued his own safety, to sign an order for their immediate arrest, and allow him, the most zealous and faithful of his servants, to put it into execution. Be persuaded, sire, I entreat you, sign this paper before it is too late, or to-morrow you will have to lament, perhaps in chains, the misplaced compassion which made you hesitate to secure the traitors when in your power."

"Traitors! but the queen, my wife, my lovely Caroline Matilda? Oh! I cannot believe——"

"I grieve for your majesty's incredulity, amiable as it undoubtedly is. Pardon my officious interference; impute it *only* to my ardent and respectful affection; had it been against my own life you should never have heard of it, but against yours, against *my* king's—heavens! silence would have been unpardonable treachery. Oh! that I could rouse you to a sense of your danger! oh! that I could convince you of the truth of what I utter! But *here* I am acquitted, here I feel that I have done my duty to the best, the most beloved of monarchs." And he laid his hand emphatically on his hypocritical heart, and burst into tears, turning slowly away.

"Stop, Rantzan," exclaimed the king, affected by this display of loyalty, "there must be some truth in what you assert; you can have no motive in misleading me; give me the fatal paper. Oh! my wife, my beautiful, faithless wife! this from thee; is it possible? Oh, God! how have I been deceived!"

Rantzan, fearing a return of clemency, snatched the paper which the king had signed with a trembling hand, with a precipitation, which would have infallibly betrayed him to any one less absorbed in anguish, but the unhappy Christian was lost in the heart-rending idea "that the queen was criminal, that she sought his ruin, and that he had just signed the sentence of their separation—perhaps her death—without allowing her an opportunity of speaking one word of justification, one asseveration of innocence, one refutation of the calumnies which destroyed her reputation. It would have been more just to have confronted her with her traducers, to have heard her defence, or judge of her guilt by her silence, that silence which is too confounded by facts to have the power of utterance. The meanest of his subjects would have had this advantage, and ought the queen to be less favoured? No! I have been too hasty," he continued; "a something whispers me she is not so guilty; she must be saved from this insult, this ignominy; she must, she must," and he sprang from his bed to countermand the order, but was informed that it was already enforced.

In fact, Rantzan, as soon as he parted from the king, withdrew all his accustomed night guard, and surrounded his apartments with creatures of his own, prepared with proper instructions should he repent of the step he had taken, which was sure to be the case, from the placability of his temper and admiration of his wife.

Koller Banner secured Struensee, while a Danish female attendant was despatched to the queen with a document containing these few lines, bearing the royal signature:—

“The King of Denmark, for reasons of a private nature, wishes the queen to remove to one of the royal palaces in the country for a few days.”

Although this looked like a mere request, the queen was too well versed in court intrigue not to perceive instantly that it was a peremptory order for her banishment, that her enemies had triumphed, and that she must make a last effort to defeat them.

Conscious of her own innocence, and her great influence over the mind of her husband, she knew if she could but gain access to him, and plead her own cause, she should soon convince him how basely he had been abused in admitting, for a moment, suspicion against her.

Flinging a cloak hastily over her night-dress, she rushed to the door, but was opposed by an officer whom Rantzan, suspecting her design, had placed there for that purpose. Frantic from opposition and insult she seized him by the hair, and demanded to see Count Struensee, or the king, without delay.

“Madam,” replied the young man, disconcerted at her tone of authority, “there is no Count Struensee here, nor can you enter his majesty’s presence; such are my orders, I only do my duty in obeying them, odious as they are.”

Pushing him aside, she reached the door of the king’s anti-chamber, but a couple of soldiers, crossing their firelocks, barred her entrance. The wretched queen fell at their feet, embraced their knees, and implored them, as men, as husbands, to grant her request, to suffer her, even in their presence, to see the king, promising them pardon, wealth, and honours, if they would only comply.

“See!” she exclaimed, with the wildest energy, clasping her beautiful hands round them, and raising her tearful eyes to their faces, “it is your queen who thus embraces your knees; your queen who kneels to you; your queen—a *woman*—can you resist her appeal? Are ye soldiers—men? Are ye those brave Danes I have so learnt to love, and can you be deaf to my prayers and entreaties? Oh! what more can I do to melt those obdurate hearts? In sickness and sorrow, whose commiseration administered relief? Who shed the light of comfort round your desolate hearth? Your queen! your queen! she who asks your pity in



return ; she whose desolate bosom needs the light of your compassion now."

Moved by her beauty and despair, they were on the eve of yielding to her supplications, when her arm was rudely seized by Rantzan, who forced her away, while her shrieks of agony resounded through the palace.

As soon as they reached her apartment, the tyrant summoned her attendants, and commanded them to prepare her majesty for a journey, while he waited outside until she was ready, as he intended to have the honour of accompanying her.

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## CHAPTER VII.

When I am cold, when my pale sheeted corse  
Sleeps the dark sleep no venom'd tongue can wake,  
List not to evil thoughts of her whose lips  
Have then no voice to plead.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

On their way to the dreary fortress of Cronsborg, the destination of the luckless Caroline Matilda, she learnt from her cruel companion that the unfortunate Struensee had been conveyed to the citadel, only to leave it for the scaffold.

"The scaffold ! Oh ! he does not deserve such a fate ; the king never will be so unjust ; he must be merciful. Poor Struensee ! Alas ! what a reward for your long-tried fidelity ! You must not perish ; I will save you, or die too."

"You save him ? You confirm, by your agonizing interest, the dreadful suspicions now so rife ? You voluntarily plead for the villain all mankind are execrating ? Can you so madly avow your guilt ? Can you so audaciously publish your own shame ? Ah ! you quail ; I have touched you there ; you will not intercede for the doomed Struensee now, madam ; I thought it would have been a marvellous instance of indelicacy if you could."

"Monster of effrontery ! yes, I do quail ; not at the truthfulness of your insinuations, however, but at the too-dearly purchased conviction, that false, iniquitously false though they be, many, many will be inclined to credit them, many, many gladly hail the semblance of deviation in that virtue they envy but cannot imitate. I thought that to know myself innocent sufficed—sad, sad delusion. I find, to my unutterable anguish, that the chastity of a woman, fragile as the light gossamer floating on the summer air, may be borne away, like it, by the faintest breath of slander, but not the hyperborean blast can waft it back from the infinity of space in which it is for ever lost. When the apostles preached glad tidings on earth, peace, good-will towards men, charity, forgiveness, and all the cardinal virtues, whose practice forms the perfect Christian,

they were constrained to exclaim, in the mortification and disappointment of their hearts, 'Who *hath* believed our report?' But the slanderers, the detractors, can exclaim, in the exultation of their evil hearts, Who *hath not* believed our report? Oh! far less generous than the envenomed reptile, which gives the premonitory rattle ere it springs on its prey; you, Rantzan, and your odious kind, silently and stealthily seek to destroy the victim of your hatred and jealousy, caressing with one hand and stabbing with the other, while a just God, for reasons inexplicable to us, defers to unmask the villany we ought to dread; but it is only deferred—remember *that*, then tremble for the vengeance which awaits you and *yours*. The wrongs you now inflict on me will be visited on you and your children—ay, even beyond them, for the Almighty punishes even to the third and fourth generation, the crimes a guilty father cannot sufficiently atone. 'Think how you are now heaping up curses for your memory hereafter! think how your ashes will be trampled in the dust, and your name expunged from the remembrance of all good men! think that the time is not far distant when the truth alone will be manifest, when reconciled to my yet adored husband he will, in his righteous indignation, devise a punishment proportionate to your offence, and you will kneel at my knees to implore that mercy you so barbarously denied me a few short hours ago. Then shall I behold your frantic tears; then shall I hear your entreaties and supplications, and then, forgetful of all resentment, pardoning every insult, I will exert my influence to save you, conscious that by so doing I shall awaken your conscience to a keener sense of remorse than if I were implacable to your anguish.'

It was not with the hope of making any impression in her favour that the luckless queen thus pathetically addressed her sullen and remorseless oppressor, but from the necessity she felt to—

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."

So, alas! she found it; for had she not spoken, although vainly and hopelessly, her poor heart would have indeed burst with the convulsive throbs which oppressed it, and which were ultimately relieved by a copious flood of tears—tears, the bitterest ever shed by woman; the tears which the despair and agony of a blighted name can only wring from the saddened breast

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CHAPTER VIII.

I will bear it  
With all the tender suff'rance of a friend,  
As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

*Otway's Orphan.*

After passing four months in the dreary prison to which she was first consigned by Rantzan, through the interference of her brother, the queen was removed to the castle of Zell, which had been fitted up for her reception with every elegance and comfort suited to her rank.

There she passed her time in solacing the poor and afflicted, in the cultivation of the talents she was so eminently gifted with, in the unostentatious attention to religion, and the display of every sweet and womanly virtue, proving, indeed, that truly great minds are best shown in adversity. There, abandoned to her own reflections, she learnt to appreciate according to their real value the empty flatteries of the sycophants who had led her inexperienced youth into error, and taught her to believe that her exalted station rendered her invulnerable to censure or injury, that—

“There is such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.”

There she learnt that hard lesson for the great, that it is the position alone which is homaged and worshipped, that the first reverse of fortune prostrates the demi-god from the pedestal of popular favour to the lowest degradation and contempt, that the man at whose presence they trembled, whose gaze they feared, and in whose word was life and death when seated on a throne, they neither regard, venerate, nor dread.

And there she learnt to distinguish the few real friends still left her—few in comparison to the crowd of adulators she had so long mistakenly honoured with the term, and *there* she learnt that resignation, that abiding faith, that sincere conviction of our own faults which can but be acquired by descending into the secret depths of the soul, in the silence and abandonment of solitude and sorrow.

She died at the early age of twenty-four of a malignant fever, or, as some think, by poison, just as she was on the eve of being reconciled to her husband, as appears by the following letter, found after her decease:—

“Is it possible, oh! my adored Christian, that you are at last convinced that I was maligned? that I did not deserve to be cruelly banished from your bosom? that I did not merit being



separated ignominiously from my child? Now, indeed, is every wish of my heart fulfilled; for, next to being innocent in the eyes of my God, I pined to be esteemed so in the eyes of my husband. Punish none of those of my persecutors who yet survive, I implore you; let our blessed reconciliation be a plenary pardon for all, a seal of universal mercy, or the happiness I anticipate from it will be incomplete. I have learnt compassion from suffering, and the idea that others were mourning whilst I rejoiced, others were fearing an eternal separation from all they held dear on earth, whilst I was clasping my recovered treasures to my breast, would mar my felicity, and chill the ardour of the exquisite emotions of natural affection.

“Better, far better, a few more years of exile, and then to be united in the realms of bliss, without any sacrifice, than that one tear should be shed, one sigh exhaled, to purchase it now. You say you reproach yourself for yielding credence to the falsehoods which aspersed my fame, that you cannot forgive yourself for your conduct to me; I can, and do forgive you—nay, more, I tell you to rejoice at it, for it has made me what I am—the humble-minded woman, the self-convicted of folly, although not of crime, the friend of the afflicted, and the sincere Christian.

“Think how thoughtless I was, how negligent of my duties, how indifferent to the sacred ties of nature, how careless of religion! And what has wrought the salutary change in me? what has rendered me capable of appreciating the blessings yet in store for me?—a doating husband, a darling child, choice friends, and ample means of gratifying the imperative benevolence of my heart—that *very* cruelty of which you reproach yourself, that *very* slander of which you complain. Yes, my beloved, affliction hath been good for me, trial hath purified me, and I feel that I shall be the happier for what I have endured, for there is no joy so lasting as that which has been attempered by sorrow, and no reputation so fair as that which has been tested by time and malice, and found spotless; for, as the sun seems to shine with increased effulgence after a partial eclipse, so does the virtue of a woman appear more dazzling after emerging from the temporary darkness of envy and suspicion.

“This, then, will be my last letter of vindication; in a few days I shall be in your arms. Oh! how find patience to endure even a few days’ separation with such a prospect of ecstasy before me? They will seem longer, more intolerable, than the tedious and wearisome years of my exile. I look through the vista of hope, and see at the end my husband and my child beckoning to the happy Caroline Matilda. I come, my precious ones. Heaven vouchsafe me strength for such felicity!”

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## MY SISTER'S WEDDING DAY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

NOT eight o'clock!—dull, bleak, and wet—what horror to arise,  
My lilac dress and satin shoes look hateful in my eyes;  
A silver favour sparkles, too, amid my smart array,  
'Tis the twentieth of November, 'tis my sister's wedding day.

Ten years ago I revell'd in the joys of coming out,  
And was breaking hearts by dozens at the concert, ball, and rout,  
While she, a shy and awkward girl, with pale and anxious looks,  
Sat moping in the school-room, amid backboards, globes, and books.

I came out in the dashing line—I found it would not do;  
Next year I sported sentiment, the next became a blue;  
I acted twenty characters, in each I showed my skill,  
But years roll'd on, and I remain'd a flirting spinster still.

While she, the girl whom I had deem'd would prove a foil to me,  
Who never planned an attitude or tried a repartee,  
She found a wealthy dunce without the trouble of a search,  
Who talked within a fortnight of a ring and of a church!

The yellow fog is gathering fast, the clock strikes eight, I fear  
The youngest bridesmaid, Rosa Bland, will very soon be here,  
Who oft laments my single state in accents soft and kind,  
And says she really thinks the men are either mad or blind.

Now must I hasten to the bride the snowy veil to place,  
Then must I seek the guests, and call a simper to my face;  
And praise my sister's conduct in her days of maiden life,  
And say I doubt not she will prove a model of a wife.

Yet stay—I once beheld a print, it seems to haunt me now,  
Where a bridesmaid tore the garland of white roses from her brow,  
And said her heart was desolate, and sat dissolv'd in tears,  
Because she lost the sister she had lov'd in childhood's years.

Enough—I'll act without delay the drooping bridesmaid's part,  
And say the loss of one so dear has pierc'd my feeling heart;  
No rosewater shall touch my eyes, they look dim, strain'd, and red,  
And I'll meet my friends with faltering pace, slow step, and hanging head.

I need not hide my discontent, in trouble, what relief  
Can equal the indulgence of the luxury of grief?  
And I feel no doleful bridesmaid can more genuine grief display,  
Than a flirt of ten years' standing on her sister's wedding day!

THE SORTES SCOTTIANÆ; OR, TWO LEAP  
YEARS.<sup>1</sup>

A TALE.—BY MRS. GORDON, AUTHORESS OF "THE FORTUNES OF THE  
FALCONARS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

So sehen wir uns wieder !

*Schiller.*

"Dear uncle," said Sybil, a day or two after the night last mentioned, "I have been inquiring about a place which I am very anxious to re-visit—the Holms, our old residence; I find that the house is standing empty, being at present unlet, and I should like so *very* much to go and see it again."

"Well, my girl, I'll drive you there to-morrow, if you like," said Mr. Murray. "But," he added, after a moment's pause, looking attentively at his niece, "I wager now, if the truth were told, you would rather go there alone than with me, or anybody."

"Since you are so kind as to think of that, uncle Murray," replied Sybil, "I must confess I should prefer it, and I dare say you can understand why, without my explaining it. If it could be so arranged——"

"Oh! we'll see about arranging it," returned her uncle.

"I don't see how Sybil can go all that way by herself," interposed Mrs. Murray. "My dear, it would be much more proper for your uncle to accompany you. And then, how is it to be managed, with all our engagements?"

"I'll tell you how," exclaimed Mr. Murray, suddenly. "I understand the lassie's feelings, and I'll manage it. You know, my dear, Frank and I are going to take a five o'clock dinner at Roslin on Thursday week, with my friend Peter Wood, the day that you engaged yourself to spend with Mrs. Hall, and Sybil with her cousin, Mrs. Maitland. Now, Sybil, if you can get your cousin to excuse you, which I dare say you can, and take an early dinner here, Frank and I will drive instead of riding, and go that way, which is not much of a round, to Roslin, drop you at the Holms about four o'clock, and catch you up again by nine or so in the evening. I dare say there are some cottages there that you can go into if you feel eerie."

<sup>1</sup> Concluded from page 41.



"I think she will be pretty well tired of the Holms by that time," observed Mrs. Murray.

"Thank you, my dear uncle; you are very kind," exclaimed Sybil. "We shall settle it so then."

Multifarious engagements amongst old friends and acquaintance occupied almost every day between that time and the anticipated Thursday, and in the course of their fulfilment Sybil experienced the unspeakable suffering of hiding a sick and aching heart beneath a smiling exterior. On one occasion only did she hear any mention made of him concerning whom she was intensely longing to receive some further intelligence, yet whose name she could not have pronounced for the purpose of inquiring for it. One day, however, at a large dinner-party, a question being addressed to an elderly gentleman who sat within two of her, on the same side of the table, a sudden pause in the conversation enabled her distinctly to hear his reply.

"Ay, poor fellow, he's gone. Many a merry day Jack Forbes and I have had together. And my young friend Grantley has stepped into a very fine property. His marriage with Miss Dunbar, too, will make a great addition to it. There has been some dreadful boggling about that business, but I hear it is positively to go on now, as soon as decency will permit."

"Miss Lindesay, may I have the pleasure of helping you to some chicken?" inquired the gentleman next to Sybil, just at this juncture.

The former speaker, our old friend Mr. Crawford, looked hastily down the table.

"Is that the late Colonel Lindesay's daughter, can you tell me?" inquired he of his next neighbour, in a low voice; "I didn't recognise her before."

"Yes," was the reply, "she is just returned to Edinburgh. A pretty creature she is; but she looks dreadfully pale and out of spirits to-day."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr. Crawford, to himself. "Wish I hadn't spoken so loud."

He uttered not another word for the next quarter of an hour, but directed repeated glances down the table at the lovely girl, who, with cheeks almost as colourless as her white silk dress, seemed to be making a not very successful effort to converse with the gentleman beside her. What Sybil had overheard was indeed no more than she had already been told, but every fresh repetition of painful intelligence such as this seems to stab the heart anew. It was on the day succeeding this dinner-party that her visit to the Holms took place, and the impression left by the above conversation seemed, if possible, to deepen the emotions of sadness with which she found herself once more on her way thither.

Many and strange were the recollections that thronged upon

the heart of Sybil as she alighted from her uncle's carriage at the gate of her former home. All things looked so unchanged, so completely what they used to be, that she could almost have believed the painful interval since she had last stood there a dream, and that she was but returning from a short excursion, to find her kind father's smile and tender kiss awaiting her arrival. She entered the lodge of the gate-keeper, an elderly woman, who immediately recognised her, and was loud in her expressions of joy, mingled with lamentation, at the sight of Miss Lindesay, from whom the worthy woman had always received the utmost kindness. Having sat there awhile, entering with an interest for which she had always been remarkable, into all the little details of old Nanny's life since they had last met, Sybil inquired whether she could get into the house, and was answered in the affirmative.

"The house," Nanny said, "was empty, except just a wheen bits o' things that the family last there hadna removed yet—beds, and kitchen things, and siclike; and it was her business to keep up fires, and open the windows on a fine day, and her gude dochter Beenie had gaen up the day to do that for her, for she was unco lame and feckless wi' the pains. So Miss Lindesay would be sure to find Beenie in the house."

Leaving a gratuity in the hands of old Nanney, and a piece of her own work, prepared expressly for the occasion, which greatly delighted the old woman, Sybil proceeded slowly up the avenue, every step recalling the past more strongly to her mind, for all was as she had last seen it—nothing altered save her own heart; and can it be said that even that was changed?

She reached the front of the house. All around it was in good order; the shrubs and flower-borders trimmed, and the gravel rolled, as in days of yore; but the old-fashioned mansion itself had that desolate look peculiar to the abodes of man when deserted by their inhabitants; the windows were almost all closed, few, and those few but partially, open; and the bell, when Sybil pulled it, echoed with a strange and dreary sound along the unfurnished passages. Having satisfied Beenie, who opened the front door, and who proved to be a stranger to her, of her peaceable intentions, and obtained permission to go through the house by herself, Sybil, with a beating heart, proceeded along the passage which she had last trod in company with her father, the day of their departure from the Holms, when she strove, for his sake, to check the agony of tears and sobs that threatened to stifle her, on bidding it a last farewell. She reached the drawing-room—the empty, deserted, drawing-room—where so many happy hours had been passed, where she had sat singing to her father in the evening twilight, and Grantley Forbes had hung over her in silence—but a silence how eloquent! She gazed upon the empty corner where her father's chair was used to stand till she could have fancied

that she saw him sitting there once more. This was indeed a dreary mockery of returning to *her home*. It felt more like visiting a tomb.

In like manner she entered every well-known apartment of the house, and lingered longest, and with the saddest burst of tears, in those which had been her father's and her own. Still there was an inexpressible sense of relief in those tears, and in the solitude which permitted them to flow without restraint. They seemed to melt the dull leaden weight at her heart, and even as they fell to restore her for a few minutes to the feelings of her early youth, to transport her far from the cold and loveless present back to a time when the warmest affections of existence, now denied her, had formed the blessings of her daily life.

Two hours had elapsed ere Sybil at last tore herself from the house, and proceeded through the dear and familiar paths of the shrubbery towards the garden. So completely had she been carried back to other days by the sight of all things around her, that she could almost have believed, at every turn, that the form of her father would rise up before her. Another form, whose memory was entwined with these shrubbery paths, seemed present with her too; and on reaching the garden door she was obliged to pause a few seconds ere the tumultuous throbbing of her heart would permit her to open it. She could scarcely have trembled more had she believed that Grantley Forbes stood on the other side.

There was nothing on the other side, however, but peace, and stillness, and the scent of fragrant flowers. The gardener had gone home to his house, which stood at the extreme corner of the garden, and there did not appear to be a living creature in it but herself, nor could she discern any difference in this once-cherished spot, save that perhaps a few shrubs had grown taller, and a few additional flowers been planted in the borders. The bed of pansies was again clothed with its rich array of blossoms; the rose de meaux covered with its beautiful little buds and opening flowers. All was as if she had but left the garden yesterday. Sybil walked with a slow step through each favourite alley; she left no spot unvisited. This done, she repaired to her old accustomed seat beneath the syringas and laburnums, before which stood as of yore the ancient sun-dial, and on which the declining sun was shedding as sweet a gleam as he had done four years ago, on the night when she had last sat there with Forbes. The sky was not less blue and soft than it had been that night; the air was as redolent of perfume from the dewy flowers; but a change had come over the spirit of *her dream* who now gazed on the scene. Where was now the bounding heart of youth? where the joyous anticipation, the hope unallied to fear, the sunshine of the soul that gilded all it fell upon? Where was the "something more exquisite still" which had lent even to that fair scene a lustre not of earth or



sky? Whence came that desolate sinking of the heart, at such an hour as this? Alas! the glowing loveliness of a summer evening is not in harmony with an aching and solitary heart. Pale twilight soothes it to rest; at that still hour it does not feel sadness an uncongenial companion; but there is something in the magnificent fulness of beauty and repose characteristic of the hour preceding a cloudless sunset, which presses too heavily on the "craving void" of mental solitude, and recalls too many thoughts for peace.

Sybil remained long in this seat—how long she could not tell; her mind wandering back to other days, when it had often chanced that Grantley Forbes had found her sitting there, on the occasion of a visit to the house when her father and she had gone into the garden together. So distinctly did she recall these impressions, that at last she started, almost fancying that she heard his foot-step ascending a steep walk leading to the seat. She looked around; it was not altogether fancy, for she distinguished a foot-step in an upper walk, seemingly approaching, but very slowly. Supposing it to be the gardener, she fixed her eyes once more upon the flickering boughs of an acacia just before her, and thought, with a mournful smile, of the time when such a sound, in that place, would have set her heart a-beating with expectation.

On a sudden a slight movement very near made her again start and turn her head. She looked, and within a few paces beheld a gentleman in deep mourning, standing as if rooted to the earth, with his eyes fixed upon her. The light seemed to flash before her eyes and blind them. Was it?—could it be? Yes, almost before she recognised his face the heart's unerring instinct told her it was Grantley Forbes who stood before her! And for a single instant, so deadly pale was his countenance, so fixed his gaze, so still and statue-like his attitude, that Sybil almost admitted the idea that her own excited imagination, assisted by the hour and the scene, had conjured up before her eyes the phantom of her long-lost and forgetful lover. This, however, was but the fancy of a moment. It was no shadowy form on which she looked—it was no unreal trial to which her maiden pride and the energies of her spirit were summoned in this unexpected encounter; and with that thought she steeled her sinking heart, and strove to nerve her trembling frame, as she rose from her seat to meet him.

Spell-bound, as it seemed, by astonishment at beholding her thus unexpectedly, and probably perplexed by the alteration in her air and appearance since they had last met, Forbes had remained for a second or two immovable on the spot where his eye had first fallen upon her. Her motion seemed to break the charm. He sprang hastily forward, then checking himself, bowed constrainedly.

"Miss Lindesay," said he, in a low and agitated voice, "I should not have intruded upon you had I known—It is so long since——"

"Since we have had the pleasure of meeting, Mr. Forbes," answered Sybil, in a tone to which the palpable alteration she perceived in his manner of accosting her lent strength and calmness. "It is indeed a long while."

She could not, however, resist holding out her hand as she spoke, with the frank irresistible impulse of old recollections. He caught and pressed it fervently between both his, then appearing to recollect himself, relinquished it. Sybil would gladly have remained standing, but she trembled so violently, that dreading lest he should perceive her agitation, she was forced to resume her seat. Forbes, on his part, seemed, if possible, more moved even than herself. He remained for about a minute leaning for support upon the arm of the rustic sofa, then sank, rather than sat, down beside her. And thus they found themselves again together, in "the very spot where first they met and last they parted." But, ah! how changed since then! The lovely smiling girl, whose every thought seemed sunshine, had altered into the pale, graceful, but drooping woman, with mournful eyes that looked as if they had long shed tears of hidden sorrow; the bright and ardent youth, with his beaming glance and glowing cheek, had become a man of high thoughtful brow, and features whose noble outline was expressive of deep-seated melancholy. Both were like what they had been, yet different. The countenances were little altered, but the souls which had lighted them were no longer the same. And they were not more changed in outward mien than they felt themselves to be in relative situation. It seemed scarce possible that those who now sat side by side, with hearts so sad, so world-weary, with an intercourse so painful and constrained, should last have met when each had scarce a thought which was not fully partaken by the other, when the language of their young unpractised feelings spoke too plainly from their meeting eyes to require any other interpreter. Yet so it was; and Sybil, who for years had longed for this hour, wept for it, prayed for it, felt that now it had come, Grantley Forbes had been more truly hers when mountains rose and oceans rolled between them than at this moment when the same garden bower contained them both.

An embarrassed silence of several minutes ensued after they had seated themselves. Forbes, struggling with his emotion, took off his hat, and bared his forehead to the air; and as he pushed back his dark clustering curls, he looked so completely like the Grantley of other days, that Sybil felt her firmness fast deserting her, and forced herself to think of his unprincipled conduct, and longed once more to hear those cold and constrained words, that should nerve her to the necessary recollection of her own dignity.

She longed, in short, for anything to break the terrible stillness, and bring the scene to a termination whilst yet she had any courage left unshaken. The first words of Forbes, however, were in no trifling degree unfavourable to its maintenance.

"Do you," said he, in a low voice, and fixing his eyes full upon her face, "do you remember the last night when we were here together?"

Sybil made a desperate effort to speak calmly and firmly, while she answered,

"Perfectly."

"So do I," he replied. "It was about this time, four years ago. I have not forgotten it. I wish to Heaven I could." And turning his head away from her, he flung his arms over the elbow of the seat, and hid his face in them.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sybil to herself, "let me not, let me not cry, if I can help it."

She struggled to repress the sobs which she felt rising to her throat, and resolutely looked away from him, up to the sweet evening sky, which seemed to smile in mockery at the agony she was enduring.

After a few minutes Forbes raised his head and again turned towards her, his face partly concealed by the hand which supported it.

"When did you return to Scotland, Miss Lindesay?" he asked. "I had heard—I understood—that you were in London."

"We *were* there," returned Sybil, in some surprise, "for a week or two, but it is now more than a fortnight since we arrived in Edinburgh."

"Had I known that you were here to-night," pursued Forbes, "I hope I need not assure you that I should not have intruded upon you? When I rode up the avenue the old woman at the gate called after me something I did not hear; I conclude it was to warn me of your being at the place. I put my horse into the stable, with the assistance of a boy, who said nothing of it."

"He probably did not know," said Sybil; "but it is of no consequence. Have you been long in Edinburgh?"

"I only arrived last night," he replied; "urgent business brought me, for I could otherwise scarcely have made the exertion. I was unable to leave my room till late this afternoon, when I rode out in hopes of curing an aching head—and heart. I believe this was not the best place for that purpose, but an irresistible wish to revisit it brought me hither. Had I known—but we get steeled to suffering in this world."

"Have you been ill, then?" hastily asked Sybil, startled by this speech from her assumed coldness; and as she raised her eyes to his face, she acknowledged to herself that he did indeed look as if he had.



The involuntary interest betrayed in her manner seemed at once to soften and give him pain.

"You are not in all probability aware," said he, in a voice of much agitation, "of the recent and peculiarly afflicting death of my poor brother."

"Pardon me," she replied, "I am—I had heard of it."

"I was sent for," continued Forbes, "but too late to see him. It was a fearful shock, and aggravated by many circumstances of distress and excessive fatigue. I became very ill in consequence, soon after my return home, and before I had quite recovered, my attendance on the deathbed of my father brought on a relapse of fever. I little dreamt, on coming to Edinburgh—but it is of no consequence *now*," he added, checking himself, and repressing a deep sigh. "I presume, Miss Lindesay, your stay here will not be long?"

"In Edinburgh, do you mean?" asked Sybil. "I believe it depends on various circumstances. I suppose the same may be said of your own?"

"Were I alone concerned in the delay," returned he, in a tone where repressed bitterness of feeling seemed struggling with some softer emotion, "neither Edinburgh nor Scotland should hold me a day after the arrangement of my affairs permitted me to escape. I shall go the continent as soon as I can get away. But I am fettered by an engagement"—Sybil shuddered—"a promise to remain till after the celebration of a marriage which my poor father's death has delayed. I must, it seems, be bridegroom's man to a cousin of mine, who——"

"A cousin of yours?" involuntarily exclaimed Sybil, while the very pulsations of her heart seemed to stand still in suspense.

"Yes," he replied, in an absent and pre-occupied tone. "A cousin, and namesake—Grantley Forbes. I dare say you do not recollect him, Miss Lindesay, but I once introduced him to you at a ball, the only time he ever was in Edinburgh. He is about to be married to Miss Dunbar, a young lady in our county."

"*Your cousin?*" again exclaimed Sybil, unconscious of what she said.

Joy and fear, perplexity at the now completely ambiguous strain of his conversation and his implied regrets, and rapture at this unexpected discovery, all combined irretrievably to overturn her pride and her composure. She burst into a violent flood of tears.

"Miss Lindesay!" exclaimed Forbes, half starting from his seat. "Sybil, my own, my adored Sybil." In another instant she was clasped to his heart.

There was a minute's silence, while Sybil struggled to regain her composure. She raised her head from his shoulder, and tried to restrain her sobs; but Forbes kept her hand firmly clasped in his.

"Sybil," said he, at length, after one or two ineffectual efforts to speak, "tell me, I implore, I conjure you, tell me at once, is it true that you are engaged to marry John Dundas? Tell it me at once. Anything is better than this."

"No, no, indeed," exclaimed Sybil, inexpressibly relieved. It is not true; it never was, or could have been; but I know it has been reported. Did *you* hear it?"

"I heard it reported," he replied, "many months ago, and was a few days ago assured of it as a positive fact, in a letter from my old friend, Philip Seaton. He told me that he had met you in London."

"He did," exclaimed Sybil.

"And that Dundas had followed you from the continent; and he understood from a mutual acquaintance that your marriage-day would be fixed so soon as you reached Scotland."

"Is it possible?" again exclaimed Sybil. "Oh! I always knew what would be the effect of the encouragement he received, but not from *me*; I grieve to hear it, but at least he must exonerate me."

"And why; oh! Sybil, why, if this be so, did you meet me as you did to-night?"

"Because," replied Sybil, with frank simplicity, "I had heard from what seemed undoubted authority that it was *you* who were on the point of marriage with Miss Dunbar."

"And you had not then forgotten me? you did not consider me the heartless wretch I must have seemed? Dearest! dearest! can it be possible that you are once more restored to me?" Again she was clasped in his arms, and for a few minutes neither uttered a word, absorbed in thoughts and emotions to which no word could give utterance. "Why," at length exclaimed Forbes, "why have these years of suffering been permitted to consume our youth, and wear away our hearts?"

"For a good purpose, do not doubt it," replied Sybil, gently returning the fervent pressure of his hand. "This world was never meant to be our resting-place. I would not, if I might live my past life over again, dispense with one of all the many bitter hours that I have suffered, for they taught me lessons which otherwise I never should have learned."

"Ay, Sybil," exclaimed Forbes, "thus does woman's meek nature read our proud hearts a lesson of submission. That I have thought too little of all this, and looked too little from second causes to the first, bear witness the pain and regret with which I am compelled to contrast my manhood with my youth, as I left it here, for here I left it, Sybil. Never from that unforgotten night have I known peace or happiness. But it is not yet too late. You, dearest, must teach me a holier philosophy than the world could do when I fled to it for relief. Tell me, Sybil, did

not you think me a wretch, a cold-hearted villain, when I left Edinburgh so abruptly, and you never saw or heard of me again."

"No," exclaimed Sybil; "oh, no! I never did; believe me, I never did. I was certain there must be some reason."

"Reason," he replied, in a tone of involuntary bitterness. "Yes, a *reason* there was. God forbid that I should arraign the dead! Towards a father whose head he has but a few weeks ago laid in the grave the feelings of a son can retain no tinge of anger, even if less stern emotions had not quenched that long ago. Yet, Sybil," he continued, mastering the agitation that had nearly overcome him at these last words, "that I have played the treacherous and unworthy part of one who seeks to win affections only to fling away and forget them, at the moment he has most reason to hope that they may one day be his—that I have acted thus basely, is my poor father's blame. I loved you from the first hour of our acquaintance; I had almost loved you ere I knew you further than by sight, and every succeeding moment of our intercourse only served to increase my affection; and though I never *talked* of love to you, Sybil, I felt that all my actions plainly implied it. I ventured to think that there was little need of words between us. I knew, it is true, that as a younger brother, my lot in life must in a great measure turn on my own exertions, indeed that I was unusually dependant on my father's pleasure for any provision from him; because, as you may perhaps have heard, my mother's marriage with him was a clandestine one, and consequently there were no settlements on younger children, so that any prospects I had in that way were contingent on the will my father might choose to leave. But he had always been fond of me, though he did not show his affection in the way a parent usually does; and I am not by nature at all of an anxious temper as regards money. Besides, with my natural love of study, and our family interest at the bar, I felt little fear of ultimate success. And thus the blessed dream continued uninterrupted till that fatal night, when, on returning to my lodgings after I had parted from you and your kind father, I found a letter awaiting me from mine, commanding my instant return to St. Anne's, without assigning any reason for it. My father was a man of the most despotic temper; he was, moreover, subject to violent and dangerous attacks of illness, frequently brought on by passion, or agitation of any kind. I had seen frightful instances of that in quarrels between him and my poor brother, who was nearly as violent as himself. I was his favourite son; I never had disobeyed him, and submission was constantly exacted from me. In short, though I could not guess the motive of this summons, I had no alternative but to attend to it. Part of that night, Sybil, I spent in walking before Mr. Maitland's windows, in



hopes of catching one more glimpse of you. My heart seemed to forbode evil."

"I saw you!" exclaimed Sybil; "I was sure it was you."

"Did you?" he replied, pressing her hand to his heart. "Little did either of us guess what was to follow. I have endured sufferings since then, Sybil, which even you might have accepted as avenging you upon me."

"Even I! Oh! Grantley."

"Dearest, that I knew you to be the gentlest, the most confiding of living creatures, was an aggravation of my misery. I have a long story to tell, Sybil, for nothing must be left unexplained. Shall I not weary you, love?"

"There is little danger of that, Grantley," replied Sybil, looking up in his face with one of her own early smiles, full of confiding love. He pressed his lips upon her forehead, then stealing his arm around her, and clasping her hand, went on.

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## CHAPTER VII.

"How often," said he, "will ye bring me such ill-winded pirns to ravel out?"—*Quentin Durward.*

"Mary Dunbar," said Forbes, "the young lady whose name has been so painfully mixed up with mine, was the only daughter of a distant relation of our own, who left her, at his death, to my father's guardianship, though her home was with two maiden aunts who lived near the town of —, about ten miles from St. Anne's. She inherited from her father, a younger descendant of the Duffus family, about ten thousand pounds; but there was an accursed property, in value nearly three thousand a-year, concerning which one of those stupid and cruel arrangements had been made which have so often, in former generations, sacrificed human happiness to family pride. This property had belonged to an old lady, the last of her race, who dying some twelve years ago, left a will which has been a source of misery to every one connected with her. She had only three relations living—my father, Miss Dunbar, the latter of whom stood in the nearest degree of affinity to her, and a gentleman, a proprietor in Inverness-shire; and for some foolish reasons which I need not tire your patience, dearest, by recapitulating, she thought proper to bequeath her estate to be held in trust for Mary Dunbar until she should attain the age of twenty-three, at which time it was to become hers, *provided* she should previously have married, or given her consent to marry, one of the sons of Mr. Forbes of St. Anne's, the elder son to have the preference. But in case of either party having refused to implement this bargain, the estate, with the accumu-

lated rents, was to go to the next relation, and Miss Dunbar only to receive five thousand pounds. Of course I need not add that after this my poor brother Henry was considered by my father, and the elder Misses Dunbar, as the future husband of Mary, but my father had the wisdom to say as little on the subject as possible, and as the young lady remained at school in England till she was nearly eighteen, they saw little of each other. Not long before the time when I was summoned to St. Anne's, she had returned to her aunts' house, after paying a visit of some months to a schoolfellow in Oxfordshire, and my father immediately wrote to Henry, communicating his wishes—indeed, to speak plainly, his *commands*, on the subject, while the old ladies undertook to sound their niece's inclinations. You need hardly, I suppose, be told that the negotiation proved utterly fruitless. Henry, who was not mercenary, poor fellow ! and who could not, never could, endure the shadow of constraint, positively refused to pay his addresses to Miss Dunbar, who, on the other hand, as positively assured her aunts that nothing should ever induce her to receive them if he did. This was a much more severe disappointment to the old ladies than to my father ; they wished to see their niece assume the consequence belonging to the wife of the elder son, and heir of St. Anne's, whereas, I believe my poor father, in his secret soul, rather inclined to see Mary's property devolve on me. However, there was a world of wrangling, and much that was very disagreeable, but at last they found that it was in vain to press the point on either party. Not a word of this was written to me by my father, and Henry never was a regular correspondent, so that I repaired to St. Anne's without a shadow of anticipation on the subject. I learned all too soon, Sybil. I found my father in a fearful state of excitement. This was not the only cause of my being summoned home."

"Oh ! Grantley, I can guess the cause," interrupted Sybil.

He pressed her more closely to his heart as he continued,

"Even now I can hardly bear to recur to that dreadful time, Sybil. My father, I know not how, probably through the malignant gossip of some meddling fool in Edinburgh, where he still retained correspondents and acquaintances, had received information of my attachment to you. This was the first point on which I was assailed. He commanded me instantly to resign you, on pain of being cut off with a shilling. I of course decidedly refused to do so. We had some dreadful scenes ; I will not pain you, dearest, by dwelling on them ; but at last, one day, after a violent fit of passion, he was seized by one of those terrible attacks ; his life was for some hours despaired of ; I—I was driven half distracted, Sybil, and I did at last pledge my word of honour to my father that I should not again attempt to renew our intercourse without his permission. More he could not extort

from me. But, oh ! my own Sybil, I think even you would have forgiven me if you had witnessed my sufferings."

"Forgiven you, Grantley," exclaimed Sybil through her tears. "Could you have done otherwise?"

"Angel !" he fervently whispered, "and I was compelled to wrong such a heart ! Well, Sybil, a few days of portentous calm passed on, and then the storm burst ; and I was commanded to consider myself the future husband of Mary Dunbar. To this, of course, there could be but one reply--Never ? I must hurry over some weeks of persecution. A blessed accident, as I felt it--the bursting of a gun, which gave me rather a severe hurt on the temple and brought on fever--kept me a prisoner to my room at the very time when, amongst other relations, my father received a visit from the old Misses Dunbar, bringing their niece with them. I wondered much at Mary's consenting to come, but the mystery was soon explained. My cousin Grantley just then arrived from Oxford. He is the son, the only son, of my father's only brother, who was very imprudent, and, dying young, left him almost entirely dependant on my father, by whom he had always been very kindly treated, and at whose expense he was educated, according to his own decided bias, for the English church. But as he never, save on the one occasion I alluded to awhile ago, was in Edinburgh, or at all known here, I am not surprised at his having been confounded with me. St. Anne's was his home during the vacations. As soon as I was able to see him he sought a private interview with me, and throwing himself on my *generosity* (poor fellow ! there was little need !), imparted to me the most complete instance of cross purposes that ever mocked human foresight and calculation. It seems that Mary Dunbar and he had often met at the house of this Oxfordshire friend of hers, where she spent several vacations, and where he was very intimate ; in short, the natural results followed. He struggled against his passion for her, out of honour and gratitude towards my father ; but the struggle ended, as may be guessed, and they were at this very time privately engaged to each other. Of course the fulfilment of this engagement was impossible until some church preferment, for which he was not yet ready, should accrue to him, and until Mary should reach an age when she could obtain possession of the money left her by her father. My father's learning their engagement would have been Grantley's ruin ; and I was implored, adjured, to connive at the concealment by temporizing on the subject of paying my addresses to Mary. Hopeless, heartless as I felt, fettered by my fatal promise to my father, and totally indifferent as to my own fate, I engaged to do all in my power, without deliberately deceiving my father, to assist them. I told *him* I could and would give no pledge on the subject of Miss Dunbar, and entreated that he would not press me, as there were nearly



four years still to elapse ere the conditions of the will must be complied with ; and only consented to remain at home, or to meet Miss Dunbar anywhere, on the express understanding that there should be no farther allusion to that point. With this he was obliged to comply, and some wretched months dragged on. Henry came home on leave, and added much to my troubles by his evident anxiety to promote the match. I said he was not mercenary ; but he was extravagant, and that makes men selfish ; and I believe he thought that my being amply provided for by Mary's fortune, would induce my father to leave more of his personal property to him than he could otherwise hope for. Peace be with the dead ! I will not dwell on that."

Forbes proceeded to give Sybil an account of the ball mentioned in a previous chapter, to which he had most unwillingly consented to go, not only in compliance with his father's desire, but in order, by his presence, to screen Grantley and Mary, whose last night of meeting this was to be, as the former was about to return to Oxford. He dwelt on the feelings of agony with which he himself had returned to Edinburgh, in order to complete his studies for the bar and to pass advocate, the winter after she had left it.

"Then," he said, "loathing studies which had no longer an object to animate them, and destitute of that loftier feeling of piety which taught you, my Sybil, to bow amid your sorrows to the will of Heaven, I fled from myself, plunged into company, and sought by dissipation and frivolity to dull the aching of memory. But such a life was not meant for me. I soon grew disgusted with it, and, on pretext of recovering my health, which indeed had been not a little affected by distress and anxiety of mind, I obtained permission to travel for some time. Since then I have led a life of nearly constant unhappiness, finding my only resource in study ; for my father would rarely permit me to be more than a month or two absent from the neighbourhood of Miss Dunbar, and I believe it was universally given out that we were engaged. Still, my own Sybil, I cherished the memory of you in my very heart of hearts, and never ceased to nourish a faint hope of better days. I contrived to hear something of you, too, oftener than you could believe possible. I had never loved a woman but yourself, yet I knew that I had given you too good cause to desire to forget me ; and it was therefore with little surprise, though with agony I cannot attempt to describe, that I received Seaton's intelligence of your reported marriage."

"Oh, Grantley !" exclaimed Sybil, "I cannot think how you could believe it."

"Alas ! Sybil, I had every reason to do so. You had no clue to my conduct. You, Sybil, believed that I had forgotten *you*."

"Never !" returned she, "never, till I was assured that you

were on the point of marriage. And I thought from your manner to-night that you looked as if it were true."

"Whilst I drew the same conclusion from yours! Ah, Sybil! no one need have envied me the feelings with which I then looked at you, and thought of the treasure which might have been mine; and that now, when all obstacles had left my path, an insurmountable one had risen up betwixt us, at which I had no reason, no *right* to murmur; for it had been my own apparent blame. Thank Heaven, the agony of those few minutes is over!"

"And how, Grantley, did the marriage of Miss Dunbar with your cousin come about?"

"Why," he replied, "it is not above a few weeks now to the time when Mary will attain the age of twenty-three; and, of course, her final decision was to be made this summer. Grantley was, a few months ago, presented to a living of about five hundred a-year, in England, through the interest of an old friend of his father's; and they determined, accordingly, to brave the anger of all parties, and declare their mutual engagement. Of the particulars I know nothing, for it was about that very time that I was—sent for—to London."

"I believe," continued Forbes, after a pause, "that poor Mary has much to bear from her aunts. The change in my prospects only served to irritate them more. The dreadful event in our family of course put a stop to the possibility of her marriage for a time; and I have found some comfort in knowing that my poor father never was informed, died in ignorance of this disappointment to his cherished schemes. *Now* of course there is no obstacle in their way. I fear—although Mary's husband is a Forbes, and although, in the event of my death without heirs, he would be Forbes of St. Anne's—that the law will afford her no redress in the matter of the property. She has chosen the wrong cousin," he added, with a smile, "and must abide by the consequences, but they do not seem to weigh heavily upon her mind or Grantley's. They think they have a very tolerable share of worldly gear; and, indeed, part of my errand to Edinburgh was to secure a little more for them. *We* shall have enough, Sybil; we can afford to do this act of justice. Now come, dearest, let us have a stroll round the garden once more, for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

He gently drew her arm within his own, and once more they trod their old accustomed paths together. On reaching the upper terrace walk they stopped to gaze round the beautiful and quiet scene, when Forbes pointed out to Sybil the silver rim of the young moon, now again visible over the highest branches of the trees, even as it had been four years ago.

"Now," he said, "Sybil, the circle has been completed where it began. Strange, is it not, that our lot should have been so interwoven with this particular spot and with leap year?"

"And the *Sortes Scottianæ*, Grantley?" asked Sybil. "You will show them to me now, will you not? How often I have recollected that."

"I shall show them to you, Sybil," whispered he, "after we are married; not till then. They have not been altogether right or wrong; but we shall tamper with no more *Sortes*, Sybil. Let us put our trust in the gracious Providence who has brought us thus mysteriously to meet again."

"It is only another proof, Grantley," said Sybil—"if proof were wanting—that there is no such thing as chance. It was the hand of Providence which led us both hither to-night, as surely as it is the same hand which guides the fate of empires. And it is the same hand which has conducted us both, through much severe suffering, to a trust in its power and wisdom, which otherwise we should, in all likelihood, never have attained. Instead of lamenting that the glow of unchastened youth has early vanished from us, let us adore the power which has, by that very means, bestowed a better comprehension of its own mysterious ways."

"And a temper of mind," added Forbes, "better suited to such a world as this. Ah, Sybil, what a happy home ours will be! There is an old bower in the garden at St. Anne's which has often reminded me of our favourite seat here. It must still be a little while, yet, dearest, not very long, till I show it you. It will serve to remind us of the past, Sybil, should we run any risk of forgetting it."

They lingered yet a little while in the beloved garden till Sybil, catching the sound of wheels coming up the avenue, was forced to leave it in order to meet her uncle's carriage. They parted at the door, with a whispered promise of meeting on the morrow. And on the morrow they met accordingly; nor was it long ere Grantley Forbes, as Sybil's affianced husband, leant over her once more in silent rapture, blent only with so much of melancholy recollection as to add to its intensity, and listened in the summer twilight to the notes of her guitar as they accompanied the well-remembered words of "Somebody."

The announcement of their intended marriage gave universal satisfaction. The affectionate Juliet Maitland forgave our hero even his personal attractions in consideration of his constancy, and agreed that her dear Sybil had every prospect of happiness with him; and Charles, from his distant exile, despatched the warmest congratulations to his beloved sister, and consoled himself for the loss of her as his housekeeper by anticipations that in his approaching furlough he should be able to choose one "for better or for worse," who would not be liable to being taken from him.

Grantley Forbes—the other Simon Pure—and his hard-won bride, were married a short while before the couple whose happiness they had so long unintentionally marred; and although Miss



Marjory Dunbar could never be prevailed upon to name either of them with complacency, or to accept of an introduction to Sybil, there is no record that any one else ever had cause to regret the match; and they were universally and justly believed to be as happy together as their long attachment deserved.

It was before the close of the year 1828 that Forbes and Sybil stood together in the old arbour of the garden at St. Anne's, and gazed upon the moon, rising bright and beautiful even over the nearly leafless trees that sheltered it. "She shines as if to welcome us to our home, my beloved," said Forbes, as he pressed his lovely wife to his heart. "May no future leap year ever present an omen less auspicious!"

Fluctuating as is the happiness of this world, that prayer has hitherto been heard; and forasmuch as there is a species of happiness independant of the fleeting joys and sorrows of earth—receiving the blessings of mortal life as bountiful gifts, not as necessary possessions, and looking beyond them all towards a dwelling where kindred hearts shall be united in far more complete and holy fellowship than their closest union here can give—forasmuch as there is such a species of happiness, and that such is the portion of those whose story has occupied these pages, it may perhaps be safely predicted that with them the prayer shall be heard unto the end.

## THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

OH! how can I meet thee, my own faithful wife?  
 Dost thou welcome me back with a smile?  
 Dost thou talk of past hours in our morning of life,  
 And strive my dark thoughts to beguile?  
 Ah! the tear in thine eye—it is scarcely yet dry—  
 It is *I* that have caus'd it to flow;  
 And sadly I trace, in thy beautiful face,  
 The pale records of want and of woe.

Why, why dost thou shudder? Oh, speak, my love, speak!  
 Are my looks so despairing and wild?  
 They well may be so; I have lost my last stake;  
 I have beggar'd my wife and my child.  
 But I've vow'd me a vow, I've recorded it now,  
 And no magic that vow can recall—  
 That while life shall remain, I'll not enter again  
 The foul den that has robb'd us of all.

O my own darling wife! that sweet smile and that kiss,  
 They strengthen the vow I have made;  
 Ah! how could I hope such forgiveness as this?  
 But where shall I now turn for aid?  
 "O my husband! I fear for our little one here;  
 But take *this*—'tis my own wedding-ring;  
 All else is now gone, and dread famine steals on—  
 Haste, haste some assistance to bring."

"No, I cannot take that ; I have done thee foul wrong,  
But this were a crime still more foul ;  
Ah ! I've cherish'd it fondly, I've treasur'd it long,  
And to part with it harrows my soul."  
"But take it, dear life ! the last gift of thy wife,  
And come to us quickly again ;  
We've no food and no fire, the sweet babe will expire,  
Haste, haste, or 'twill all be in vain."

"Oh, wretch that I am ! what ! my wife's wedding-ring !  
The last link of affection so dear !  
Well, well then it must ; I will hasten and bring  
Some relief to my darling ones here."  
He kiss'd her pale charms, and he rush'd from her arms,  
And he wept as he hurried along ;  
And he pass'd the vile door he'd oft enter'd before,  
And he paus'd, for temptation was strong.

"Ah ! this soon will be gone, and then what shall we do ?  
Stay—this *may* be the turn of my fate ;  
No, I cannot sin thus. Ah ! but one lucky throw—  
It may not, even yet, be too late.  
Here, again let me try ! on this cast of the dye,  
Now boldly my fortune I'll brave ;  
Death ! my last stake is gone ! Ah ! lost, ruin'd, undone !  
Now I rush to the suicide's grave !

Hold, hold my rash hand ! O my wife, my poor wife !  
Can I leave her, *thus* leave her ? ah, no !  
Though I'm sick of the world, though I'm weary of life,  
But for *her* I could brave this last blow.  
Oh ! I never can bear to behold her despair—  
My brain is all burning and wild ;  
'Tis done ! Ah ! I bleed ! God forgive the rash deed,  
And save—save—my wife and my child !"

The foregoing lines are intended to depict the dreadful force of evil habit, as exemplified in the inveterate passion for gaming. In the present instance the gambler has lost his last shilling ; and as he returns, dejected and miserable, to his desolate home, and his rejected wife and child, he makes a solemn vow never to enter a gaming-house again. He informs his wife of the final ruin which has overtaken him, and at the same time of the firm resolution he has made ; and she welcomes him back with the tenderest affection. But she and the infant are reduced to the last extremity ; they have neither food nor fire, nor any means left to procure them. Suddenly she pulls her wedding-ring from her finger, and urges him to hasten and obtain with that the means of preventing them from perishing of hunger and cold. He cannot endure the idea of making so painful a sacrifice ; but there is no alternative, and he at length consents, and hurries away from her with a promise to return immediately with the necessities so urgently required. And now mark the sad effects of gaming in hardening and utterly depraving the human heart. Proceeding to expend the money which he has procured for the ring, he unfortunately passes the door of the very house which has been the cause of all his misery and ruin. He pauses—he hesitates—and in hesitating he is, of course, lost. He thinks this little sum, should luck be now on his side (and he flatters himself it will), may be the means of more amply supplying his necessities, and ultimately of retrieving his fortunes. He enters—he hazards this *last stake*, this sacred deposit, the very life-blood of his wife and child. All is lost ; and, maddened by despair, he rushes from the fatal place to put an end to his miserable existence.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE CHILDHOOD OF JEFFREY SCAPEGRACE, ESQUIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I AM informed by old Mistress Nodder, my mother's monthly nurse, that on a certain Friday morning in the month of June, 17—, an unusual and indescribable noise issued from my mother's chamber, which will at once inform the reader that the sound alluded to announced the birth of my adventurous self. From this fact it will be evident to the enlightened reader that I made my *debut* upon this stage of existence in the every-day, common-place order of events.

My father paid Doctor Dormant his fee, which was wrapped up in a piece of white paper, immediately after which he despatched to various quarters notes, of which the following is a copy :—

“ Dear brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin, or friend, as the case might have been.

“ Friday morning, 3 o'clock.

“ I have great pleasure in informing you that Mrs. Scapegrace has just presented me with another banging boy, who is at this moment squalling like mad. My other children, who have been disturbed out of their sleep, are amazed at hearing little newcome. They say, ‘ that doctor's brought mother a baby in his pocket.’

“ Yours affectionately,

“ JEREMIAH SCAPEGRACE.”

Of course, my father's house was presently besieged with lady-visitors, who exchanged their congratulations for my mother's cordial, and my brothers and sisters on going to school on the morning of my birth told all their playmates and school-fellows “ that mother had got a pretty little baby.”

The usual cordials were administered to me on my first appearance ; my body was encased in the necessary and eternal length of bandage, which very kind offices were performed by Mistress Nodder, who, with Doctor Dormant, affirmed that the said cordials and bandages were administered and applied for the purpose of assisting nature !

Oh ! dame Nature, how ungrateful art thou ! for after all the pains-taking of the Mistress Nodders and the Doctor Dormants of the world to serve thee, thou oftentimes only recompensest thy very kind assistants with the pale faces and the emaciated bodies



of thy sons and daughters. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should insist on these kind aids to Nature being administered to the brute creation by the Doctor Dormants and the Mistress Noddors of the world. What a noble race of horses, dogs, and cattle should we then have !

After the cordials were administered, and the bandages were adjusted, I partook of some *pap* till my *titty-bottle* was ready, after which I was re-*papped* and christened.

I was dressed in a frock as long as a parson's surplice, and every stranger by whom I was nursed had particular orders to handle me carefully, and "mind my back." The awkward manner in which my father or my uncles, after partaking of cordial, took me in their arms frequently provoked the mirth of the females, who, being well practised in these matters, declared "that the men are really so awkward that they nurse the dear little *babby* as if they were handling a glass doll."

When I was christened I made a desperate noise in the church as the parson sprinkled me, and in consequence of my squalling and kicking so outrageously, his reverence actually let me slip into the font, at which my mother was so terrified that she fainted away and was conducted into the vestry, whilst Mistress Nodder with all possible speed ran home with me in order to change my clothes. With the attention of the parson and the sponsors my mother soon recovered, when all the party declared that the above accident foreboded evil.

I was rocked in a large wicker cradle, and sung to sleep, *hushed* and amused by the aid of Mistress Noddle's choice nursery rhymes, the following being her favourite pieces:—

## I.

Hush-a-by, baby bumpkin, oh !  
 Father's gone a hunting, oh !  
 For to get a rabbit-skin,  
 To wrap a baby bumpkin in.

## II.

Be-a-by a bumpkin,  
 Father's gone a hunting,  
 Sister's gone a silking,  
 Mother's gone a milking,  
 Brother's gone to seek a skin,  
 To wrap a baby bumpkin in.

I could insert a score more of the old lady's rhymes, but I fear the *philosophical* reader has already had too many of these *silly* pieces. But let him not forget, philosopher though he be, that these silly little rhymes are very apt to please silly little children.

When I was six months old my fingers were observed to be continually thrust into my mouth, in consequence of which a bone ring (India-rubber rings were not in use in those days) was attached

to my side, and my gums were rubbed with a piece of loaf-sugar, or a silver spoon, and presently my first tooth made its appearance. Like most other children, I was very cross when teething, and consequently my mother's bunch of keys were rattled in my ears to endeavour to pacify the naughty peevish boy.

I was next *short-coated*, and was presently after *weaned*, and now I took more delight than ever in making efforts to grasp in my tiny hands the light of the candle. As I before observed, I was rocked to sleep in a wicker cradle. On awaking I would lay on my back and contemplate the sky through the parlour windows, and kick and "*coo*" when my mother approached to take me from my prison-house, and as a matter of course, in order properly to exercise my lungs, I, from the hour of my birth up to the period of which I am now speaking, edified those around me with the usual interesting and extemporaneous squalling orations that infants can give such powerful effect, at which times the Godfrey's Cordial bottle was called into requisition, and my tiny body was rubbed, as it was generally considered that baby had got the stomach-ache; but Godfrey's Cordial was administered in vain, when through the negligence of Mrs. Nodder, or the person who dressed me, the point of a pin chanced to pierce my side. Finally on the subject of crying, I may remark that my *yah-has* were more vehement than ordinary when the soap and water came in contact with my face, or when a concussion took place between my head and the floor.

I was now left by myself in the parlour whilst my mother was engaged with her domestic occupations, when I amused myself by creeping about the room, which exercise was thought to be conducive to my health, and calculated to make me grow.

At ten months I began to feel my feet, three weeks after which I could stand on my legs by supporting myself with a chair, and in another month I walked round the room by taking hold of the furniture and wainscoating. Three weeks after the anniversary of my first natal day I surprised my mother by all at once taking it into my head to run across the room alone and of my own accord, after which followed the usual knocks, bumps, bruises, and consequent squallings.

Presently followed the important era of sweetmeats. Every farthing or halfpenny that I could seduce from my mother's pocket, excepting an occasional halfpenny which I gave to beggars, was expended on Bonaparte's ribs, barley sugar, or lollypop. In truth, I played my part in this *sweet* era of my existence to the no small detriment of my stomach.

How I pity those mothers who have a large family of little ones about them when sweet puddings or preserves are being made, and when sugar is about. Well do I remember the stratagems that my good mother was obliged to resort to in order to keep the

fingers of her children from "picking and stealing" the sweets. How often have I seen her place the sugar-basin in her lap in order to protect its contents from the meddling fingers of her children! how often has she been obliged to hold it over her head out of the reach of us *clambering* boys, as she conveyed it from the breakfast or tea table to the cupboard!

At three years of age I was taught on going to bed to kneel down and place myself in a devotional attitude, and repeat after my mother the Lord's prayer, after which I said,

"God bless father, mother, brothers and sisters, grandfather and grandmother, uncles and aunts, and all my little cousins, and all for whom I ought to pray. Amen." And when placed in bed I repeated the following couplet:—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
God bless the bed that I lay on."

I now kissed my mother, who generally put me to bed, and soon fell asleep. Reader, what would the man of the world or the statesman not give for the sweet repose of childhood?

Although but three years of age, I was made to place my hands together whilst my elder brothers or sisters asked a blessing or returned thanks at meal times, and generally responded to the "*amen*" at the conclusion.

The materialist or sceptic may perchance sneer at the above forms, but, despite the ridicule of scoffers, how pleasing is it to reflect that there is an Almighty being who cares for us and watches over our sleeping hours! Yes, truly there is consolation to be found in such opinions that the cold philosophy of materialism is unable to impart.

A circumstance happened when I was four years old that I recollect to this day, and which circumstance is the first event in my life's history that was impressed upon my memory. I strayed away from home by myself; how it happened I know not, but I was lost. All that I can recollect about the matter is, that I climbed up the steps of a grocer's shop door, and presently found myself in the arms of the grocer's wife, who gave me a fig, and then she went to the door to see if any person was with me. I was not discommoded, and hence I suppose I escaped the notice of the people in the streets. The grocer's wife gave me another fig, called me a fine boy, and asked me my name and where I lived. To the first question I replied, "Jeffrey Scapegrace;" her last query I was unable to answer.

When my mother missed me she became almost distracted with grief, for she was apprehensive that I had been stolen by Gipsies or beggars. She immediately sallied forth like a frantic woman in search of her lost child, and brothers, sisters, and friends were running in all directions on the same errand. The bellman was



also employed, and a messenger was despatched into the city to inform my father of the loss of his child.

The people in the streets were completely amazed at my mother as she ran along without bonnet or shawl, exclaiming, "Oh! my child! my child! I've lost my child, I've lost my dear boy, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

Some persons declared, as she ran along in this frantic manner, that my mother was mad, that she certainly had just escaped from some lunatic asylum.

The grocer and his wife knew not what to do with me; they thought, however, that the wisest plan would be to keep the lost child till they should hear some tidings of my friends, and so placed me at the dinner-table with them. Just as I had got seated for dinner the bellman was heard in the street, whereupon the grocer's wife immediately ran to the door, when the crier was giving out the following notice:—

"Lost, a child of four years of age, with dark eyes and hair; had on, a brown cotton frock, a white pinafore, and a round straw hat, and will answer to the name of Jeffrey Scapegrace. Whoever will give information to me, or to Mr. Scapegrace of — Street, respecting the same child will be handsomely rewarded."

As soon as the grocer's wife heard the first words of this notice she ran into the parlour, took me up in her arms, and delivered me to the beadle, who told her to call at my father's and he would recompense her for her trouble, and reward her handsomely besides.

When within a short distance of my father's house the beadle, bearing me in his arms, met my mother, whose joy was now as excessive as her grief was intense but a few minutes before. My overjoyed parent sprang towards me with the swiftness of an arrow, at the same time embracing me so tightly that I cried out for very pain. She now hugged, and kissed, and bathed me with her tears, calling me "her boy," "her beauty," "her lost one."

On reaching home my mother dismissed the crier, and paid him well for his trouble. My father, who did not reach home till I was found, immediately waited upon the grocer, who positively refused to accept of any reward for performing an act which he (the grocer) declared had not the least merit attached to it. The only way for my parent left to testify the respect they had for the man and woman who had restored their lost child was to deal with Mr. D—— for groceries.

I had several long and serious lectures read to me by my father and mother about the *naughtiness* of running away from home, and the next day a carpenter was sent for, who had orders to make a swing gate for the street door, to which gate a bell was attached, and now I was kept a prisoner in the house, which restraint but ill accorded with my rambling disposition. My mother now de-

clared that my noise was unbearable, as I ran my wooden horse and cart, or my wheelbarrow, up and down the house passage. When my noise became unendurable she used to send me into the yard, where I many times terrified her amazingly by climbing up to the water-butt in order to dabble and play with pieces of wood in the water.

Of an evening, after my father came home from his situation, he occasionally read or wrote up stairs in his chamber, when I was often permitted to be in the room with him. It sometimes happened that he was called away, when I frequently took advantage of his absence to scrawl in the books and on the paper that lay upon the table, and once or twice I had the misfortune to upset the ink. At these times, however, I always managed to get out of my father's way as much as possible till I fancied that my peccadillos were forgotten.

One evening my father and I were up stairs together. I was amusing myself by scribbling on a slate, whilst "daddy" was reading. A glass of rum and water was standing on the table. My parent was called down stairs upon some business whilst I was left in the room by myself, and presently mounted on to my father's chair. I soon caught the scent of the liquor and water, which I thought very nice. Not being satisfied with the smell I determined to taste, and now I considered the rum and water nicer still; so I kept on sip, sip, sip, sipping away till I had drained the glass, and of course was soon *non compos mentis*. I now made for the door, staggered out of the room, approached the stairs, and fell headlong down—bump, bump, I went down stair after stair till I was picked up at the bottom step quite insensible. I was immediately put to bed, and the next day I was extremely ill from the effects of the strong drink and the fall.

Upon another occasion when I was playing at "touch" with my brothers I fell down a flight of stone steps. This fall bruised my head very severely; in fact, the consequences of this fall are visible to this day, in the shape of a bump on my forehead. I have mentioned these trifling circumstances to the reader in order that he may attribute any sentiments expressed by me that may not accord with his or her views of right reason to the circumstance of me falling down stairs when I was intoxicated, and to my unfortunate adventure at the flight of stone steps, for, reader, my mother and my friends positively declare that my head was cracked on one of those occasions, and they very charitably impute my little eccentricity, my erratic life, and my peculiar opinions to the aberration of my mind caused by the accidents above recorded.

When my father brought home his quarter's salary he often counted it over in my presence, at which times I used to say to myself, "Oh! how I should like to have half as much money as

father's got ! I should never want no more then ; wouldn't I have lots of Bonaparte's ribs, sweetmeats, nuts, and cakes neither !" For thus is it with children—happy, light-hearted dears, they know not the value of money. But, alas ! alas ! a few short years often makes us acquainted with grief and misery. I have since that happy period of childhood felt the want and learned the value of money ; the cravings of Nature have oftentimes made me exclaim, "Oh ! that I had but one of those halfpence that I wasted when a boy wherewith to purchase a morsel of bread to satisfy my hunger." But let me not murmur, the day of my physical redemption has arrived, and I am willing to believe that all things have worked together for my good.

In the compilation of my history up to the present period I have been kindly assisted by Mistress Nodder and my mother, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking these much-esteemed ladies for their valuable services. It is my intention, however, in the following chapters to speak and write only of those things of which I myself am cognizant.

At five years of age I was sent to a "ma'am's" school, where I spent my time between learning my *A B C*, cutting young ladies' sashes, and standing on a form with a fool's cap on my head.

One morning my governess detected me in the act of sewing the frocks of Miss Taylor and Miss Butler together, for which misdemeanour I had to stand on the form till twelve o'clock. At another time I was placed on a form with a fool's cap on my head because I could not distinguish the difference between the letters *d* and *p*. On this occasion ma'am took the liberty of giving me a sound box on the ears, at the same time telling me that I was a great blockhead, that I could not tell "great A from a bull's foot," nor "bouncing B from a chest of drawers," whereupon all the little masters and mistresses of Mrs. Jenner's establishment had a good laugh at my stupidity.

Although I was but a little fellow I had a proud spirit, and my capacious heart secretly revolted against the idea of being knocked about by a woman and made the laughing-stock for "a parcel of gals." Rebellious ideas and strange thoughts entered into my tiny head and revolved in my brain for some weeks, when an opportunity presented itself for bringing my long-meditated theory into operation.

Even at so early an age the genius for mechanical pursuits developed itself in my person ; this genius I encouraged by cutting with a pair of scissors the sashes of my schoolfellows of the feminine gender, but my schoolmistress was anxious to crush these early symptoms of mechanical skill, and many were the chastisements I received for my dexterity in handling the scissors, or rather for the peculiar mode in which I chose to exercise the dexterity I possessed.



"I say, Master Scapegrace," said my governess to me one day as I stood behind Miss Croker, "I say, young gentleman, what are you doing to Miss Croker's dress with them scissors you've got in your hand?"

"Nothing, if you please, ma'am," I replied.

Just at this moment Miss Croker suddenly arose from her seat, and exclaimed,

"La, bless me if Master Scapegrace arnt cut my sash in two! I thought I felt him doing something to my dress!" and then the young lady took her divided sash and showed it to Mrs. Jenner.

That lady was of course very wrath at my conduct, and exclaimed,

"Master Scapegrace, come here this minute, sir."

To this summons I made no reply, but stood as quiet as a mouse, with my head hanging down like a criminal at the bar.

"Do you hear, sir? come to me this minute, and don't stand there with your head hanging down like a bulrush," repeated the old schoolmistress.

"But I shan't though," I muttered to myself.

"If you don't come to me instantly, sir, it will be all the worse for you."

I still continued mute, but had resolved upon the mode of action I intended to pursue.

"So you won't come, won't you?" said my mistress, as she advanced with the cane. "Now, sir, I'll teach you to mind when I speak to you; there, sir, take that, and that for your obstinacy," said the old lady, as she kept laying the cane on my back. This was the signal for me to bring my long-meditated theory into practice; so without saying a word I closed in upon my governess and hit her hard right and left. Her spectacles soon flew off her nose on to the floor, and she was now imploring help of Miss Jay and Miss Bonner, two of the tallest girls in the school, who, however, with my other schoolfellows, appeared as if panic-struck at my proceedings.

After a bit of a scuffle with the old lady I ran down stairs and went home, and was ever after prohibited by Miss Jenner from entering her "seminary for young ladies."

This exclusion, however, was no punishment to me, for I liked anything better than school. Unfortunately for my mother I had become a very unruly boy. The only system upon which my too-easy parent could manage, or rather mismanage, me at this period of my life was upon the *bribery system*; my obedience was *purchased*—by the bye, a very injurious and expensive method of securing the good behaviour of children.

I often made a great noise, and committed as much mischief as possible, in order that I might be bribed. One day, being particularly noisy and tiresome, my mother very naturally remon-

strated with me for my bad conduct. I at once told her that if she would give me a halfpenny I would be a good boy. The stipulated sum was presently forthcoming, for my parent considered herself very fortunate if she could procure peace on such very easy terms. My mother's *bribe* was immediately expended in apples, which were presently devoured, and I was soon as noisy as ever.

"You know, Jeffrey," said my mother, "that you promised to be quiet when I gave you the halfpenny. Oh! what a naughty boy you are not to mind what I say to you."

Just at this moment there was a man passing up the street with a lot of clay lambs on a board, which he was recommending to the score or more of little urchins by whom he was surrounded by singing the following triplet:—

"Two for a penny young lambs to sell,  
If I had as much money as I could tell,  
I wouldn't cry young lambs to sell."

"There, mother," said I, as I peeped through the window at the man and his clay lambs, "there, if you'll buy me two of them there lambs, I'll be a good boy all the afternoon—upon my word I will."

My request was instantly complied with, and I soon broke one of my lambs, and got tired of the other, and presently began my pranks again. My patient mother once more reminded me of my promise, and moreover threatened to give me a *good basting*; she, however, seldom succeeded in carrying such threats into execution, for my legs proved very serviceable to me in evading the cane.

A man now entered our street with a basket of nuts, which he cried in the following musical strain:—

"Upper and under good jaw work,  
Crack 'em and try 'em before you buy 'em,  
A penny a pint good jaw work."

"There, mother," said I, on hearing the above sound, "if you'll let me have a halfpenny worth of nuts I'll be good till bed-time; they'll last me for hours."

My too-easy and over-indulgent parent again complied after she had extorted from me promises of better behaviour; but, alas! my promises were like the shells of the nuts I was cracking—made to be broken, for ere bed-time arrived I was at fault again.

Reader, I am now a parent myself. I often reflect upon the folly—true it was an amiable folly—that my mother was guilty of in thus indulging her children when they were young. Parents, take warning from what I have just related. Be kind to your children, but be firm. Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay. See also that your love be enlightened by philosophy.

An old charwoman occasionally came to our house for the purpose

of cleaning about. This woman was a very superstitious old dame, entirely unfit to be admitted into the company of children. She was ever talking to us children about "bogies," "black holes," and "witches," and delighted in repeating ghost stories. Mothers, I must again pause to warn you, as you love your offspring, not to suffer any person to enter your houses who is guilty of talking to children about ghosts, witches, or goblins.

Another summer's sun again shone upon my head. Summer, a season almost universally admired, is, however, more particularly welcome to the mother of a numerous family of young children, for at this season of the year the little ones can play in the street, or garden, or ramble in the fields, and thus afford the careworn mother an opportunity of enjoying intervals of rest and quietude within doors.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO MY DEPARTED MOTHER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

OH! now that resignation's lenient power  
Hath heal'd the pang of that soul-harrowing hour  
When first I learnt that thou wert really gone,  
And I was left alone to hopeless mourn;  
When I, despite of fond credulity,  
Was forced to feel, to own, my misery,  
I courage have to meditate on thee,  
And search the hallowed depths of memory!  
Its holy precincts I approach with awe,  
And one by one its sacred relics draw  
From out the sorrow-guarded magazine  
(Around which funeral cypress darkly twine).  
What priceless treasures love hath garner'd there!  
Thy deep devotion, thy unwearied care,  
Thy constant patience in each wayward mood,  
That added *weight* unto affliction's rood!  
Thy gentle smile is as a thing enshrined  
To shed a gladness on the aching mind;  
Thy mellow voice an echo doth impart  
Of joy ecstatic round my throbbing heart,  
As if it breathed a blessing still for me!  
My tender mother! it was God's decree  
That thou shouldst go and I should here remain  
To weep for thee, alas! how long, how vain  
To wish thee back, that I might now atone  
The heedless negligence too often shown.  
While I possess'd thee it seem'd I did all  
Affection could; yet, ah! how short doth fall



*To my Departed Mother.*

Love's calculation now ! The poor amount  
 Deluding flattery does scarcely count,  
 For conscience, busy with recurring thought,  
 Condemns each effort that I made as nought  
 Compared to what I might, to fond evince  
 The gratitude, her due, with tears paid since.  
 Yet, O my mother ! ever most benign,  
 Thou wilt recall, in yon blest heaven of thine,  
*Only* the reverence I show'd to thee,  
 And all omissions freely pardon me.  
 Forgiveness *was* to thy meek breast innate ;  
 And angels' intercourse will not abate  
 The fervour of the feeling God approves,  
 And they who most observe it mostly loves !

Say, hast thou, mother, met in worlds of bliss  
 The gentle spirits so deplor'd in this ?  
 The husband, sons—my cherub babes are *there*.  
 Oh ! let them in the sweet re-union share !  
 Protect them till I *come*. Oh ! them embrace,  
 And in their lineaments thy daughter's trace,  
 When she—ah ! woe the change !—beside thy knee,  
 Prayed in the innocence of infancy,  
 Scanning thy face with her inquiring eyes,  
 To learn more of thy *lauded* Paradise.  
 Ah ! would that thither, mother, I had sped,  
 Ere infant artlessness for ever fled !  
 Oh ! the hard schooling that the heart must bear,  
 The blight of hope, the frenzy of despair,  
 The rending up of every tender tie,  
 Which roots it firmly to felicity.  
 Life's brightest blossoms scatter'd round an urn,  
 To which the finger of the *dead* doth turn,  
 It must, perforce, endure, ere it attain  
 For human suffering a cold disdain.  
 Or, rather, a submission, such as thou,  
 My Christian mother, taught, who yet didst bow  
 Thy willing neck unto the destin'd yoke,  
 Nor ever one impatient murmur spoke.  
 Mother, thy love was great, but greater far  
 Thy fair example, now my guiding star,  
 Pointing to glory ; lighting the drear way  
 That I must reach to gain eternal day !  
 My soul, like a young bird strong on the wing,  
 The clogs of earth away triumphant fling  
 At that seraphic thought, and soars on high,  
 To meet thee, O my mother, in the sky !

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## THE FAIRY WORLD.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

THE fairy world, the fairy world,  
With all its fancies bright,  
I would I were a child again,  
To hail its lustrous light !

I would I could again believe,  
As I was wont of old,  
In all the glad, fresh memories,  
Its haunting dreams unfold.

In all those moonlight frolicings  
Beneath some favour'd tree—  
How blest I deem'd the silent stars,  
That joyous sight to see !

The mossy cups, at morning fill'd  
With midnight's sparkling dew,  
Were hallow'd things, for they'd been press'd  
By fairy lips, I knew.

I knew where good king Oberon  
Assembled all his train ;  
The brightest greensward spots of earth  
Were his—a rich domain !

There was a fount, an ancient fount,  
With ivied weeds o'ergrown,  
It stood amid the pathless woods,  
Anchorite-like, alone.

The sparkling waves leap'd as of yore  
Exulting to their bed,  
In the cool, perfumed light, that stream'd  
Through branches overhead.

'Twas there the fair Titania held  
Her court so blithe and free,  
Surrounded by the elfin throng—  
A joyous company.

Around in sweet luxuriance  
Wild thyme and harebells grew ;  
It look'd so meet a trysting place,  
How could I doubt it true ?

Then came the boons so rich and rare  
To favour'd mortals given;  
What joy was his might entrance gain  
Into the fairy heaven.

Ah, me! what years of strife and change,  
Of storm and darkness too,  
Have pass'd, dear Jenny, since I learn'd  
Those legends wild from you.

When, nothing doubting all I heard  
Thy willing lips repeat,  
I sat with lifted face and hands,  
And heart too, at thy feet.

There was not near our happy home  
A woodland nook or dell,  
But thou hadst peopled with bright shapes,  
Too bright on earth to dwell.

Thou'lt have to answer, mine old nurse,  
For many a fancy wild,  
For many a vain imagining  
That has misled thy child.

Those shapes of light, those joys so rare,  
Alas! how little true!  
What had their deathless loveliness  
With our dark world to do!

Ah! change of changes wrought by years  
In all the faith of old!  
How vain are those bright visions now,  
How lifeless and how cold!

The greensward where the fairies trod  
Is strew'd with earthly graves;  
And where wild flowerets bloom'd of yore  
The mournful cypress waves!

The fairy world, the fairy world,  
With all its fancies bright,  
I would I were a child again  
To hail its lustrous light!

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## BERNARDO PERRONE.

## CHAPTER I.

'Twas on a lovely morning about the close of the month of May, 1780, that a young man was seen wending his way up the difficult passes of Vesuvius. From his garb he appeared to be one of the numerous guides who earn their livelihood by taking visitors to see the crater of this celebrated volcano. He was tall and slender, but on a nearer view appeared muscular; that, notwithstanding his slender looks, he gave you an idea of a man who could endure a great deal of hardship.

His face was strongly marked with determination; he had a large flashing black eye, that seemed to scan everything as though it were beneath him. His nose was of that peculiar shape some people call aquiline; his mouth was small and well formed, with a strong, determined cast about it that you seldom see in the inhabitants of the clime he lived in. His light auburn hair flowed down in glossy curls over his collar, and gave him altogether the appearance of one far above the station his dress denoted. He paused a few moments as he reached the brow of an eminence a few hundred feet below the summit, and placing a small instrument to his lips gave a shrill whistle. Immediately half-a-dozen men sprang from a small cavity in the side of the mountain, and bowing low awaited his commands.

"Well, Paolo," said he to the elder of them, "hast heard anything more of this old count?"

"Yes, signor, I hear he is coming over the pass yonder, accompanied by his daughter and a large escort, on his way to Salerno. He carries the warrant for your apprehension with him."

"Well, let him carry it," said Perrone; "I'll be bound he will not take it with him half his journey. You, Paolo, must go with four of your comrades to the far side of the pass, and I will stay at this side with three more trusty fellows, and we will try if we cannot stop this old man and his armed escort. Oh, oh! I suppose the old fool thinks he will have me in his power now. He has got the warrant, but we will try if we cannot turn the scales." So saying he vanished into the cave followed by his men.

Our scene now changes. It is midnight; one of those beautiful nights that are seldom seen except in the delightful clime of Italy. The sky was clear and the stars twinkled as bright as diamonds in the blue transparent firmament; everything seemed wrapped in silence; not a sound disturbed the death-like stillness

that prevailed, except the fall of a small stream as it dashed along between the crags of the mountain, and fell with a continued splash on the rocks below. After awhile, however, a dull rumbling sound broke upon the ear, as the noise of some heavy vehicle going at a quick speed, and in a moment after a carriage was seen to pass the top of the hill, accompanied by four men on horseback armed to the teeth. They were going at a furious pace along the narrow road when all at once the leading horses stumbled and fell. All was confusion in a moment; the escort dismounted, but they had scarce set their feet on the ground when they were felled to the earth, and with a loud shout five men rushed to the carriage.

"Now, old gentleman, be quick out," said Perrone; "we have no time to lose; it will soon be daylight, and it would not suit my purpose to be here."

"Take that, you villain," said the furious old count, making a tremendous lunge at him with his sword through the carriage-door, which luckily for Perrone he escaped by jumping backwards, and the count, with the force of his blow, fell off his carriage steps head foremost to the ground.

"No, no," laughed Perrone; "I suppose you thought you would save the executioner some trouble by taking the law into your own hands; but come, we must put a stop to this mummery. Here, lads, just carry this old crackbrain and his daughter to our quarters, and we will try if we cannot bring him to his senses, while I send the carriage on its way back."

"Hold!" cried the count. "If ye will but let me go I will give you half my fortune; it will serve ye better than taking me."

"Yes, yes," answered Perrone; "and I suppose as soon as you get back to Naples you will set your myrmidons upon our track. No, it won't do; carry him away, lads."

And, notwithstanding all his prayers and entreaties, he was safely lodged in the cave.

"Where have you placed this old man's daughter?" said Perrone, on his return, to one of the band.

"I ordered her to be put in the secret cave at the back of the magazine; I thought she would be safe there, and far enough from her father."

"All right," said Perrone, following the direction of the apartment pointed out. "Let no one disturb us, Hinlio; I would get to know where this warrant is."

So saying he entered the cell where the young girl was confined. She was sitting upon a small wooden bench with her head resting pensively upon her hands, and tears were seen to trickle down between her fingers and fall upon the ground at her feet.

She raised her head as Perrone entered, and casting a sorrowful look at him, inquired what they had done with her father.

"Do not distress yourself about him, lady; I will take care that he is kept safe and sound, but first of all I want to know where this warrant is kept for my apprehension."

"That can I not tell you, for my father does not disclose all his business matters to me; if you wish to know aught of it you must go to him."

"I have been to him already, lady, but cannot get a word from him about it. He had better deliver it up, or his life I cannot answer for; my men are already clamouring to have their revenge for the injury he did our comrades he captured some months back. I can assure you he is no favourite in these quarters."

"And would you let them take an old man's life because he did his duty to his country? Shame! are ye such cowards as to murder a man in cold blood? I thought even such men as ye had noble minds."

"Now, madam, you wrong us," said Perrone; "we do not wish to take this old man's life. If he will give up the warrant, and promise to get our comrades released he shall pass from here unmolested; if not, I will not answer for him."

"Will you allow me to go and persuade him," said Beatrice (such was her name); I think I can bring him to think different of this affair; I see your motives are honourable towards us."

"Certainly," said Perrone, leading the way to a cell at the other end of the cave. "I will give you half an hour, and if in that time you can persuade him, well and good; but mind, he will not have such another chance of escape; I am doing more now than my men will think right, I know."

Half an hour had scarce elapsed when Beatrice came out of her father's place of confinement and placed in the hands of Perrone the fatal document, promising that her father would do all in his power to release his comrades.

The old count and his daughter were then placed between three guides, and the escort commenced their journey to Naples. The prisoners, however, were blindfolded for fear they might remember the way they had been led and return in a rather different way than they left. However, we must leave them to proceed on their journey, while we return to our hero.

He was pacing up and down before the mouth of the cave like a caged lion; his brows were bent as if in deep thought.

"Why did I let her go while I had her in my power?" said he, speaking to himself. "I have followed this girl wherever she went; I have spent hours in Naples in the midst of my greatest foes merely to see her, and now, when I had clutched the prey, I have been idiot enough to let her go. Well, well, perhaps I may get a chance again."



## CHAPTER II.

Our scene changes to the city of Naples. It is all in a commotion; the streets are crowded with anxious faces listening to the account of the capture of Count — by a band of robbers on his way to Salerno. A small band of military is passing up the principal street headed by the old count himself, going in search of this band of marauders. Instead of releasing the comrades of Perrone, as he had promised, he was going to bring the others to justice.

"What is all this commotion about?" said a young man stepping to a crowd of men. "Is the world coming to an end, or are we all going to be murdered? there might be something very grand, or else very awful, going to appear. What is it?"

"What! is it possible you have not heard," said one of the crowd; "Bernardo Perrone stopped old Count — with about fifty men, and after murdering all his escort they took him and his daughter prisoners, and only let them go on condition that they should have a large ransom. But however, he will unroost the ferrets, I know. He has just gone up the street with as many men as would swallow Perrone and all his band together."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed Perrone (for it was he). "I think he will have a job before him; but I must say good morning, friends, for I have urgent business in hand."

"I say, lad," said one tall fellow, "I have a suspicion that fellow is Perrone himself, or one of his band."

"If I thought so," said another, "I would call the police; but however, I will follow him and see where he goes."

Perrone at that moment turned the corner of the street, but when his pursuer got there he could not see anything of him; and well he might not, for he had turned into a large mansion, and pursuing his way up a winding staircase demanded of a domestic whether the lady Beatrice was at home.

Having been answered in the affirmative, he desired the man to inform her that a gentleman wished an audience for a few moments.

"Shall I say what name, signor?" said the man.

"Oh, no! 'twill not matter."

After a few moments the domestic returned and desired Perrone to follow him.

He led him along a large corridor to a door, which being open showed him a room furnished in the most splendid style of the day.

The servant announced the guest, and Perrone was ushered

into the presence of her who was so lately his captive in a cave in a wild part of the mountains surrounding the city.

"Ah!" said Beatrice. "What, you here! are you aware that my father seeks your life, and is even now on his way to our place of concealment to bring you and your companions to justice?"

"Yes, lady, I was aware of his intentions ere he commenced his march. Do you think that we should trust to chance? But let him go; I defy him either to find any of my band, or even the place in which you were concealed. However, this is not my errand. I am now going to give up my lawless life. Will you intercede for the life of one who would give up all for you? Yes, Beatrice, if I may so call you. The outlaw Perrone has long burned with a devouring passion for Beatrice de Ferrara. One of the outcasts who has forfeited his life sues for it at the feet of one who so late was his captive."

A deep flush spread itself over the face of Beatrice as he poured forth such impassioned words, and with a trembling voice she desired him to rise.

"I will do all I can for you, Bernardo; but you know my father's fiery disposition. I would not put myself in his way for a day or two, because his anger will not cool for awhile; however, be sure that if thy life can be saved by my interference thou art safe."

"Thanks, lady, thanks; I would rather receive pardon through thy intercession than through the intercession of a queen. Farewell! I hope ere long we shall meet again." And walking up to Beatrice, he imprinted a burning kiss upon her hand, and vanished from the room.

Three days afterwards the old Count —— was sitting in his study pondering over the events that had so lately passed, when a domestic rushed into the room to tell him that the villain Perrone had been arrested that morning, having been betrayed by one of his band.

"Oh! Master Bernardo, now I have you in my power, have I?" said the old man, chuckling in his glee. "Order the carriage, Marco, and I will go see how this wild bird looks cooped up in a stone cage; he will not be quite so high and mighty now the scales are turned. Be quick, Marco; I long to have a glimpse of him. By Saint Mary, but I will have the rascal's head ere sunset to-morrow."

"Thou liest," said a deep sonorous voice behind him.

He turned quickly round, but could not see any one. He drew his sword and rushed to the door, but although the corridor leading from the room was very long, he could not catch a glimpse of the intruder.

The carriage at that moment drove up to the door, and the

count jumping into it ordered it to be driven quickly to the jail, conjuring his brain all the time to think who it was could have escaped him so easily in his own mansion.

"Well," said he, as he entered the prison of Perrone, "does this little cage suit you as well as the one you were so kind as to show me through in the hills—ay, young man? I suppose you thought yourself safe when you got the warrant, but you see the sharpest men are sometimes mistaken."

"Yes, count, it is all very well to talk in that way now that I am in your power. You would not have said so much a few days back; but the scales are turned, and I suppose you think you have a license to do as you like. Well, do your worst; you can but take away my life, and that I care very little for, if it were not for leaving one being who will curse the man that takes it."

"Pooh, pooh, man, thou'rt raving; there is not a soul in the country that will not consider it a blessing to get rid of thee. But however, it is no use bandying words with thee now; thou hast very little time for aught but prayers, for thou wilt lose thy head to-morrow, as sure as thy name is Perrone."

"If I do," said Perrone, "thou wilt lose what thou dost little think. Thou wilt lose thy only child, old man; so there will be a little consolation."

"Ho! turnkey," shouted the count, "you had better put this prisoner the strait-jacket on; he appears to be losing his senses, and that would be a pity, as he will be cut short by the head so soon. Good bye, young man; we shall meet again to-morrow."

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### CHAPTER III.

'Twas on the morning of the fifth of June—the morning but one after the scene in our last chapter—that the large square in front of the prison was filled with silent spectators, waiting to see a sight that had not been acted there for many years. The old bell upon the prison tower was sending out a deep muffled sound as though it were ringing for the dead. The guard paced about in front of a scaffold covered with black cloth. Every window and house top in sight of the scaffold was crammed with spectators, everything having a gloomy appearance.

Just as the clock struck eight the mournful procession moved from the prison gates, and wended its way towards the scaffold. First came the executioner, with his axe turned with the edge towards the prisoner; then came the prisoner himself, followed by a priest carrying a silver crucifix, and then a long train of turnkeys, policemen, and guards, who always attend on such mournful



occasions. The prisoner mounted the steps of the scaffold with a firm step, and having knelt down the priest held up the crucifix, and they prayed together the last prayer that he must say in this world. After the prayer Perrone laid his head upon the block, and the axe was raised ready to strike when the priest (which was no other than Beatrice), drawing a pistol from his belt, shot the executioner dead upon the spot. Immediately fifty pistols gleamed in the sun; there was a sharp report, and the guards went rolling one over the other in the greatest confusion, and when the smoke had cleared away the prisoner and priest had vanished.

All was confusion; the soldiers lay on the ground either dead or dying; the crowd rocking to and fro like a troubled sea; every face seemed filled with astonishment, and it was this confusion that enabled Perrone and his band to escape unobserved from the crowd.

Our tale is drawing to a close.

We will now carry our readers to the delightful mountains of Switzerland.

There is a beautiful little villa crowned the summit of one of the smaller hills near the outskirts of Lansanne. It was built by a young man who had suddenly come into those, attended by a young girl (a few years before). No one knew where they had come from. The dark complexion of the female bespoke her of Italian connection, but the man seemed a mixture of a colder clime.

People wondered for a short time, as they generally do, and when they find they can make nothing out, like very rational beings, rest themselves content. The young people were married, lived comfortably, seemed in very good circumstances, and so the public mind was satisfied.

I suppose the reader ere this will have guessed who this couple were. It was Perrone and Beatrice. Perrone had dismissed his band and retired to Lansanne, where he lived amidst a charming family to a good old age.

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## THE SEDUCER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

[Of all the various crimes which spread their baneful influence through society, and contaminate with their subtle poison the very springs of domestic happiness, there is none more base and unmanly, none more destructive, than that of *seduction*. It would be well were the seducer, before he engages in his vile schemes, to reflect upon all the *probable* and all the *possible* consequences. How many parents, and especially how many widowed mothers, have died of

broken hearts! How many young and blooming sisters, in themselves exemplary and blameless, have been covered with shame, and injured or ruined in their future hopes and prospects! And, alas! how many victims of that compound of mean treachery, fraud, and falsehood, which constitutes the cowardly character of the seducer, have, through one fatal lapse, perished in the very spring-time of life and loveliness! How many of these have pined and died of lingering consumption or of broken hearts! How many, unable to endure the bitter anguish of despised affection and blighted hope, have rushed unbidden upon an awful eternity! And, ah!—far more than these—what countless myriads, surviving their first disgrace, have gone on from step to step in the paths of infamy; and after enduring all the sad vicissitudes of shame, want, sickness, and remorse, have perished miserably in the garret or the street, ruined alike in mind and body, and too often making shipwreck of the immortal soul! Surely such considerations as these ought to make the seducer pause in his heartless and profligate career.

The following lines were suggested by an *authentic* case which occurred some time ago, although its minuter circumstances have not been followed out. The brother of a London banker prided himself upon aping all the fashionable vices and frivolities of the day, and (as his means were limited) playing the great man upon a small scale. He took a private box at one of the *minor* theatres, disported himself in the saloon, and, not content with that, applied himself (as far as in him lay) to the destruction of female innocence, the ruining and breaking up of happy family circles, and the poisoning of all the well-springs of social life at the fountain-head. The beautiful victim of his depravity (in the case alluded to) sent to him from the dying bed, to which his villany and her own confidingness speedily brought her, to pay her a final visit—doubtless in the hope that he might be deterred from following the same abandoned courses for the future, by witnessing their tragical end. But *she* comprehended not the mould in which the *seducer's* heart is cast. *Her* error had been the sad result of one unguarded moment; she knew not, or she forgot, that *his* was of a very different kind. She forgot that *his* crime was the result of deep design, of deliberate treachery and falsehood—the cool contrivance of a base and wicked heart. He attended the mournful summons; he witnessed all the misery and the ruin he had wrought, and he received the last farewell from her dying lips; and, will it be believed, that some time afterwards, when she was sleeping in the quiet grave, he related the whole to a friend not quite so depraved as himself, and related it, without one sign of compunction or remorse, as a rather clever and creditable exploit!! The unmanly coward's head and heart (to say nothing of his propriety or his good taste) were both exactly on a par. He had resorted to neither pistol nor poison; he had not laid himself under the lash of the *criminal* law; and his perverted head did not at all perceive, nor his obdurate heart feel, that he was a MURDERER, and that, too, of the *cruellest*, the *meanest*, and the *basest* kind.]

'Tis night, dark night! the gay and busy throng  
Have well nigh vanish'd from the silent street,  
Save some that haste with hurrying steps along,  
As from the festive scene they now retreat—  
Or rout, or theatre—on home intent;  
And some, perchance, on *darker* purpose bent.

'Tis midnight! Now the loose, the lawless prowl,  
And haste to deeds that shun the light of day;  
Some to the gaming-house, or dens as foul,  
To rob and cheat, to ruin and betray;  
And some to guiltier deeds, if such may be.  
Ha! prostrate at yon door, what do I see?

'Tis woman's fragile form—ah, piteous sight !  
So wan and pale, and yet so wondrous fair !  
How that dark eye, and radiant brow of light  
Shine through the mazes of her raven hair !  
Ah, see ! she moves, she bends her head, and sighs,  
And cradled on her breast an infant lies.

Hush ! hark ! she speaks, she strives her tale to tell ;  
'Twas brief ; a wretch his deep designs had laid ;  
He vowed eternal truth ; *she*, trusting, fell ;  
He was forsworn ; *she* ruined and betrayed ;  
And dying now, to her seducer's door  
She dragg'd her fainting frame, she could no more.

What ! ho there ! help within ! haste, or she dies !  
Ah, murderer ! come and view thy work of guilt !  
*A murderer—I !* Yes, there thy victim lies ;  
Gaze on that wasted form ; no blood is spilt ;  
Thou hast not marr'd the lilies of her skin ;  
*Her* wound lies deeper far, and bleeds *within*.

Help, help ! make haste ! now gently move her hence,  
Wrap round that cloak, support her drooping head.  
Alas ! no pulse, no sign of life or sense ;  
Hush ! with that deep-drawn sigh her spirit fled ;  
While the poor babe that on her bosom lies  
Is all unconscious that a mother dies.

Ah, faithless love ! that mocks the sacred name,  
That, smiling, stabs, and kills by slow decay ;  
With what dire pangs of grief, and want, and shame,  
It racks the soul, and wears the heart away !  
Tortures prolonged as keen ; an open foe  
Had dealt a speedier and a kinder blow.

Now, murderer, gaze thy fill ; ha ! dost thou start ?  
Well may the piteous sight thy bosom rend ;  
For see, press'd closely to her broken heart,  
The last vile letter that thy falsehood penn'd ;  
And folded here within a lock of hair,  
If that be *thine* it has no business there.

Hence, traitor, hence ! Go, base assassin, go !  
For thy dark soul shall come the reck'ning day,  
That gave to trusting love the coward blow,  
That smiled to stab, and lied her life away !  
Though *human* laws drop here th' avenging rod,  
Thou stand'st convicted at the bar of God.

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ADVENTURER.

### CHAPTER I.

My birth, parentage, and education.

"Rupert," said my mother, "you look tired. Are you not well?"

"It is nothing my mother," I replied. "The weather is hot and oppressive, and my head aches painfully."

"Go to bed, child; bed is the best cure for the headache."

"Ay," said my father, "it is only in bed that Rupert is in his element. This working-day world of ours is not dainty enough for a gentleman of his complexion. He is too great a man to work in the fields like his less delicately bred father. Would to Heaven that old Sir Hugh, when he graciously consented to stand as godfather to the son of a poor man, had not extended his condescension any further, and instead of troubling himself with giving his godchild an education for which his position in life unfitted him, had left the boy to the care of his natural protector, his own father; it had been more profitable both for the lad and for me."

Foreseeing the approach of a storm, and not having any violent intention to hear a parent's reproaches for the hundred and first time, I pleaded the excuse of my headache, and beat a retreat to my own chamber. To tell the truth, I was glad of any excuse to withdraw, as that I had destined to be the last I should spend at home, and was in reality more troubled with the heart than the headache; for, however I might strive to blind myself to the fact, now that the time of my departure drew near, I experienced the impossibility of leaving the most uncomfortable of homes without some feeling of regret.

My father had reason on his side when he complained of the conduct of his wealthy landlord, Sir Hugh Brantome. It was unwise, nay it was positive cruelty, for a gentleman of fortune to make a poor yeoman's son the companion, in school and out of school, of his own child. Rupert Brantome and I—my foster-brother had to thank his majesty for his Christian name as I had my playfellow—were like the infant princes in the Winter's Tale, as "twinn'd lambs." The studies, games, childish joys and sorrows of the one had been alternately the griefs, woes, and gladsome merriment of the other. So matters went on till we both attained our sixteenth year; it was then concluded time for my foster-

brother to enter one of the universities, and to Oxford, therefore, we went. I was returned on my father's hands, who in the interim had prospered, and was now a wealthy farmer, as farmers went in those days. The good man had no cause to thank Sir Hugh for his tardy gift; I was either incorrigibly dull or incorrigibly indolent. The second, I am inclined to think, was the better conjecture. The fact was, I considered myself ill-used; I had acquired under Sir Hugh's roof the tastes of a gentleman, and a gentleman I resolved to be. Had the Lady Eleanor Brantome lived, or my tutor, Sir Hugh's late chaplain, not recently obtained preferment, my dismissal probably had not been so unceremonious. But Sir Hugh not being himself inconvenienced with fine feelings imagined every one else to be equally happily circumstanced. I had taken to Latin and the humanities to further his convenience, and they had been found to agree with me, why should not the plough equally suit my constitution? But unfortunately to the plough I was resolved not to go, and after a few months' mutual bickerings and upbraidings I determined to execute a project I had long contemplated, and, like another Quixote, seek my adventures.

Seek my adventures! there was magic in the bare idea. I was, I felt convinced, a gentleman in mind and education, if not by birth. I felt, too, that the world was my oyster which only required courage and ambition to open and turn to my particular advantage. In this view I was confirmed by the many books I had read, or rather devoured; for my reading had not been confined to the conventional class books that are put into the hands of every school-boy, but the extensive miscellaneous collection in the library of — Hall had been rummaged and routed by my hands from moth and rust, and books that the divine passed over with sorrow, and the scholiast with scorn, found in me a new and ardent admirer. Chronicles, biographies, travels, and above all, romances—the chivalrous fantastic romances, the delight of the expiring feudal age, were read by me with avidity, and served to pass only too agreeable the long and dreary winter evenings. I found that the heroes of the tales and histories in which I especially delighted, the gentle knight, the unscrupulous baron, the bold outlaw, the wily prelate, the founders and preservers of kingdoms and dynasties, the Rollo, Becket, Saladin, Rienzi, and Wolsey, were not men of title and family, but beings whom indomitable courage and perseverance had raised to their proud eminence—and was I, whose opinion of my own ability was not the most modest in the world, to sit down tamely and pass my existence in inglorious tending of sheep and fattening of oxen? Forbid it, Heaven! What was the precise object of my ambition, whether I was to distinguish—it is a wonder I did not say immortalize—myself as a warrior, a poet, or a statesman, I had not quite

determined, but my case was not singular, and with all the vanity and self-sufficiency of sixteen I rested satisfied that I had but to choose to succeed in any walk of life. If this were ignorance it was certainly bliss, and with full faith in the present I resolutely refused to listen to the voice of a certain inward monitor, who occasionally and uninvited disagreeably hinted at the possibility of failure.

The reader will confess I was in the right mood to depart on so excellent and fruitful a scheme. Nothing short of actual experience could benefit or convince me of its fallacy. My position became daily more insupportable, and the sooner I put into practice my intention of being independent of parental control the better for all parties. It will be asked why, on first finding myself uncomfortable at home, I did not write to my young friend and companion at Oxford, representing to him my forlorn condition and asking for his interference, or at least his advice. To this I will answer that in the first place I was too proud to complain even to my own foster-brother, and in the second the gorgeous chimeras I had conjured up, the magnificent dreams that haunted me day and night, urged me to follow the bent of my wild imaginings, and place reliance on myself alone. A circumstance that had occurred this morning determined me to delay my projected departure no longer. I had met by chance old Sir Hugh, who thought a favourable opportunity presented itself for giving me a lecture on my not taking more kindly to the paternal occupation, and commented in rather strong language on my undutiful behaviour. The lord of Brantome having concluded what he thought a remarkably apt and admirable discourse on the evil effects of idleness, then turned to a more agreeable theme—his only son.

"Do you know, Osborne, I heard from your foster-brother's tutor last night? he tells me your old crony, Rupert, has passed his examination most satisfactorily, and has gained the —— scholarship."

Shall I confess that on hearing the joyful intelligence of my friend's success the demon of envy entered my heart! Here was I, his equal in everything but in the accident of birth, doomed to pass my best days in drawing water for cattle while my companion was gaining honours at college and winning golden opinions from all kinds of men. This at once decided me, and I left Sir Hugh, resolved to quit my home with daybreak.

I had flung myself on my bed on entering the chamber, which was to call me master for the last time, but it was all in vain that I attempted to forget everything in sleep. Excitement kept me awake.

Presently my poor mother entered to see if her sick son, of whom she at least was proud, were experiencing the blessings of her sovereign remedy for headache. I feigned to be asleep, and



felt the kiss of the worthy creature as she leant over my bedside and half audibly breathed a prayer for the welfare of her firstborn, and, happy in beholding my apparent easy slumbers, she gently left the chamber. I never saw her more.

The sun had not risen ere I had buckled my knapsack on my back, and with stealthy steps, which unpleasantly reminded me of the movements of a thief, had left my father's house. The fresh air restored me to my spirits, which had failed me when most needed, and I now jogged on the footpath way as merrily as Antolycus himself could desire. Presently the sun broke forth and added to my self-complacency, which had wonderfully soon returned, and I experienced for the first time the pleasurable feeling of independence which the knowledge of being your own uncontrolled master invariably produces in the youthful mind. All the doubts and fears that perversely obtruded themselves on the preceding evening had long ago disappeared, and after walking briskly twenty miles I sat down by the road side and devoured a crust I had had the forethought to bring with me with a gusto I had never felt before. The bread having been washed down by a draught of water from a neighbouring brook that for sparkle and freshness I thought had never been surpassed, and the sun being at its height, I laid me down and soon fell into a delicious sleep. From this I rose like a giant refreshed, and once more commenced my peregrinations. The only drawback to my happiness was that I had met with no individual save one or two commonplace farmers returning home from market. This was by no means satisfactory. Here had I walked thirty good miles and not met with the ghost of an adventure. Were adventures at a discount? A crust of bread, too, though an excellent thing after a long morning's walk, is not the best substitute for supper. True, I was possessed of a gold piece, one of Sir Hugh's gifts, but unhappily I had the advantage over most enterprising and adventurous youths, for I was well acquainted with the process by which a gold piece rapidly dissolves into thin air.

While busily engaged in meditating whether the lightness of my purse would permit me to make an inn my resting-place for the night, or whether I should seek a less expensive lodging in some quiet village cottage, I was overtaken by a swarthy stranger, who as he passed saluted me. I frankly admit that I was glad to meet with a conversable being, though he might have no better coat to his back than the person who now addressed me, as I had had amply sufficient communication with my own thoughts to wish for more profitable company.

"A fine morning indeed, friend," I replied, in a tone which, I conceived, a most charming mixture of affability and independence.

"You have had a long day's walk, young sir," said my new acquaintance, who was a tall, brawny fellow of six feet.

"Yes," I returned, carelessly, "I am on a little tour. I was, when you came up, resolving where I should rest for the night. Are we far from any habitable village where a poor wayfarer can obtain a night's lodging?"

"Four miles, at the least," answered the stranger, "from any place where a young gentleman of your appearance could procure a tolerably decent bed."

"Nay, I care not how poor the lodging may be. Travellers must be content in all places; and to my mind a simple village inn would be rather an agreeable variety. In fact, I am not quite sure I should object to sleep for once in a way under a haystack were there a possibility, in such a locality, of meeting with anything in the shape of food, for I am most confoundedly hungry."

"You are, sir, I presume," my companion becoming more respectful as I grew more communicative, "out for a few days' pleasure. Such being the case, perhaps you would not be displeased were a stranger to offer you the means of appeasing the hunger of which you so feelingly complain; should you indeed not object to the company of a few honest Gipsies, who call me their leader, and who will be most happy to give any friend of mine a hearty welcome. And if I cannot gratify the wish you have expressed for a haystack, there is a corner of our tent very much at your service."

The offer was one which would have embarrassed older heads than those of a beardless boy, for the Gipsies were then hated and feared throughout the whole realm of England; never, indeed, were the penal laws more stringent or more enforced against the children of Egypt than at this period. However, as I was out on adventures I accepted the proposal. Had I received an invitation from a bandit, I believe I should have entertained it.

My host, for such the Gipsy was now entitled to be called, presently turned down a narrow lane, and, bidding me follow, made almost immediately a second digression which brought us upon a Gipsy encampment.

"I have brought home with me," said the Gipsy potentate to his assembled subjects, "a young English gentleman who will remain with us to-night; and as we are both hungry and weary, the sooner supper is ready the better."

The assemblage required no second recommendation to hasten the preparations for the evening meal; in fact, the flesh-pots of Egypt were already in an active state of forwardness, and but few minutes elapsed before I found myself comfortably seated in a pristine manner on the grass, doing every justice to my new acquaintance's cuisine. There was no scarcity, you may be sure, of fish and fowl; and many a fat capon and well-fed duckling, that had been the pride of some good farmer's wife, and reserved for some special occasion, was remorselessly eaten and approved of by

the select party of whom I was the honoured guest. I was at first too hungry to note anything farther than the plenty around me, but after having eaten my full of the illegally-captured hens and hares aforesaid, I found time to make a hasty survey of the busy gentry around me. My host, who rejoiced in calling these bold gentry his subjects, and who so generously had taken compassion on a benighted youth, had every reason to be proud of his little band. The men, six in number, were all tall, stalwart, and well-formed, and their bold looks, and manly, sunburnt features, proclaimed that their courage and audacity corresponded with their strength of limb. There were only two females in the party; the one an old, shrivelled-up hag, as hideous as the most unsightly of the gorgons, but as necessary and useful a personage as Dame Leonora herself. The other, a young girl of about eighteen, with bright sparkling eyes and beautiful jet-black hair, had placed herself by my side, and took every care that during the repast proper attention should be bestowed upon my well-being. The choicest parts of a fowl, rabbit, or hare, were carefully abstracted and assiduously pressed upon my unworthy self. Such delicate attentions from so pretty a creature as the Gipsy maiden could not well pass unnoticed by so intelligent and observing a young gentleman as Master Rupert Osborne. Could it be possible that such consideration was shown by the black-eyed Gipsy to every casual visitor of the tribe? Or—and here vanity stepped in to help the solution of the mystery—had I made a conquest of my little Hebe? Gold could hardly be her object, for none, or very little, was to be expected from a youth of my age; besides, that would be the concern of the men of the tribe, and I had especially remarked that no great attention was paid me by any of them. Even when their king introduced me they had hardly deigned to notice me. Had they entertained designs upon my purse, their conduct would have been the reverse; they had been obsequious, or at least attentive. His majesty, also, seemed to have forgotten that I had ever existed. After all, was there anything remarkable in the circumstance that a pretty, dark-eyed Gipsy lass should regard with favour a tolerably good-looking youth? I began to wonder that I had doubted for a moment.

“Fairest of Gipsies,” as she pressed upon me the wing of a chicken which she had abstracted from the kettle with her own delicate little hands, “you eat absolutely nothing yourself. Will you tell me your name, that in other times and places I may recall to my memory my charming entertainer?”

“They call me ‘Nan,’” replied the pretty Gipsy, not at all abashed by the question. “And now it is my turn to ask questions. Pray, is it customary for young gentlemen,” throwing, as she spoke, a significant glance at my dress (I had, with pardonable



vanity, set out in the suit of clothes I was wont to use on sate occasions at —— Hall), “to walk so late at night?”

“Most charming of Gipsies (I had not read Sir Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia* to no purpose), I am, you must know, out on a little pleasure excursion for a few days. I shall then return to college,” I replied with an assurance of which I had not believed myself capable.

“What, are you a truant, then? No, no!”

“Not exactly a truant, loveliest of Nancys—and yet—and yet ——”

“And yet what?” continued my imperturbable examiner.

“Why, the fact is, your surpassing beauty so bewilders a poor student——”

My awkward attempts at gallantry were checked in the bud by the inopportune approach of the crone before mentioned, who thought it high time for her young charge to retire for the night. The young damsel seemed to me not to obey the summons with alacrity. However, she at last rose and extended her hand to me, which I reverentially saluted. The familiarity did not appear to displease her, and she left me fully possessed of the idea that I had made no inconsiderable impression on the heart of the pretty Gipsy. After the young lady had retired my host, kindly considerate of my youth and probable weariness, begged that I would on no account sit up merely to keep him and his comrades in countenance, and intimated that I should at present find their tent untenanted. Thither I repaired, and in a short time was fast asleep.

I did not rise very early the next morning, and suddenly recollecting the gentry among whom I was sojourning, was not best pleased with a little conversation I chanced to overhear going on outside between mother and daughter.

“And so, child, the little Burno had after all only one gold piece. For once your mother has been duped. His fair hands and fairer skin made me an ass, and I thought the little angel was a gentleman.”

“The foolish boy,” said my inamorata of the previous evening, “fancied I had fallen in love with his pale face; as if a daughter of Rosa could find anything attractive in a white-livered Gorgy boy.”

This then was the termination of my first adventure. I had played the man and aped the seigneur but to be laughed at and cheated out of my solitary gold piece. An auspicious commencement truly—an admirable omen of my future career! What was to be done? Should I, crest fallen, slink away like a misbehaved cur, or should I make one attempt to regain my lost treasure? The latter course I had sufficient remaining sense to see would be both useless and impolitic. Better resign myself to my

loss, and take a graceful farewell of my too-generous host and his promising subject, the little cunning jade who had so cleverly duped me. But I felt I was no Mussulman to resign myself tamely and contentedly to my fate. A thousand times I cursed my insane folly, but, alas! passion is no remedy, so I finished my toilet, and then made a second and more searching examination of my pockets, which was attended with no better result than the first. The question was only now how to beat a retreat. My cogitations on the best and most becoming manner of effecting this desideratum were somewhat roughly disturbed by a noise of scuffling outside. I thought the time favourable to escape, left the tent, and stepping into the fresh air found my landlady in the hands of the most formidable of a Gipsy's foes, the parish constables. My appearance only served as a signal for my also falling into the hands of the Philistines, and in a few moments I found myself travelling towards L—, in company with the old bel-dam and her pretty daughter. It had been all in vain that I protested against the legality of my seizure, all my endeavours to explain the circumstance of my abode among the daughters of Egypt being pronounced unsatisfactory.

"Sir John will be the best judge, my young gentleman," was the only answer I could obtain from the chief of my sturdy captors. "Mistress Margaret will not get off this time, I warrant you, and I much doubt whether even her pretty daughter—to say nothing of yourself, my young springal—will escape without first tasting the cooling properties of the ducking stool."

It were fruitless to complain or to resist. I comforted myself with the reflection that the magistrate would not be so obtuse and pertinacious as his gruff constables. At least, I said, he will listen to reason. My silence enabled me to observe the behaviour of my late hostesses in their hour of trial, and I could not help admiring the composure with which the pretty Nan bore this untoward stroke of fortune. Setting in that respect an admirable example to her less philosophic mother, who swore and scolded the whole way. All the males of the band, including the le Capitaini, had, I learnt from what fell from this excitable old lady, started on various expeditions before daybreak, thus confirming a result I had slowly and unwillingly arrived at, that from the first I had only been regarded as a raw youth, a silly pigeon, the plucking of whom was left to the not unskilful hands of dame Margaret and her daughter. This was not very cheering, and not exactly calculated to increase my equanimity. Digesting, as well as I was able, the unpleasing reflections that unbidden presented themselves, I entered with my companions into L—, followed by the jeers, hootings, and execrations of men, women, and children of that interesting town.

## CHAPTER II.

## A first adventure.

In process of time we were brought into the august presence of Sir John Manning, a gentleman who especially piqued himself on his strict administration of the laws of the land. At our entrance the old knight put on his sternest magisterial air, and fearful lest his assumption of dignified severity should not of itself be sufficient to strike awe into the minds of the culprits, he moreover indulged in a few interjectional and perfectly unnecessary observations.

"So here you are again, at your old tricks. I gave you fair warning. I told you it was my strict determination to rid the county of witches, Gipsies, and all vagabonds whatever, and endeavour to make L—— a second Utopia, the envy and pattern of all other jurisdictions in the county. Well, Jenkins," he continued, after having thus prefaced, "what's the complaint to-day?"

Dame Margaret, who from former experience was perfectly acquainted with the worthy magistrate's peculiar mode of doing justice in his endeavour to turn L—— into an Utopia of his own creation, did not wait for Jenkins to unfold his tale, but favoured Sir John instead with an harangue of her own.

"I tell you what it is, Sir John. You may imprison, duck, flog, and torment poor creatures whose sole crime is their endeavour to get their bread in a honest way, but, beware, you shall not yourself go unpunished. I also warn you that——"

"Jenkins," interrupted his worship, "if that woman speaks again let her be gagged. Is the majesty of the law in my person thus to be insulted and intimidated? And now, Jenkins," he continued, quiet and order having been restored, "tell your story clearly and concisely."

"This here woman," commenced the lucid Jenkins, "this here woman, who is, as your honour well knows, an incorrigible Gipsy, always tramping about the country, not content with begging, borrowing, and stealing, the usual habits of ladies of her quality, must needs add fortune-telling to her already numerous accomplishments. Well, your worship, Master Turner, whose old woman, from what I hear, is fond of dabbling in what they call the necromantic art, has discovered that his wife, one of the children being ill, got this here Gipsy woman to write her a charm. That's the matter, Sir John."

"And a very serious matter it is," said the Solon of L——; "a matter which in my humble opinion requires the closest investigation, a matter which might, and shall, be sifted to the very bottom. It is fortunate, nay, it is more than fortunate, it is pro-



vidential, that great and good man, whom all England respects and honours, Master Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder general, came down to L—— yesterday, to commence here his holy and excellent work. Ha! and Providence be praised! here comes that worthy and estimable gentleman. My dear sir, you are just in time; I was about to send for you," proceeded Sir John, as the famous personage whose virtues he so glaringly eulogized, and who smelt out a case of witchcraft as a hound does a fox, entered the justice room.

I had till then, ashamed of my ignominious position and the suspicious company I was in, hung down my head, and would gladly have welcomed death as a relief from my humiliating position; but the moment the celebrated, or rather notorious, Matthew Hopkins entered, my curiosity got the better of my dejection. Hopkins, who had lately obtained the appointment of witch-finder general to the associated counties, and was now in the zenith of his fame, feared and admired by all, was a firmly knit man, wearing the pointed beard and clustering hair, and moustache then so universally in vogue. His step was quick, his voice loud, and it was quickly evident the presence of the wretch who boasted of the barbarous act of hanging sixty reputed witches in one year did not tend to improve the condition of my fellow-prisoners. At the sight of the witch-finder even the turbulent and noisy Margaret grew pale, while her daughter, who had not once spoken since she left the encampment, trembled in every joint. Thank God, I have lived to see this monstrous blot upon humanity as despised and detested as he was formerly feared and admired.

"My dear Sir John," said this most impudent of men, "leave the affair to me. I flatter myself that the cunningest witch in Christendom cannot clude the searching eye of Matthew Hopkins. And so, Jenkins, this old hag of a Gipsy has been attempting by means of her black arts to bewitch an honest man's child? Are Turner and his wife here? If so, let them come forward. I see we shall soon settle this little matter," he added in an undertone to his admirer on the bench. "Well, Turner, this is, I presume, your child? Don't be afraid; it is for the wicked, not the just, to fear," said this hypocritical scoundrel. "How was it, Turner, you became acquainted with the fact of your better half (here the wretch laughed) consulting this Gipsy woman concerning the child's disorder?"

"Why, please your worship," said the witness, a little weazen-faced man, "I had been out working all day, and on my return home in the evening my little daughter here said to me, 'Look, father, what a curious cap mother has got on.' I did look, and sure enough there was my wife sitting with a black cap on her head. She indeed pretended it was an old mourning cap she had put on by chance; but, Heaven have mercy upon me! I remem-

bered how your worship had committed a woman under similar circumstances, and how she was finally adjudged at the last assizes of having intercourse with the evil one. This made me institute further inquiries, and I found out that yonder Gipsy had been at my house that morning, and so, your worship, I thought it my duty to have her apprehended. I hope, however, your worship will not deal hardly with my Jenny, who is a good-hearted though rather weak woman, and is now truly sorry for her fault."

"I think," said the judge, turning to Sir John, "that should the woman and child confirm the father's testimony the evidence will be conclusive."

The mother and child, the former a weak young woman, who had been greatly affrighted at the awful prospect her little tyrant of a snip had painted, corroborated the statement of the father. The truth, I believe, was that the wife, finding her child not quite well, had requested the Gipsy's supernatural aid to restore it to its wonted health. The old crone, who saw in the distempered fancies of the young woman an apt subject on whom she might safely exercise her various talents, gave her some suppositious infallible recipe. I am further disposed to believe that the fat capon of which I had partaken last night, and for which I was paying so dearly, had formed a part of the spoils of the occasion. The poor woman, as she stood trembling before the terrible Hopkins, must have remarked the withering look of scorn with which the Gipsy fortune-teller regarded her. Ill at ease as I was I could not help viewing with disgust the pitiable object of this wretched young woman, whose weakness thus jeopardized the life of her fellow-creature. Indeed, I had now recovered myself. I was inclined to admire the boldness with which the imaginary sorceress confronted her accusers, on whose worse than pitiable puerile follies she lived, and through whose still more despicable weaknesses she might be adjudged to die.

Hopkins now called on the culprit for her defence.

"Defence quotha!" cried the old harridan, laughing aloud, in a manner calculated to confirm her more superstitious auditors in the supposition that she had entered into a contract with a certain gentleman who is said invariably to dress in black. I cannot at this distance of time pretend to remember her exact words, but the exquisite tone of mockery with which she ridiculed the whole affair is still fresh in my recollection. Not even the terrible witch-finder or the sagacious justice of the peace were secure from her sarcasms. She probably knew it were vain to appeal to their reason, good sense, or charity. Her oration, teeming with imprecations, was interrupted by the great Matthew, who pronounced it a last and convincing proof, were such wanting, of her guilt, and desired the officers, if she did not immediately desist speaking, to

take such measures as would render the continuance of her harangue a physical impossibility.

No doubt now remained in the minds of her judges ; but it was resolved, in order to prevent scandal, she should be allowed the usual privilege. This was to be wrapt up in a sheet, her toes and thumbs tied together, and in this painful position dragged through the nearest pond ; when, if she sunk, which was most unlikely, her innocence was considered asserted, but if she floated she was to be accounted a witch, and proceeded against as such. This point having been thus arranged to the satisfaction of all present, more particularly the idle boys of the town, who looked upon the whole proceeding as an unusual treat, it came to my turn to be examined.

"What is your name, boy ; or rather, what is the name you intend using on the present occasion ?" said my courteous interrogator, the renowned Hopkins.

"Rupert Osborne," I replied, my spirit roused by the insulting tone of the witch-finder, and determining me to give my true and not an assumed name, which but for his intended sarcasm I confess I should have done. I then as succinctly as possible related my accidental meeting with the Gipsy and his followers, detailing the obligations I was under to them—I said not a word about the gold piece—and finally expressed my belief that the old Gipsy might probably be guilty of petty theft, but not of sorcery.

"Such is your opinion, Master Rupert Osborne. Rupert Osborne, indeed ; your taste in names is positively exquisite ; your story, too, is admirably conceived. And so, Rupert Osborne, you really imagine it possible that I and my good friend Sir John Manning will believe this cock and bull story of yours. It is horrible !" said the great man, appealingly, to his coadjutor, "it is an awful picture of human depravity to behold beardless youth uttering such palpable, such barefaced lies ; lies, too, so complicated, so ingenious, that they reveal a familiarity with crime that causes the upright mind to shudder at the extent of man's wickedness."

Sir John bowed his assent to this precious affair.

"You are at liberty to say and surmise exactly what pleases you. You possess, I am aware, that privilege. But Heaven is my witness that what I have spoken is the truth, and I dare you to do your worst," I answered, with heat, for the malice and hypocrisy of the man made my blood boil within me.

"Ingenious youth," returned the man of law. "Asseverations and imprecations unhappily are no proofs. It is unfortunate for you they are not. Pray, may I be permitted to inquire where you or your family reside ? I hope your honour will not consider the question impertinent."

The question was an unfortunate one for me. He saw my embarrassment, and enjoyed his triumph.



"Let me see," he continued, "your name, you say, is Osborne. Osborne is a good name, a very good name. Probably you are related to the Osbornes of Bedfordshire. Rupert, too—may be his majesty, whose errors and perverseness I deplore, recommended your illustrious and distinguished relations to charter you after his own royal nephew of that name?"

Even the Utopian Sir John was shocked at this gross outbreak and display of passion and malice.

"Nay, Master Hopkins," he said, "you must not be too hard upon the lad."

"Ah! Sir John," was the sanctimonious old scoundrel's rejoinder, "you are too unworldly; your disposition is too gentle to believe in the existence of such monstrous duplicity; but my position and duties have too often made me the unwilling witness of such revolting iniquity. You probably pity this boy, his tale interests you, his assurance you mistake for frankness, his postulations for proofs of innocence. Mark me, Sir John, this boy is no novice in crime. It is not as you would charitably suppose, that he has been unwittingly imposed upon and deluded by the dark arts of yonder horrible old woman. Indeed, if I am not deceived, he has been before brought before me on a somewhat similar charge."

This cool and deliberate lie of the man amazed me. I was doomed to be amazed this day. What could possibly induce this fiend in human shape to swear away the life of a human creature I cannot imagine. As for the old gull Sir John Manning, he fully credited the truth of every syllable Hopkins uttered. With him the witch finder was a great man, an extraordinary man, the saviour of his country, whom he could never sufficiently honour; nor had Hopkins' delicate allusion to the mildness of his nature been without its desired effect. He, full of the milk of human kindness, whose sole enjoyment of life consisted in exercising a petty tyranny over night-poachers and refractory peasants. I have said I was doomed to be amazed. I was indeed. I had wondered at, if I had felt no high admiration for, the assurance of Hopkins. I had been surprised at the extreme gullibility of Sir John, and astonished at the disgusting picture of human weakness exhibited in the person of the tailor's wife. But greater marvels than these were in store for me.

The unworldlyminded Sir John had now come over to the views of his better instructed friend the witch-finder general. I was an old offender. There could be no doubt of it. His momentary fit of weakness had left him; he was no longer the kind, forgiving father; he was the stern and rigid judge. At this interesting moment, when Sir John had declared his perfect conviction that I was a *particeps criminis*, the old Gipsy woman, who had regarded the scene enacting before her with every symptom

of lively satisfaction, became suddenly siezed with an immoderate fit of laughter, which she seemed to be unable to restrain.

This sudden ebullition drew the attention of both judges and auditors to the old crone, who had not been removed from the dock. The brilliant idea now entered Sir John's cloudy brain of confronting together the old and young reprobate.

"Woman," said the devisor of this politic scheme, "are you acquainted with this young man?"

The Gipsy, upon being thus solemnly apostrophised, cast a most searching and affectionate look upon me, which convulsed the bystanders with laughter. It was the old story of the boys and the frogs over again; unhappily I was among the frogs.

"Any further examination, Sir John, I think would be unnecessary," said the witch-finder; "my own belief is that the young fellow is that old witch's familiar."

He had arrived at the conclusion the old crone, for some unexplained motive, desired; a malicious grin of satisfaction spreading over her wrinkled countenance as Hopkins gave his opinion of our relative position. A few words in the Gipsy language, perhaps mere gibberish, for such it was to me, completed her success in the work she had assigned herself, and prevented any misconstruction being put upon her look of favour.

"Rupert Osborne," began the witch-finder, vainly endeavouring to conceal the smile of triumph which burst from under the solemn expression of countenance he thought it right to assume, "there is no doubt of your share in the guilt of the Gipsy woman. Your very presence is disgusting to every right-thinking person. There is but too little reason to doubt that you have surrendered yourself, body and soul, to the powers of darkness. However, you will be allowed the same opportunity as your associate of clearing yourself from the horrible crime with which you stand charged."

I stood aghast. I had been charged by no one except the fiend who thus inhumanly sentenced me to undergo the humiliating and absurd ordeal by water. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I remained speechless and stupified.

It was not deemed expedient to bring any charge of witchcraft against my other companion, the pretty, artful Nan. Accordingly she was only accounted a rogue and vagabond, who had held converse with accredited sorcerers, and as such was ordered to be summarily admonished and whipped and then discharged.

The news of the immediate prospect of a suspected witch and her familiar undergoing the ordeal by water, had by this time spread through the town, and the good people of L—— besieged in considerable numbers the doors of the justice room that they might not lose any portion of the gratifying spectacle. As the prisoners were about to be removed, a young man, well dressed, pushed aside the concourse, and made his way to Sir John; and

after saluting that worthy requested to be informed if the report were true that two unhappy creatures had been brought before him charged with the crime of sorcery.

"Why, yes, Mr. Elton," replied the knight; "but thanks to the discernment of my friend Mr. Matthew Hopkins, with whose great skill in such matters you are doubtless acquainted. Allow me to introduce you to that distinguished gentleman.

Mr. Elton bowed stiffly to the "distinguished" Hopkins.

"Mr. Hopkins," he said, "I am sure will excuse me, but I am unfortunately possessed of a prejudice which makes me altogether a disbeliever in the existence of modern witchcraft. You, Sir John, are aware of my not peculiar views, and therefore will not be surprised if I inquire into the particular circumstances under which these unfortunate persons stand accused."

"Excuse me," said Hopkins, who at that time was unaccustomed to have his decision arraigned, "there are persons, I am aware, who hold such erroneous and dangerous opinions on this most important subject—a subject in which the dearest interests of religion and humanity are involved. But, empowered by Parliament, I think it my duty to resist any interference with the powers which have been entrusted to me. And I protest against any such interference."

"You can do so if you please," returned the new comer; "but remember, that if you, sir, are a magistrate, so also am I; and doubtless Sir John Manning will join me in resisting any trifling with our prerogative."

Poor Sir John was now fairly in a dilemma. If there was one person in this world he admired and envied, it was the mighty Matthew Hopkins. At the same time, not even with all his admiration for his hero, his model, did he desire to enter into a quarrel with a neighbour who was also one of the quorum, and who, if irritated, might withdraw from his present seclusion and attend to the affairs of the neighbourhood, and thereby diminish his (Sir John's) importance; for it was through Mr. Elton's secluded habits he reigned sole arbitrator in L——. He therefore at once resolved to adjust a difference pregnant with such fatal consequences.

Mr. Hopkins would, he was certain, be only too happy to acquaint Mr. Elton with every feature of the case, and Mr. Elton might, if he were so inclined, himself examine the prisoners. Of course Hopkins assented. He was only too glad to oblige his dear friend Sir John. His position as a public character rendered his actions liable to be misunderstood, and often misinterpreted; but he was convinced that when Mr. Elton had examined the facts of the case, any prejudice he might have against him (Mr. Hopkins) individually would disappear, and he would be entirely satisfied with the course he and his esteemed friend Sir John had pursued.



To this or somewhat similar oration Mr. Elton vouchsafed no reply, but immediately set about the task he had self-imposed. He first read the meagre notes of Sir John's clerk, which at once satisfied him that the case was a proper one for investigation. The tailor was then summoned, as was also his weakminded spouse. He found out, in the course of examination, that the little tailor was a petty domestic tyrant, and that his wife's weak spirit had given way under the petty but continual oppression of this contemptible little piece of humanity. The child, too, under Elton's skilful inquiry, bore witness to the father's brutality, and clearly proved the mourning cap to be an old acquaintance of this ninth of a man, who evidently only viewed the present occasion as a fresh and golden opportunity for exercising his passion for tyranny upon his unoffending helpmate. Mr. Elton dismissed the tailor with a severe reprimand, which doubtless procured for his unfortunate wife the same advantages that Don Quixote's interference did for the apprentice. This course of procedure did not exactly please the great witch-finder; but when Mr. Elton went on to tell Sir John that now that the falsehood of the witnesses was distinctly proved he expected that the prisoners would be forthwith discharged, Hopkins could contain his indignation no longer, and passionately protested against any interference with his judgments.

"The insufficiency of the witnesses," he said, "did not affect the case; the Gipsy woman herself acknowledging the justice of her sentence when she expressly recognized that boy there," pointing to me, "as her familiar."

"Her familiar! that boy her familiar! Is it possible in the nineteenth century men are found so besotted as to place faith in such insane nonsense? Pray is the girl also," looking at the astonished Nan, "is she also a familiar?"

"These rhapsodies, these sarcastic taunts, are only despicable, and utterly unavailing. Justice shall have its course in spite of the opposition of Mr. Elton. The honest folks of L—— shall say whether or no the diabolical machinations and depredations of witches, Gipsies, and demons are permitted to pass unpunished."

This last was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the crafty witch-finder, who knew that he should have all the ignorant townsfolk on his side, let alone the jubilee that the trial of a witch invariably obtained for the juvenile branches of the community.

"Sir John," said our champion, entirely unheeding the passionate remonstrances of the enraged witch-finder, "will you, as a Christian man, allow that youth, whose dress and manner betoken that he at least has received the education of a gentleman, to be prejudiced by the ravings or malice of a Gipsy woman of doubtful character? His story appears to me sufficiently probable. He meets a Gipsy, is invited to sup and pass the night with him; the

spirit of adventure is strong in every boy—he accepts the offer. I, at his age, would have acted in the same manner. His clothes, appearance, every thing about him, attest that his stay with such gentry could not have been of long duration. My own opinion is that he is some truant school-boy or collegian. With regard to the woman, she is no witch. She is only one of a numerous class who live upon the folly and credulity of mankind. Punish her, if you like, as a vagrant or rogue, but further you have no authority, and shall not except under protest from me.”

Sir John, who saw Mr. Elton was in earnest, attempted to pacify the great Hopkins; but it was all in vain; the wrath of that distinguished functionary was unappeasable.

“The people of England,” said the great man, “shall hear of to-day’s iniquitous proceedings; they shall learn that there is no certain punishment for the guilty; that the infamous acts and unholy practices of witchcraft are connived at and encouraged in at least one county of civilized England. I depart to-morrow, gentlemen,” continued the displeased dignitary, “for London, to give an account of my stewardship, and I shall take care that Parliament shall be made acquainted with the contempt of their authority shown by the magistrates of L——; a contempt which, besides casting dishonour on them, endangers the lives, the very existence of a great nation.”

So saying, Matthew Hopkins, Esquire, the Parliament’s witch-finder general, rose, and accompanied by his clerk left, with more haste than dignity, the justice-room.

“There goes,” said Mr. Elton, “a man whom unrestrained license has made mad. A man who is a blot and disgrace to unhappy England. I am, you are aware, Sir John, a very inoffensive kind of personage, and though disposed, through old predilections, and perhaps prejudices, to the king’s side, no violent opponent of the present Parliament, which, if it has exceeded reasonable limits, and is now stirring up strife, has done incalculable good. But it was a great error for a body who expressly professes to destroy tyranny, and to fight for liberty of conscience, to set up in the power of the passionate man who has just left us, a still greater and more frightful tyranny. The crimes, the murders, that that man has committed in performance of his legalized functions are horrible to reflect upon. Pray Heaven that so foul a sin may soon pass away from among us!”

Not a word, not a syllable, did Sir John utter. He was quite bewildered. The threat of his friend, the witch-finder, to complain of him, Sir John Manning, one of his majesty’s justices of the peace for the county of ——, had quite shattered his nerves. His conduct as a magistrate, the thing on which he more especially prided himself, to be impeached! He was thunderstruck.

“At least,” continued our deliverer, “the boy and girl need

no longer be detained. With the woman you can do as you think fit."

My first feeling on finding myself free was to thank the author of my release; the next, I am half-ashamed to own, to burst into tears. During the whole of my examination shame, pride, and a variety of causes had contributed to support me, but now I could no longer sustain the assumed character of a man, and I wept like any child.

"Nay, my poor fellow," said Mr. Elton, "you must not take on so, indeed you must not."

The kindly tones of this true gentlemen only made me weep the more.

"You must come home with me," he whispered; "to-day you are my guest, to-morrow you shall be free to depart. Nay, no refusal, I insist upon it. The obligation is," he was pleased to say, "on my side, for I am dying to know what freak of fortune has converted a young gentleman into a companion of Gipsies. But before we start we must not forget your pretty black-eyed fellow-sufferer, whose bright eyes, I suspect, had no small influence in your choice of company. As for the old hag, her mother, she really deserves punishment, but since there is to-day a general amnesty, we must get her included in the pardon."

This was not difficult. Sir John, who had by this time slightly recovered, and did not wish to hazard the loss of another friend, and that friend a man who might be troublesome, gave his consent. And after a few words of wholesome advice, addressed by my deliverer to the two daughters of Rosa, in which the certainty of punishment was insisted on should they not abjure fortune-telling and keep their hands from picking and stealing, Mr. Elton bade adieu to his brother magistrate, and putting his hand in mine led me out of the baneful atmosphere of the justice-room.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## BOTH ARE MEN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

DEATH! Oh, eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded: what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered it over with these two narrow words—*Hic Jacet.*

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

THE king expires, surrounded by the great,  
Then, ostentatious, lies in regal state  
By hireling mourners watch'd, not one sincere,  
To hallow his remains with sorrow's tear.  
The common herd, admitted to the sight,  
Gaze on the pageant with uncouch delight.



A foolish awe, a pleasurable fear,  
 Glad to approach a king *though dead*, so near !  
 Velvet, and gold, and jewels all combine  
 To make him still appear a thing divine.  
 The prestige ignorance on rank bestows,  
 Although proved merely mortal round him glows,  
 Aiding the fond delusion to the last,  
 And winning homage when life's glory's past.  
 Pomp, too, affecting to be dumb with woe,  
 Steals o'er the palace on unechoing toe ;  
 Breathing sad whispers in that courtly place,  
 While gloom becoming clouds each servile face.  
 Yet what is he ? A soulless lump of clay,  
 Submitting to insidious decay !  
 The *fat* hand, which late a sceptre swayed,  
 Across the silenc'd heart impassive laid ;  
 The haughty brow, that scowl'd beneath a crown,  
 Now pillow'd on the richly-broider'd down,  
 At length *can* rest ; no conscious dread is there,  
 To raise in horrent dreams the bristling hair ;  
 The eye, whose glance a baleful terror shed,  
 Is closed for ever. So, that king is dead !

The beggar dies—no matter how or where ;  
 Few know the haunts of penury, despair.  
 Suffice, he dies in some neglected spot,  
 And, 'chance, unsepulchred, itself to rot,  
 Or, most, the pauper's untrimm'd box of deal  
 Receives his corpse, but *that* he does not feel.  
 His wife, estrang'd by poverty and vice,  
 Lost to that sense of duty once so nice,  
 Is near him not, distractedly to grieve ;  
 His faithful dog a wailful whine may heave,  
 Which is unheard amid the winter-blast,  
 As it, in sullen roar, speeds booming past.  
 Lonely his end, oh ! lonely in extreme,  
 And terrible to pamper'd wealth must seem  
 The isolation of that final hour !  
 Yet hath a monarch, then, a greater power  
 Affection to command ? No, envy chills  
 For him the tear that pity prone distils.  
 They *both* are men ; yet what distinction's made !  
 The one inhum'd with costliest parade ;  
 The king, the marble mausoleum shrouds !  
 The beggar on his fellow beggar crowds.  
 For still usurps its empire worldly pride,  
 And would revolt to lay them side by side.  
 Yet mark ! *that* beggar, death, without a bribe,  
 Hath seal'd as one of Israel's chosen tribe ;  
 Having but suffering *here*, a portion blest  
 Awaits him as the heir of joyful rest.  
 So at the just tribunal both appear,  
 The impartial sentence of their doom to hear  
 On terms alike. The angel *all* obey  
 Them summoning to the great judgment day ;  
 For sculptur'd marble, nor the meaner sod,  
 Can hold their *equal* spirits from their God !

## DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

## No. VII.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

James II. in Whitehall Gardens, to William III. in St. James's Square.

"WILLIAM, my undutiful son-in-law, I desiderate a word with thee," cried a voice from some secret recess in Whitehall. "William, dost thou hear me?"

"Ay, marry, I hear the voice of my father-in-law, heretofore James II. of England, or a voice very much like it. But where art thou?"

"That," answered James, "is wisely asked—where, indeed. I am hid away in a little paved court yard behind Whitehall Palace, where not a soul in London, Westminster, or anywhere else, would ever dream of looking for such a thing as a statue—especially a statue made most excellently well, as I am. Had I been King George at King's Cross, I might well have been put out of sight; but it is hard that the light of that genius which made me should be hid under a bushel. I deserve a more creditable and more public situation—such, for instance, as the spot in Cockspur Street, where George III. stands."

"And wherefore dost thou select that spot?"

"Even because I know no better—and that is a good reason. In explanation of this I may observe," said James II. "that it has been remarked that the opening where George III. stands is too confined for an equestrian statue, that the divergence of the streets is not extended enough, and that the houses crowd too closely around it. The spot is more fitted for a single, standing statue like myself, which, being erected on a circular or square pedestal, occupies but little room, does not overload the area, and is surveyed with pleasure, because it is appropriate. Besides, it was some time ago said that George III. was to be removed to Trafalgar Square."

"Trafalgar Square!" ejaculated William. "I wot not where they purposed to put him."

"Nor I neither, unless it were on the western pedestal at the higher side, as a counterpoise to Chantry's George IV. at the opposite corner, near St. Martin's Church."

"A more fitting site could not be selected," was the rejoinder, "saving and excepting one objection, and that is, that the figure of George III. is much too small to match with that of George IV. The latter is colossal."

"Peradventure there is something in this," said James. "Nevertheless, I question whether the public eye would be offended, seeing that Trafalgar Square is large, and they would not be close together. Howbeit, it is certain I cannot hope to stand in Cockspur Street until George is removed elsewhere. Two passing good situations for single statues have been usurped by objects less noble and kingly in Trafalgar Square, however useful such objects may be of a dark night—I mean the two circular pedestals at the lower corners, on which the new large cut-glass lamps have been put. I could have been content to have stood on one of these; and I doubt not but a fellow could have been found for the opposite corner to have paired with me."

"That is not unlikely," said William III.; "but the throne that thou wouldst there stand on is occupied by another."

"This is not the first time," retorted James, somewhat bitterly, "that my throne has been occupied by another. But setting this aside, I do not think that I ought to remain where I am. There are few better statues in London, and I do my fashioner great credit."

"And pray," inquired William, "who was your fashioner? for that was a long-mooted point."

"It was so," said James, "but it is not so now. Several persons in the last century guessed at my parentage, but their bolts were altogether wide of the butt. Walpole, with a shrewdness for which I give him credit, and Allan Cunningham in a more recent day, both said I was the offspring of Grinlin Gibbons; and the question has recently been set at rest, and the justness of their connoisseurship fully established. Myself, and my brother, Charles II., at Windsor, were made at the expense of Tobias Rustat, keeper of Hampton Court; but my brother's sculptor was not Gibbons, but Josias Iback Strada Bremensis."

"Thou art a very good statue, James," rejoined William, "take thee all in all. Some people object—and peradventure with reason—to the putting a modern statue in the costume of Julius Cæsar's time. It is true your buskins and your little Roman petticoat are not unlike the brogues and the kilt of a Highlander; and when we remember that James I., your grandfather, was a Scotchman, it is possible the dress may not be so inappropriate as might at first appear."

"Oh, the idea!" cried the figure addressed. "But pray, William, who made you?"

"Me? Pardie, I was made by Bacon—the younger Bacon. He was a first-rate sculptor, as ye may perceive by only glancing at me; and it is a pity he ever cast aside the chisel and the file, to slink down to the remote county of Devon, there to muse, first over the little river Sid, and now over the larger river Exe. He is not a young man now, and to look at him ye would say that



his head was covered with white floss silk ; but I wish his talented son would take to sculpture—and stick to it.”

“ Just so. But talking about the unfittingness of costume, art thou not cold without a hat on? Methinks it would have been more seemly if a person on horseback—which bespeaks that he must necessarily be out of doors—should have been dressed in a riding suit, such as was worn abroad in our day. Methinks, too, that the tail of thy horse would have looked better had it been some deal less voluminous. It wants pulling and thinning. Deem not, William, that I say these things for the purpose of depreciating either thyself or thy statue, albeit I have not a little cause to be sore with thee. I admit there may be one or two faults in my own bronze *effigies*, and thou hast thyself questioned the propriety of my costume. I am not sure that my left knee is not too straight and stiff, and I will not deny but the fingers of my right hand are too strained. They want ease. Howbeit, they are past cure now, for they are fixed and I cannot bend them. The sadness of my countenance is well preserved; but this sadness is no matter of marvel, and thou thyself art he that can of all men the best account for it. Who fomented discontent in my kingdom? who chased me from my throne? and then, who stepped into it? For shame, William, it was thou!”

“ Pardon me, my good father-in-law. Thou didst run away, leaving thy throne vacant, and thy people destitute of a ruler. I did but come over as their preserver, it being that the shepherd had estranged himself from his flock, leaving them to the mercies of the wide world.”

“ By the mass, William of Orange, thou knowest this was not so! But this subject is a painful one, and it would be well if our dialogue should not take so untoward a turn. I fear me I shall become as molten bronze from the furnace if I go on.”

“ Of a truth I hope not,” returned William III., with an air of conciliation; “ but,” he added, “ I muse that thou shouldst say I drove thee from the throne, and I like not that thou shouldst call me ‘ *William of Orange*.’ ”

“ Shall I call him a king,” demanded the figure in Whitehall Gardens, “ who usurped my place, and cut off my son and grandson from the succession?”

“ It is not like thou shouldst look with a kindly eye upon thy successor; but it is well known that I came over at the urgent call of the nation, which was in terror at thy tyrannies, and that the nation acknowledged me as its rightful sovereign.”

“ Not so, not so,” cried James II. “ I deny that the Convention Parliament constituted the nation, the representatives of the nation, possessed the power of the nation, or had the right to vote the throne empty, or invite you to fill it. People took fright because I wished to re-establish Popery in this country, and they

were alarmed at my boldness when I sent seven impertinent bishops to the tower. But there was a conspiracy set abroad to poison the country against me, and everything I did was magnified into a crime. What was basest of all was the fact that a rumour was propagated that my true and lawful son, the Prince of Wales, subsequently, in 1715, designated 'The Pretender,' was not legitimately born, and hence could in no case succeed me; that he was supposititious, and that I was surreptitiously going to bring him forward. Those who originated this knew it was false. When my queen was declared pregnant, it was generally thought to be a finesse; it was suspected and doubted, because this libel had been industriously spread by my enemies—some say by your friends, but I say nothing—and hence this strange belief served to ruin me, with the rest of the Stuarts, and to smooth the way for you."

"I wot little of that," said William III. from his pedestal in St. James's Square; "but I wot well, for it is not easily forgotten, that papers, containing divers remarkable opinions, were placarded about upon dead walls, and that a right merry conceit, appointing a day of thanksgiving for the queen's being 'great with a cushion,' was affixed to the pillars of a church."\*

"This," observed James, with emotion, "was cruel, as well as false and dishonourable. I confess that I committed some errors in my government—I allow that in some things I took after my father, Charles I.—and I admit that I was wrong in one or two acts which have been termed tyrannical; but I protest against the assertion that I deserted my throne, or that any one had a legal right to change the dynasty in my absence. Why, a king cannot change the dynasty of his kingdom himself—no, not himself. He can resign his *life-right* to the throne, but he cannot touch the life-right of his lawful and undoubted successor, and my successor was not you but my son. Sir James Mackintosh declares that 'a wanton rebellion is one of the greatest of crimes,' and yet——"

"I seek not to deny such an assertion," said William, interrupting his father-in-law, "but ye will not say that wanton rebellion was bestirred up in 1688? Sir James also says, 'An insurrection, rendered necessary by oppression, and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination, that such an insurrection is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration.' And the 'Glorious Revolution of 1688' has met with this admiration ever since the day that it befel. From the reign of Queen Mary—not unfrequently styled 'Bloody Mary,' though, by the bye, Mr. G. P. R. James thinks her

\* See R. Plumer Ward's *Historical Essay on the Real Character and Amount of the Precedent of the Revolution of 1688*, &c. 2 Vols. London: John Murray, 1838.—Vol. i., p. 192.



'rather an amiable person'—howbeit, from the reign of Queen Mary the Protestant religion has been the established religion of this realm, and continued so under Elizabeth, James I., and the two Charleses, although thy gay brother, the latter, affected much towards Rome, and thou didst even go so far as openly to celebrate high mass, and send thy agent Caryl to his holiness, to pave the way for the re-admission of England into the bosom of that tainted church. Thy people abhorred such corruptions; but as thou wert resolved to carry thy point against their wills, thou didst cast aside law and become a tyrant. Mackintosh elsewhere says of thee, 'James affected to be above the law, and was therefore a tyrant;' and, whatever of exaggeration thy foes may have spoken, thy great modern advocate, Plumer Ward, writes—'James II. is sufficiently odious, and his deposition from the throne sufficiently warranted, without injustice or aggravation.' Another modern writer, to wit, my Lord John Russell, lays it down as his opinion that thou didst embrace the Roman Catholic religion because ye found it more congenial to your love of arbitrary power—but I say nothing. Arbitrary ye were, and the sacred liberties of the nation were at stake; but whether ye sought to establish the tenets of Rome for the sake of fostering temporal tyrannies, or whether your innate love of domination led you tyrannically to enforce upon your subjects that which they both feared and loathed, is a question which I will not positively decide upon. But this is of small moment. Your religion was the terror of the people, and the way ye compelled it upon them was not long in alienating their affections from thee, and causing them to seek a friend and a deliverer in me, the then Prince of Orange. I was invited over by a deputation, and the written invitation was signed by seven nobles, to wit, my Lords Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lumley, Compton, Russell, and Sidney. Hallam—the 'classic Hallam,' as Byron terms him—the great historian of the middle ages and of our constitution—Hallam calls them, 'the seven eminent persons who signed the declaration;' and the continuator of Mackintosh designates them, 'the seven distinguished persons who, with Roman virtue, signed the invitation.'"

"And Plumer Ward," said James, "with the exception of Devonshire and Lumley, declares them to have been 'all eminent rogues.'"

"I reckon not what Plumer Ward says," returned William. "He wrote his work in 1838 to serve political purposes, when a crisis in the House of Commons and the government was expected. He is a Jacobite and a high Tory—almost as great a Jacobite as yourself."

"Myself! Ay, it is not unlike. I am a Jacobite, since I am Jacobus himself. It is vain, William, for you to say you were invited over because I had deserted my people. It is known that



you, over there in Holland, fomented discontent against me in England by your agents, so long as two years before the catastrophe arrived, that your desire to deliver the nation from my alleged tyrannies, consisted most especially in aggrandizing yourself, that you held a secret correspondence with my enemies, who poisoned my subjects against me, and gave you due information of the progress of discontent. Yet you were all that while professing the most humble duty and attachment to the king and the father-in-law, whom you were preparing to dethrone. You were a dissembler, a hypocrite, and an intriguer. The continuator of Mackintosh, in speaking of your bearing towards me, writes—‘affecting towards him [me] with an air of patient tranquillity, the deference and duty of a son, he gained over the subjects, sapped the throne, and finally made himself supreme arbiter of the fate of his father-in-law, under the pretence of zeal for the Church and affection for a nation, to neither of which he belonged.’ In fact, if we look somewhat closely into the affair, we shall discover that it was not so much a revolution brought about by the desire of the nation at large as by the self-interested intrigues of yourself in Holland, and of some of my nobles—I should say ignobles—in this country, who had been corrupted, Heaven knows how, for I wot not.”

“Nay, James, ye wot well. It was thyself that corrupted them—or rather, it was thyself that scared them from thee to me, by thy fearful innovations so lawlessly imposed.”

“There was his Grace of Marlborough—I mean his Dis-grace of Marlborough—of whom Hallam says, ‘his whole life was a picture of meanness and treachery.’ This noble duke first deserted me and went over to you; he then deserted you, and betrayed his country to Louis XIV. of France; there was my Lord Colchester, who deserted to you when he saw my fortunes waning; there was the Duke of Grafton, and the Lord Churchill, with others, who one day made the most fervent professions of attachment to me, and then the next went over to you; and then there was Sunderland, and Clarendon, and Cornbury—ay, and divers more whom it pains even my bronze to think of, who all left the weaker side to fly to the stronger. I knew not at last whom to trust, for all seemed ready to abandon me. I did not grieve insupportably when Prince George went; but the defection of my daughter Anne was almost too much for a father. Burnet says you aspired to the crown of England in 1686. And my Lord Dartmouth told me—but I could not believe it—that even from Monmouth’s invasion he was certain ye were plotting against me. In your letter to Sir Leoline Jenkins ye fully betrayed these dispositions, and what was the bent of your designs.\* It appears also in the same

\* Dall. App., p. 306 et seq.

document, that you received 'with pleasure the proposition of enacting that the princess (Mary, my daughter and your wife) should be regent during the life of her father'—and yet I was then on my throne! Furthermore, in a missive which my Lord Montague sent to you after you had got into my place, it seems ye knew of, and approved of, the Rye House Plot.\* The continuator of Mackintosh goes so far as to say that you would have murdered me rather than not have got my kingdom."†

"Then," cried William, at this accusation, "I wish I had either this continuator or his statue here in St. James's Square; I would discontinue him in a very short space of time."

"That is ridiculous," observed James. "Elsewhere, in speaking of an act of yours, upon an interesting occasion, he writes—'He [that is, your ambassador, Zuylslein] was sent over with their [your] congratulations to James and his queen, on the birth of their son, at the very moment when the prince [you], and, as far as she was competent or allowed, the princess [alas! my daughter], were preparing to dethrone the parents, and bastardize the child.'"

"Then I protest against such continuators," again ejaculated the figure in the Square, "and against such a continuation of libel."

"My metal is warming, and I must have my say," was the rejoinder. "It is known that this Marlborough, even while he was in my service in England, assisted and projected your invasion against me, that the Lord Delamere and E. Warrington were aware of a secret design to assassinate me,‡ that the Lord Churchill was the one appointed either to stab or pistol me, that this murder was to be committed at the review at Warminster, but that this conspiracy failed because high Heaven caused a sudden and strange bleeding of my nose to come on as I was proceeding thither, and thus saved my life. It has come to light since, I may observe, ere passing (or standing here on my pedestal), that Marlborough was so fearful lest the plot should not succeed, that he proposed, as an amendment, that he should stab me himself, as he went in the carriage with me. These are right marvellous things. I continued on my throne and amongst my people as long as I dare; but when such projects were revealed to me, and when I received a letter from my Lord Halifax, admonishing me of a speedy design on my life, I thought it time to withdraw for a season, until I could come back again. It was then that I went to France."

"These assertions prevail not and avail not," returned William III. "Ye say true, James, in observing how your nobles dropped

\* Dall. App., part ii., p. 339.

† Hist. of Revolution of 1688. V. ii., p. 245.

‡ Mentioned by Carte, as may be seen in Macpherson's State Papers, vol. i., 181-184.



off and deserted you—ay, even your children did this. But wherefore did they this? It was that they could no longer look up to you as their protector, their benefactor, or their loving monarch. You had ceased to be a friend to them—you were their enemy. People do not desert their friends; it is their oppressors they desert. It is plain, therefore, why they estranged themselves from you. Besides, who shall say that I had any aim towards your throne, even when I landed? As soon as I had stepped ashore in Torbay I caused it to be circulated that I had no intention of infringing on the prerogatives of your government, or to meddle with your person, but that I merely came, duly invited, to deliver the land from your tyrannies, to calm the terror which your religious severities had excited, to intercede for your affrighted people, to restore law and order, and to bring back the distorted constitution to its proper limits. It has been said that had you not interfered with the religion of the country you might have gone on to your life's end in the enjoyment of your own; but after the burnings of Queen Mary's reign, and the blind fanaticism of Cromwell's protectorate, during which period a chaos of unspeakable miseries, and oppressions, and cruelties, were practised, 'for the Lord's sake,' the people very naturally took fright at the compelled innovations you were introducing from Rome. From religious tyranny a train of other tyrannies was expected, and from this notion my Lord John Russell became of opinion, as I said before, that you encouraged the Roman Catholic practises and tenets as a means of giving sway to every other species of arbitrary power. Your well-known 'harsh character' added to the panic. Fagel very rightly said of me and my wife, your daughter, in a letter—'Their highnesses have ever paid a most profound duty to his majesty [you], which they will always continue to do, for they consider themselves bound to it both by the laws of God and man.' Do not, therefore, harbour against me and your daughter Mary the evil thoughts to which you gave vent but even now. Even your most ardent modern defender readily allows that my invasion, as it is designated, was fair, and even politic for the nation; all he finds fault with is the caution, the secrecy, and in some instances the dissemblance with which it was attended.\* But in so momentous an undertaking great caution was necessary—not on the score of dissemblance, but on that of safety to all parties. In another place he says, 'the most important benefits were obtained, but obtained on false pretences.'† No matter; benefit accrued, and that is enough. Again he writes—'But for William and the Protestant ascendancy not only our religion but our liberties might have been lost. We ought, there-

\* Historical Essay, &c., on the Revolution of 1688. Vol. i., pp. 197-8.

† Ibid. Vol. ii., p. 34.



fore, to be grateful for what was done, though not blind to the manner of doing it.\* But I saw with others, and I was convinced with others that nothing but my coming could save the nation. Charles James Fox, in his history of your life, when you were not a statue, says—‘a willingness to be convinced, or in some cases even without conviction, to concede our opinion to that of other men is among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom.’† Practical wisdom saved England.”

“It may have been so,” coldly observed James; “but despite all the boast of your welcome here, you know you waited nine days in Devonshire after your landing before any one joined your standard.”

“I wot well,” cried William, with promptitude, as if he had his vindication ready. “I wot well; and the reason was, not that I was unwelcome, but that, after the fate of the Duke of Monmouth, who had, on his coming to England, passed through that region; after he had been defeated on Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater; after you had so cruelly tampered with his reverses as to give him an audience only to jeer his fallen state; after you had beheaded him; after you had sent your merciful but non-teetotal Judge Jefferies into the west country to try those who had espoused Monmouth’s cause; after he had told these offenders to their faces that he wished they would confess and save him the trouble of trying them; but after he had butchered (for it was nothing else) two hundred and fifty-one in different towns on his circuit; after these barbarities, many of which were pre-eminently unjust, it made the country shy of openly extending their hands to me, albeit I had their hearts from the very first. But as soon as Sir Edward Seymour showed the example, then all men flocked to the deliverance of my banner. When I arrived in Middlesex, the lords and the corporation of London joined in an invitation that I would vouchsafe to repair to the city, where thirty noblemen, including seven bishops, and all the authorities, solemnly offered me the government. Their address was worded in this wise:—‘His majesty [you] having withdrawn himself, and, as we apprehend, in order to his departure out of the kingdom, by the pernicious counsel of persons ill affected to our nation and religion, we cannot, without being wanting to our duty, be silent under these calamities, wherein the popish counsels which so long prevailed, have miserably involved these realms. We do, therefore, unanimously resolve to apply ourselves to his Highness the Prince of Orange [me], who with great kindness, to these realms such vast expenses, and so much hazard to his own person, has undertaken, by endeavouring to procure a free Parliament [which you would not] to rescue us,

\* Ibid. Vol. ii., p. 39.

† Fox’s History of James the Second, p. 287.

with as little effusion as possible of Christian blood, from the imminent danger of Popery and slavery.' There, James, that language is plain enough. Popery and slavery—the dread of these it was that terrified the length and breadth of the land, and from these came I to deliver the people. Howbeit, Popery can never, henceforth, be the established religion in this country, for by my Bill of Rights it is enacted, that the subjects are absolved from their allegiance, and that the crown shall pass to the next heir thereof if the then possessor of it in England shall hold communion with the Church of Rome or marry a Papist. As your authority was still acknowledged in Ireland, you embarked, the year after, from France, to try and regain your forfeited dominions; but I beat you at the battle of the Boyne, and myself and my Orangemen have ever since celebrated this victory, which was at once the triumph of Protestantism and liberty. Your son, the Pretender, tried his fortune afterwards in Scotland, in 1715; and in 1745 your grandson, the young Pretender, tried again; but the battle of Culloden ended these projects for ever. During the rest of your days you were a pensioner on the King of France; and some amusing anecdotes of that time any statue may read in Madame de Sévigné's Letters; but your disappointments and blighted hopes weighed upon you, and you took to a lowly life of piety. You visited the poor monks of La Trappe, and subjected yourself to many unkinglike acts of privation, penitence, and mortification. Such transitions, however, appear to me very inconsistent. I have noted them amongst persons around me in the nineteenth century. When people meet with reverses, or when they find that their earthly career of ambition, and sometimes of sin, is nearly run out, and there is not much to live for, then they pay God the compliment of turning to religion. To me this looks more like a mockery than anything else. But rest you content, James; for regret can have no part with you or your family now. Your descendants have all died off, and hence the throne of England is nothing to them. Wherefore, that being all over, I will end by singing, 'God save the Queen.' By-the-bye, James, what will you sing?"

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## TO A DYING GIRL.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Not from the home made joyous by thy presence,  
 Not from its hope that cleaveth to thee still,  
 Not from its deep love, an undying essence,  
 Art thou departing at thy Father's will ;  
 Not from the hearts to which thy childhood gave  
 Sweet promise, art thou passing to the grave.

Not from the quiet paths that thou hast brighten'd  
 With youth's unsetting sunshine through all hours ;  
 Not from the household cares that thou hast lighten'd  
 With song and laughter—time's fast fading flowers—  
 Not from love's faith-born dreams, so fair, so free,  
 Art thou call'd forth—for these are full of thee !

Thou art but summon'd—ere the spell be broken  
 That circleth, halo-like, thy future day—  
 From the cold truths so oft in darkness spoken  
 To every fated lingerer by the way ;  
 From all of life that bears so stern a part  
 In the sad history of woman's heart.

From lavish waste of that exhaustless treasure,  
 Her soul's affections, an unsounded deep,  
 That, freely pour'd and given without measure,  
 Yield back so little, save the right to weep !  
 From the first dread, and most unselfish trust,  
 That bartereth sumless wealth for sordid dust.

From shrinking thoughts as the rich sunlight dyeth,  
 And the rude gusts of worldliness sweep past,  
 While round the heart a scatter'd heap there lieth  
 Of faith and feeling—fashion'd not to last !  
 From the cold consciousness that all around,  
 Life, love itself, is disenchanted ground !

From weary watchings o'er some death-bound slumber,  
 When the lip's murmur'd hope must break the heart ;  
 From patient anguish as the hoarded number  
 Of the soul's day-stars, one by one depart ;  
 From all the griefs, the fears—than death more strong,  
 And oft as silent—that to love belong.

From these thou goest, and art blest in going ;  
 Not from the earth departest thou alone ;  
 With thee go forth high hopes, divinely glowing,  
 True faith and love that shrine thee as their own !  
 And to *thy* heaven shall rise full many a prayer  
 From hearts that joy to own one *treasure* there !



## THE INSANE COURTIER.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

## CHAPTER I.

Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood,  
 Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty  
 Is made the scorner's jest ; where hate, deceit,  
 And deadly ruin wear the masks of beauty,  
 And draw deluded fools with shows of pleasure.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

CATHARINE the Second, having secured to herself and son the throne of Russia, by the assassinations of her poor weak-minded husband, Peter the Third, and Prince Ivan, son of Anne of Mecklenburg, and Prince Anthony Ulric, and great great nephew to Peter the First, and consequently lawful heir to the empire, Paul Petrovitz, Catharine's son, being well known to be illegitimate, secured also her third of the territory of Poland from her former favourite, and now subservient and intimidated puppet-king, the unhappy and degraded Poniatowski, triumphed over her enemies in the Isles of Greece, planted her victorious flag in the Archipelago, conquered the Turks in Syria and Egypt, and made herself mistress of the Crimea, the Isle of Taman, and a great part of the Kuban, and the unrestricted navigation of the Dardanelles by a treaty which the harassed and exhausted Ottoman Porte was at last too glad to sign with such a powerful adversary. Satiated with conquest, and confident of success the moment she chose to engage in fresh wars, she resolved to repose for a time on the laurels already so gloriously won, and abandon herself to the pleasures and dissipations of her elegant and voluptuous court.

She had taken care to remove far from it all those whose presence might awaken disagreeable reflections, particularly Count Orlof and his brothers, who had taken such a fearfully active part in her aggrandizement. Loaded with wealth and honours, they lived in a distant part of the kingdom, unthought of and unregretted.

In the full zenith of her power and beauty, absolute sovereign of the finest and most flourishing empire of Europe, universally admired for her daring courage, extraordinary talents, and liberal patronage of the arts and sciences, she *felt* the supremacy of her exalted situation, she *felt* that she had achieved her own great-

ness, and she gloried in the proud consciousness that on her the eyes of the universe were fixed in wondering admiration. She *felt*, however, no compunctious visitings of conscience, no remorseful whisperings how that splendour had been attained; she shuddered not to think that adultery, murder, and every crime of which human nature can be guilty, tarnished the lustre of her name, and would hand it down to posterity dyed in the ineffaceable hue of her fellow-creatures' blood.

Too sensual, too worldly-minded, too intoxicated with prosperity, to reflect on her enormities, she lived only for the *present*, in a whirl of pleasure, the *past* fading from her memory in the remoteness of oblivion, and the *future* being, as she thought, and as, alas! we all think, too far distant to obtrude or annoy. She, therefore, unscrupulously yielded to every impulse, seizing on all occasions to gratify her inclinations of luxurious enjoyment.

One evening after a grand masked ball, feeling no inclination to retire to rest, she ordered refreshments to be taken to her own private and splendid suite of apartments, where, seating herself on a superb Persian divan, round which clustered the favoured beauties and gallant cavaliers admitted into that secret temple of seduction, and knowing her powers of repartee and sarcasm, and moreover, from that envy innate in the human breast, wishing to wound the feelings of one younger and lovelier than herself, and who, in her profligate court, yet boasted of an unsullied reputation, Catharine commenced a lively and animated discussion on the nature of love and jealousy, with the beautiful and accomplished Princess Dashkof, asking her, half in badinage, and half in seriousness, "whether she believed a woman ever really forgave a successful rival?"

The poor princess saw the snare spread for her by the wily and triumphant empress, yet knew not how to escape it, or even conceal her pained and mortified sensibilities, for her attachment to Orlof, whom Catharine had allured from her by the magnificent bait of ambition, was well known to all present, and she felt assured that any display of wounded pride, anger, or distress would only afford amusement and gratification to the heartless throng, and convince Catharine how pitiless were her talents for mordant raillery, than which nothing would please her better. Suppressing her emotion as much as possible, she replied,

"Really, madam, I have had so little experience in the subtle and delicate movements of the heart that I am quite at a loss to reply. Your majesty, I should imagine, would be the most profound judge in such tender affairs."

Whether this was said premeditatedly, or was merely one of those unintentional strokes of refined satire with which the innocent sometimes confound and astonish the guilty, Catharine could not divine from the placid countenance and mild eyes which un-



shrinkingly bore her scrutinizing gaze, but she was evidently galled to the quick by it, and, with heightened colour and flashing eyes, she imperiously exclaimed,

"To the point, to the point; no evasion, princess; I ask you again whether a woman ever sincerely forgives a successful rival?"

The tears sprang to the eyes of the luckless girl as she thought of what it had cost her to *partially* forgive the being who had wrecked the fondest hopes of her young heart, and with a faltering tongue she replied,

"Yes, madam, from her soul a generous woman does pardon a successful rival."

An involuntary murmur of applause at this noble sentiment told Catharine that she had failed in her cruel intention, that innocence and virtue still met with the approbation it merited, which even her most servile sycophants could not withhold, although at the risk of her displeasure. But, far from being discouraged by this signal failure, she felt her determination to humble the princess yet increase by the unequivocal triumph just obtained over her astute malignity; she, therefore, without evincing the slightest resentment, adroitly seized on the word "*generous*" to change the subject, by asking the princess "whether she, placable as she was, believed in the possibility of a generous compassion ever succeeding a disappointed or extinguished passion of a more ardent nature? She admitted," she continued, "that pity might be awakened in the bosom, but then only a contemptible commiseration—a commiseration which utterly degraded the object on which it was bestowed."

The young courtiers crowded round the fair disputants, highly amused at the singularity of the contest; a contest which deeply interested their *amour-propre*, and their secret wishes were for the lovely princess, who, with the unguarded warmth and enthusiasm of youth, too easily yielded to the fascination of supporting her favourite theory, by declaring, "that when once a pure and exalted passion had existed in the heart, that whatever feeling succeeded it must be of a generous description, even if faithlessness and treachery had rewarded that fond heart's confidence; that when a woman had once sincerely loved, neither hatred nor contempt for the object that had inspired that affection could supersede it—the heart repudiated the bare idea; that nothing but the certainty that that object was steeped in crime could change the sentiments of the heart for it, and then, oh, God! oh, God!" added the beauteous speaker, with thrilling emotion, "not *pity* but *horror* must succeed."

Again was Catharine defeated; but unaccustomed to submit, she endeavoured to recover her lost ground by the potent assistance of ridicule; she, therefore, with an affected laugh, "protested that she had never heard anything so charmingly romantic, that



she rivalled *Clélie* in the *carte du pays Tendre* of Mademoiselle Scudéri, or *la fille du roi Galafron, la belle angélique*. I wonder, princess, you do not take this poor palace for the fortress of Albraque, and call upon these admiring cavaliers, in the names of Roland, Brandimar, Hubert du Lion, Antifort, Clarion, and *les deux fils du Marquis Olivier*, to rescue you from the invading Tartares! For my part," she continued, "*Dieu merci*, I am not misled by any such chimeras; I have perfect control over my imagination, and do not suffer it to run riot like an unbroken horse; and I would advise you to curb yours; the times are too rational for young ladies to declare such *outré* and visionary sentiments—sentiments totally unsupported by truth, monstrous and absurd, and only uttered, she firmly believed, to create a *sensation*. Beauty, venturing upon any opinion, however inconsistent! But a truce to the argument altogether," she added, haughtily, "I am ashamed of giving so much importance to it by continuing it so long."

Alas! how soon was Catharine's own giddy and most unfounded assertion to be put to the test! how soon was the arrogant woman's bosom to be wrung with the tenderest, the most generous, the most remorseful pity! How soon was her proud, obdurate heart to be melted by the softest commiseration—a commiseration which did not degrade, but ennoble, the object on which it was profusely lavished. But thus the Almighty delights to humble the sinful and bring down the lofty-minded. Thus doth he, in the fulness of his wisdom, suffer the ignorant and foolish ones of the earth to utter their vain sayings, and then, lo! he saith, "O blind, and ignorant, and foolish, and weak, and frail, and sinful, out of thine own mouth do I condemn thee!"

## CHAPTER II.

Twice it call'd, so loudly call'd,  
With horrid strength, beyond the pitch of nature;  
And murder! murder! was the dreadful cry.  
A third time it return'd with feeble strength,  
But, o' the sudden ceased, as though the words  
Were smother'd rudely in the grappled throat,  
And all was still again, save the wild blast  
Which at a distance growl'd.  
Oh! it will never from my mind depart!  
That dreadful cry, all i' the instant still'd.

Joanna Baillie's *De Montfort*.

The cheek so lately flushed with triumph became pale with apprehension; the eye so lately dilated with scorn became fixed and glassy, and the tongue so lately loud in uttering defiance and contempt became low and faltering, as, starting up with terror and alarm, the conscious Catharine hoarsely murmured,

"What, what is the meaning of that?"

A tumultuous confusion of voices resounding in the adjoining apartment, mingled with threats, oaths, and execrations. But too well aware how she had obtained the kingdom she governed so despotically, she naturally lived in dread of the fate of all usurpers—a dread which even the boundless love of her subjects could not dissipate, and therefore, on any unwonted stir in the palace, expected revolution and murder to finish her meteorically brilliant career.

She therefore awaited in trembling and breathless anxiety for an explanation of the cause of her present alarm, and was just on the eve of despatching Elphinston, a brave young Englishman, then high in her favour, to ascertain it when the door of her boudoir was burst open with tremendous violence, and Orlof rushed in, his fantastic masquerade costume torn off his back by his struggles with the imperial guard, his long black hair hanging wildly over his face, half shading his flashing eyes, and his whole demeanour but too plainly indicating that he was mad—furiously, ungovernably mad.

The attendants who followed him, terrified at his furious aspect and the dread of having offended the empress by suffering him to enter her presence unannounced, remained deprived of the power of either thinking or acting, totally paralyzed by fear; but she was too completely overwhelmed with astonishment at the sudden appearance of a person, and in such a deplorable state, whom she had imagined revelling in all the luxury and happiness which boundless wealth could procure, to notice them.

"Orlof! Orlof!" simultaneously burst from the agitated lips of Catharine and the princess, as they sprung forward with involuntary tenderness to meet him, while the young nobles instinctively unsheathed their swords to protect the sovereign they revered, and the beauty they adored, from the wild fury of a maniac.

"Put up your swords," said Catharine, with impressive solemnity, "there has been blood enough already shed in defence of me; the annals of my reign are written in it."

It was an affecting sight to behold the imperious and arbitrary Catharine humbled by remorse, and her lovely and innocent rival, the being she had so deeply injured, so lately cruelly and needlessly mortified, now her superior in conscious virtue and rectitude, without one feeling of jealousy existing between them, only studious to soothe and allay the irritation of the unfortunate object of both their affections.

Orlof, who at first appeared to be recovering his exhausted strength, after the violent contest he had had with those who opposed his entrance, now exclaimed, as she implored him to be calm,

"Ah! is it you? is it the Empress of Russia? is it the un-



grateful woman I placed on the throne? Hast thou no heart to be wrung, no brain to be maddened by remorse—the unmitigable torture of the damned? No! thou canst still have thy masques and mummeries, thy midnight orgies, thy wanton revels, and then sleep soundly, as if innocence guarded thy slumbers; but it is time that thou arousest thyself, like *me* to sleep no more! Look at me, Catharine; look at me; look at the crime-stained Orlof, mad! mad! driven frantic by a guilty conscience! Ah! how he struggles! how strong is nature in self-defence! the puny Peter is a very giant now! but he must die, and then she is mine; she has sworn to be mine.” Then sinking his voice to a deep and hollow whisper, he continued, and almost hissing her own words into the ear of the agonized Catharine, “There is but *one* obstacle to our union—the emperor—remove it and the grateful enamoured Catharine is yours. How much more fitting art thou, my handsome, accomplished Orlof, to grace the throne of Russia than the despised and contemptible being who now fills it! I thought the poison would have done it, but he suspected me; now it is life for life. Ah! he is too much for me—down! down! the napkin, Baralinsmy, the napkin! there! there! he is dead at last, choked, smothered, suffocated. Oh! God of Heaven, what a conflict! I am completely exhausted.”

And as if he really felt overcome by the horrible repetition of the emperor’s awful assassination, he dropped the hand of Catharine, which until then he had grasped with fearful tenaciousness, and sunk into a chair, while the perspiration literally ran down his face. Catharine, who had never before heard the terrific details of her husband’s death, remained appalled with terror and contrition, tears of unfeigned sorrow chasing each other down her pallid cheeks, while, with clasped hands and quivering lips, she breathed the first remorseful prayer her obdurate heart had ever conceived.

The princess, still more horror-struck, sprang from the side of Orlof to the farthest end of the apartment, and covering her face with her hands, as if to shut him out from her view, she exclaimed,

“And I have loved a murderer, a traitorous, cold-blooded murderer; did love him up to the moment of this conscience-extorted confession, should but for it have loved him to the day of my death. Truly my words were prophetic when I said that *crime* could obliterate that love; it *has*, for now I loathe and abhor him.” And, as if in contradiction to the assertion she wished to believe, she burst into tears, and sobbed most piteously.

Orlof, attracted by her anguish, darted off to where the poor princess stood, who, seeing him approach her, screamed aloud with irrepressible terror,

“Ah! do not come near me! Do not touch me! I should die



instantly at the contact of that murderous hand with mine!" And she crept behind the amazed courtiers for protection.

"This, too, is Catharine's work," cried Orlof, furiously. "She separated us, she said you loved me not, that you never would be mine; and then she urged the sweetness of revenge, the gloriousness of triumphing over your disdain. But she played me false, she cheated me, she deceived me, she made me a murderer; and when I claimed my reward she spurned me from her. But the day of vengeance is at hand! The shadow of her injured husband is beckoning her to perdition! See! see! there it is! Ah! ah! it is coming near! Go! go! I was only thy wife's tool—her poor, blinded tool! Oh, fool that I was to trust her infernal arts! I might have been happy, virtuous, prosperous, and *holy*, but for her!" And at these torturing recollections he tore his hair out by the roots, so that the blood ran from the wounds he made, and mingled with his frantic tears as he tossed it about the room.

"Orlof," exclaimed the wretched Catharine, "Orlof, for mercy's sake compose yourself; you will drive me mad too to see you thus distracted! O Isoline, dear Isoline!" she continued, turning imploringly to the princess, "help me to soothe and tranquilize his despair!" Then, heedless of the presence of every one, heedless of all save that she had once passionately loved him, save that at her demoniacal suggestions he had steeped himself in the crimes which had overthrown his fine reason, she took his now passive hand in hers, and leaning over him with inexpressible grief, she gently removed his long straggling hair from his fine forehead, and, gazing into his large, vacant eyes, she said, with a tone of thrilling emotion, "Orlof, dear Orlof, why did you keep your deplorable malady so long a secret from me? Did you, could you for a moment think that I was indifferent to your fate?"

As if soothed by the syren voice which had so often beguiled him, even to his ruin, he looked up in her face with all his former expression of respectful admiration; but, ere Catharine could congratulate herself on this apparently lucid interval, he, with the invariable changefulness of insanity, suddenly assumed an expression of sombre ferocity, and, snatching his hand from her, he thrust it into his bosom, and bringing forth a withered bouquet,

"Look, Catharine, look at these flowers," he cried, "if they will not blast your sight. They were your husband's. They stood in a vase on the poor emperor's table. They show that he had, at least, one harmless and innocent taste remaining amidst the pestiferous corruptions of a court—*your* court. They were the *last* beautiful things his earthly gaze rested on, for it directly after met the scowling and threatening countenances of his murderers! I snatched them up to preserve me from fainting when the dreadful struggle was over with him, and, with the tenacity of

guilt, I still convulsively, but unconsciously, retained them when I fled from the horrid scene. A passing zephyr awoke me to the conviction of their possession, and I have cherished them ever since. But they are faded for ever; not even your tears, the tears of the innocent Isoline, could make them re-bloom. Yet are they the *sole* flowers earth hath for me! I dare not contemplate those fresh in the loveliness of nature—I dare not—nor yet the sun from whence they derive their beauty; for, oh! in the last, fearfulest effort of expiring life, Peter tore the suffocating napkin from his face, when a vivid ray just at the moment shot from heaven, and lighted up horribly his swollen and discoloured features, as if to stamp them indelibly on my brain. And it *did*. It has never been dark with me since. A blood-red streak of light continually plays and flickers about it, and sometimes shoots, rapid and seething, through my brain, like the scathing lightning's flash; but it passes not away, like it, in its destruction, leaving a blasted mass insensible to further harm or feeling, but burns on and on for ever! It is here, it is here! Feel it, Catharine, feel it! But no, it will scorch your hand! That burning, unextinguishable flame is terrible as the flaming sword of the relentless cherubim, placed at the entrance of Paradise to bar the sinful from the realms of bliss, placed *there* by God himself—an angry, a *just* God!"

All this was uttered in that surprisingly eloquent volubility with which the insane appear as if almost miraculously endowed, admitting neither pause nor interruption, and which in its wild pathos so harrowingly wrings the hearts of those who listen to it.

Then glancing hurriedly round the apartment Orlof resumed in that low, concentrated tone, as if rather communing with his own soul than addressing himself audibly to any one.

"Oh! how does everything here remind me of the guilty and infatuated *past*! It was in this very room, after a masked ball, too, that the empress first revealed her love, her ambitious projects, her indifference to crime, her fearlessness of murder, her resolute daring, her bold determination to usurp the throne. It was here, seated on this very couch, whose rich crimson drapery and golden fringe mocked the vividness of her cheek, the glittering of her most wondrous hair, that kneeling by her she stooped to pour into my credulous ear the tale of her fell enchantments. It was here the wily and practised sorceress employed all her blandishments to allure the heart to open to her seductions. It was here that the *envied* Orlof was admitted to the honour of a private audience with his sovereign. I see the smile of impertinence now curling the sarcastic lips of the base menial who, arrogant in the power of a guilty mistress' oft-repeated confidences, gave me the flattering intimation of that mistress' commands with a sneering contempt, which almost inclined me to refuse. But," he added, in a tone of the bitterest irony, "how could I choose

but obey? How could I dare to hesitate? Was it not the order of the imperious empress, the self-elected Empress of Russia? Yet how mild, how tearful, how feminine was she at that hour! I feel the pressure of her warm, soft hand; I hear the silvery accents of her voice; I see her deep blue eyes dimmed by tears—tears for me. But no, she only acted all that; she felt it not; not one spark of womanly tenderness thrilled her bosom, or she would have paused on the threshold of everlasting destruction. Who is the minion of your pleasure now? Who is the victim you are leading in roseate charms to infamy and despair—leading him with the poison of pretended love and promised aggrandizement? Poor insect! triumph in the sunshine of her noon-day favour, the vampire is now hovering who, in the twilight of satiety, will gorge itself on thy blood!”

As he breathed this almost inspired denunciation his eyes, with the restlessness of a maniac, wandered from face to face until they became sternly fixed on that of Elphinston's, who, conscious of the partiality of the empress, and dreading to be made the dupe of some ambitious scheme, without reflecting that it was only the ramblings of a decided lunatic, he, with the impetuosity of his nation, drew his sword, and rushed on Orlof to fell him to the ground.

“Coward!” exclaimed Catharine, arresting his uplifted arm. “What! are you base enough to attack a defenceless man? And how defenceless?—mad, mad, mad!”

The really brave young man, abashed at this indignant reproof, slowly sheathed his sword, and then, with the generosity of a truly noble nature, he seized the hand of Orlof, and bent over it with a sort of respect, as if mentally craving pardon for his unmanly rashness.

But neither the indignation of the empress nor the contrition of Elphinston appeared to have any visible effect on the miserable maniac, who seemed insensible to all save the dreadful consciousness of overwhelming guilt, standing with his eyes fixed, as if in awful expectation of some fearful visitant from the shades of darkness, to denounce the vengeance of the Almighty against him.

“Orlof!” exclaimed Catharine, endeavouring to rouse him from his terrific state of abstraction. “Orlof! why will you dwell so pertinaciously on that which can only torture you? Forget the past.”

“Forget the *past*? What, when the ghastly and menacing shade of your murdered husband incessantly reminds me of it? Can *you* forget the *past*?”

“No, but I hope by repentance to atone for *it*. Oh! surely, surely, you have atoned for it already; surely, surely, the remorse which has driven you to distraction must have appeased the wrath divine! Believe it has; oh! believe it thus, and you may



yet be happy. Isoline still loves you; her emotion proves it, and you still love her. Your affection was only suspended, not annihilated; Catharine, the artificial, meretricious, guilty Catharine, could never supersede her young and innocent attractions in your heart. Oh! what will I not do to promote your felicity, to show my gratitude to her who would aid me to secure it. The sweet smiles of your beautiful Isoline will soon fan the smouldering embers of your youthful love into its pristine glow; the past will be forgotten, or only appear as a hideous dream, loaded with the favours of your empress."

"A dream!" he wildly shrieked. "A dream! the *past* a dream! Oh! would I could believe it such; but I should be a fool or madman to be so deluded! No, no, no, it is no dream, but a true and devilish reality. Isoline's love is a dream; yes, that is a dream. She abhors me now; see how she shrinks from me. Ha! ha! ha! she marry a murderer! she, the lovely, the sinless, ally herself to crime, and guilt, and sorrow? How dared you mock a broken heart thus, madam?"

"Isoline! Isoline!" cried Catharine, imploringly, "would you not take pity on the poor penitent? Would you not glory in restoring him to reason? Would you not feel it a womanly mission indeed to speak peace to his wounded spirit—to pray for him?"

"Oh, yes! gladly, gladly, will I pray for him; pray without ceasing for pardon and forgiveness for his manifold and heinous transgressions," replied the weeping girl, "but I can do nothing more; I could not sacrifice every better principle of my heart; I could not wed myself to such enormity, not even out of that pity which should ever influence the female bosom, for my soul is appalled at his very memory now."

To this resolution the princess remained inflexible, notwithstanding the bribes, threats, entreaties, and anger of the empress, who, despite of all expostulation, determined on retaining Orlof at the palace, having a suite of apartments splendidly fitted up for him, and surrounding him with everything calculated to amuse and divert his melancholy, giving the most express orders to all her attendants to pay him every respect and attention.

"It is my retribution," she observed, mournfully, when reasoned with on the needless pain and mortification she endured from his bitter and undisguised reproaches, "it is my retribution; the scales of vanity are removed from mine eyes, the veil of pride and ambition rent from mine heart, and I behold myself as I really am—not the envied, the admired, the dreaded and victorious empress of a kingdom whose sway extends far and wide, but a bowed and stricken woman; one loaded with sin and shaken by remorse, one whose atrocities startle the angel of mercy pleading for her above, and astonish the fiends below, familiar as they are

with deeds of darkness. Let him then be admitted to my presence always; in solitude or society let him come to admonish me to repentance, with his truthful but stinging upbraidings. Let him come, as the spirit of vengeance, to awaken me to the fearfulness of the doom awaiting me hereafter, unless by prayer and supplication I make atonement for past iniquities, that when my hour cometh, which, alas! is too near, I may not be consigned to outer, unutterable gloom and misery, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Oh! at what a price, at what an inestimable price, have I purchased the fleeting glory of this passing world! What now to me is the consideration of all I possess, compared to the greater treasures I have lost? For what doth it avail a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Can I now enjoy one thing I have? Can I ever hope to sleep in peace again, or wake with the exhilarating gladness of conscious and happy existence? Feeling that to *be* is a blessing? No! to think is a curse; memory is a curse; life is a curse; oblivion, hushed, voiceless, deathlike oblivion, would be to me blessing, a profound and invaluable blessing. The gaudiness of splendour, the daintiness of luxury, the triumph of conquest, and the laudations of fame pall upon my senses, disgust my heart, and are loathsome to my sight, and *I*, the envied, *envy* the poorest serf in my domain, who, with a clear conscience and a light heart, can eat his scant allowance of rye bread, drink his draught of water from the pure and sparkling Neva, and then lie down on his stove with the wife of his bosom, and rest in peace. I envy the meanest domestic in my palace, who, when I approach, in the regal dignity which awes ignorance to silence, giving only language to the wandering eyes, ceases the jocund song which lightens labour, and waits in mute reverence until I have passed by; for that song springs from the heart's gleefulness, and that heart must consequently be innocent, for it is never merry otherwise—never. I envy the mendicant, stretched out in the rays of the genial and impartial sun, who, having not one earthly thing to delight his gaze, can yet look up fearlessly into the azure vault of Heaven, as if to penetrate his future doom, and ask if it will also be as blank and sad for him as terrene existence has been; for he apprehends no sudden lightnings, launched by an outraged God, to blast his presumptuous sight, for he has committed no crimes to provoke it. I envy, agonizingly envy, all that's good, and pure, and amiable, and sinless here, and would—ay, even on my knees, with thanks of undying gratitude, exchange with any one of them, to become innocent, good, and virtuous once more; but it cannot be, it cannot be, and all that remains is for me to say unto God, if I have done iniquity I will do so no more. I will wash mine hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord! And those murdered ones, do thou, Peter, and thou, Ivan, and all the

hosts assembled against me, cease from anger, and plead the cause of the humbled and contrite Catharine, and her poor, poor victim, Orlof!"

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S T A N Z A S.

WHEN on this aching heart and brain  
The bitterest throbs of anguish burn,  
I think that could I once again  
To my lone childhood's haunts return,  
And dream there for one brief, soft hour  
As I, alas! have dream'd of yore,  
It would with a magician's power,  
Some sweet wrecks of the past restore,  
And bring back thoughts and hopes to me,  
Innocent as they were wont to be.

There is a wood in that dear spot  
Where half my life was dream'd away,  
And though for years I've seen it not  
It does but seem as yesterday;  
That, clasp'd within its fragrant bowers,  
When winds around hold playful strife,  
I, all begemm'd with fallen flowers,  
Lay hush'd in joy and dream'd of life,  
Painting it as we do in youth,  
So lovely, so unlike the truth.

And now the mists of morn have flown,  
That world I long'd to join and taste  
Has proved a thing half fire, half stone,  
A crowd in form, in heart a waste;  
Its praises, envy in disguise;  
Its few, few joys, ere tasted, gone;  
And love that, in my childish eyes,  
Made all things here a Paradise—  
A feeling we may share alone.  
Ah, no! I could not thus endure  
To tread those scenes for one short day,  
Still let them be as bright, as pure,  
As when my dreams were pure as they;  
With worldly tears and worldly mirth,  
And hopes and pleasures false as vain;  
How would I seek my place of birth,  
The scene of all my bliss on earth?  
Alas! to stop there would profane.

ANNIE.

Jersey.

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## LITERATURE.

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Student's Self-instructing French Grammar.* By D. M. AIRD. C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court.

THIS is an excellent little guide, and admirably calculated to smooth the way to a speedy acquirement of French. The work consists of twelve progressive lessons, wherein the parts of speech are exemplified in conversational sentences. Idiomatical phrases, anecdotes, and fables are also introduced, with literal translations and pronunciation. The aim of Mr. Aird appears to be simplicity, and to effect his end he sets aside all pedantry and high-sounding words which characterize so many elementary works, assumes the tone of a scholar who is conversant with his subject; and, in plain and intelligible language, couches rules, elucidates idioms, and draws contrasts between the two languages which the merest tyro cannot fail to comprehend. After leading the pupil through the different parts of speech, illustrating each in his progress, and obviating by a new method the difficulties of the French verbs, a *Traductens* is introduced, which consists of several interesting anecdotes. "Aventures d'un Comedien Ambulant," is very racy and full of humour. Mr. Aird here again evinces his great aim—simplicity. He tells the pupil the best method of translating, then gives the signification of words which he might have difficulty in finding out. We cannot too strongly recommend this work to schoolmasters, for in this cheap little work all that is necessary for translating and speaking French is embraced. It will be a saving both of labour to the tutor and of money and time to the pupil.

*Sophistries of the Jesuits ; or, the Bases of the Roman Catholic Faith.* Translated from the French. W. Bennett.

WE have one little fault to find with this production, and that is, that no mention is made of the author of the work. It is a well-written and well-reasoned little work, and will be found an antidote to the sophistries of the body whose principles and practises it is intended to expose.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.<sup>1</sup>

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

## CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Sequel of the Steersman's Tale.

“THE cavalier did not desist from his visits; but on the contrary, in proportion as he saw the seeds of discord growing up among us he came to enjoy his work. A secret sensation always warned me of his coming, whereupon I retired into a corner of the room, and remained motionless, with my hand on the hilt of my sword; and while he remained I kept my eyes fixed on his face, but he appeared not to heed me. I frequently offered him some slight rudeness, with the intent that he should say something insulting, whence I could take occasion to plunge my dagger into his heart; but he, instead of taking offence, found excuses for me which I neither could nor would have expressed to him. Thus all went on in silence; the silence of rancour and of menace, like that which precedes the convulsion of creation.

“It arose, that day which ought never to have been illumined with the light of the sun, never ought to have been numbered among those of the year. Nature, as if conscious of the crime about to be committed, made the morning melancholy; a grey cloud darkened all the horizon, and the sun enwrapped himself in it like a fugitive looking sternly down upon the earth. When I attempted to go out the tempest raging around forced me to remain within. It was a pang to me to be in the castle of Berardo, but I could not remain away from it; the pain of not seeing him surpassed every other suffering. In the evening the sky partly cleared; I mounted my horse, and rode to Berardo's castle. I entered and inquired for him. They replied, that he had gone out that morning in spite of the rain, and they had not yet seen him return to the castle. I passed on, and Messinella met me with a smile which seemed like a flower on the cheek of a corpse. We embraced and sat down; I was opposite to her. After some time I said to her,

“‘Messinella, you are not happy.’

“She answered me with a burst of tears; then she looked round, and said,

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 136.

“ ‘Good brother (for so she was accustomed to call me), this is not a fitting place; come with me.’

“ ‘She arose, took me by the hand, and led me into the neighbouring wood. We reached a remote spot; I dared not interrogate her; she raised her eyes up to Heaven, and said, in a piteous tone,

“ ‘A horrible secret weighs on my heart, oh, my brother! a secret which threatens my life, and which I desire now to deposit in your bosom, as my testament—Berardo has ceased to love me.’

“ ‘And me too, Messinella,’ I cried. ‘Your husband has ceased to love me; and yet, if there were a member of my body that offended him I would burn it instantly, that it might not infect the heart that I would fain preserve for him.’

“ ‘Behold!’ cried Messinella, extending her arms, ‘God sees my innocence; he knows if I am guilty in one single thought; after him Berardo is the object of my love. Although I have not opened my heart to Berardo, it is so penetrated with love to him that I cannot support his disdain. When Berardo is present I conceal my affliction; but when he does not see me I weep and weep. Oh! my good brother, you cannot conceive what tears the eyes of poor Messinella have shed; ere long when you enter the court of the castle you will find me extended on the bed of death, exposed to the curiosity or the compassion of the vassals. At that moment, my brother, you must take Berardo by the hand and lead him where I lie a corpse, and say to him, ‘she died for love of thee.’ Oh! if he then sheds one tear, or breathes one sigh, I pardon him thenceforth all my affliction. Promise me, brother, that you will do it; swear that you will not refuse this comfort to a poor afflicted one’

“ ‘A convulsive sobbing interrupted her words, and she drooped her head on my bosom. I was deeply moved.

“ ‘No, fair unfortunate,’ I exclaimed, ‘thou must not die; the serpent has endeavoured to contaminate the beautiful lily, but I will trample him in my path. The serpent has darted at the horse, that both horse and rider should perish; but he shall be crushed in his perditionous attempt.’

“ ‘Thus saying I took her head between my hands, and kissed her on the brow. Suddenly I heard a shrill cry, a crash among the branches of the wood, and a precipitate retreat. I started with astonishment; I ran to the place whence the cry had seemed to come, but I discovered no trace of any human being. I returned to Messinella, who, leaning on my arm, made a sign to me to retrace the path towards the castle. She was sad and dejected, and moved along with difficulty. I determined within myself to go early the next morning to Berardo, and to demand from him the reason of his strange conduct towards his wife and his friend. Meanwhile we reached the castle; I accompanied her into the hall, and took my leave.



“ ‘Adieu!’ said the unfortunate; ‘remember Messinella.’

“ I turned away with an oppressed heart, and walked towards the door; she recalled me—and again—and again. It seemed as if a secret voice warned the unhappy being that she would never behold me more.

“ I departed, and throwing the reins loose on the neck of my horse, and crossing my hands upon my breast, I traversed the wood that led to my castle. Suddenly a voice called me through the darkness.

“ ‘Gorello! Gorello!’

“ I stopped; the voice appeared to be that of a stranger; nevertheless I answered,

“ ‘Who is he that calls my name in the night, and what does he require?’

“ ‘Gorello!’ repeated a cavalier, who at the moment appeared beside me. I recognized him by the uncertain light of the stars; his head was uncovered, his hair dishevelled, his voice altered.

“ ‘Berardo, is it you? May all the saints help you!’

“ ‘It is I, but the saints have abandoned me.’

“ I made him no answer, for I had resolved that when I spoke to him next day concerning his new habits and feelings, it should be in the presence of Messinella. Thus we proceeded in silence where the road, at an equal distance from our castles, turned off in an angle. Here was planted a cross which our vassals called the black cross.

“ ‘Alight!’ cried Berardo to me; and at the same moment he dismounted.

“ I, whose sole pleasure lay in gratifying him, sprang to the ground. He desired me to draw my sword.

“ ‘Is there any one lying in wait for your life?’

“ ‘Take your sword,’ he replied, ‘and then you shall know.’

“ I unsheathed it, and stood ready to strike.

“ ‘Defend yourself!’ cried Berardo, and threw himself upon me in a manner of desperation. Though astonished at the unexpected assault, I was not wanting to myself, and I parried his thrusts. Amid the clangour of the blades, which clashed terrifically against each other, my voice was to be heard, exclaiming, ‘What is this, Berardo? Alas! my dear friend, my beloved brother, drop your sword; hear me, for the love of Heaven, and in the name of our departed parents.’

“ ‘Do not call them to remembrance,’ replied Berardo, in a terrible voice; ‘you were unworthy of them from the moment in which you became a traitor.’

“ ‘I a traitor! Berardo, wait a single moment; hear me; you seek your own death.’

“ ‘You are outraging me still farther,’ muttered Berardo, between his teeth; ‘you take advantage of your dexterity to add

insult to injury.' And he redoubled his blows, which fell so thick that I could attend to nothing but defending myself. Scarcely discerning Berardo through the darkness, I had managed not to miss the point of his sword, but to parry his thrusts so as to weary him out, for, in fact, I was in much better breath than he was. Suddenly I lost sight of him; thanking God for this fortune, I walked groping my way towards the horses, preferring the stain of cowardice to the anguish of piercing my friend. My arm being extended, my sword was stretched out; it met some body that yielded and fell, and a deep sigh was breathed. Berardo lay immersed in his own blood. I threw away the sword, and bent to the ground, wailing and lamenting.

"'You have conquered,' said Berardo to me. 'It is not permitted for me to punish you; but I have still some hours of life remaining.'

"By the help of my arm he rose to his feet, and with the band of his sword tied up his wound, which was not mortal. I might have been able, perhaps, to save him from what he meditated, but I remained stupified, without being able to speak a word or move a step. Berardo, having staunched the blood as well as he could, succeeded in mounting his horse, and immediately fled from my sight before I was able to move. At length, when the distant foot tramp of the flying steed was hardly to be heard afar off, I recovered myself, and without considering, I sprang upon my own horse, and struck my spurs into his sides. He was fleet beyond all the horses that were bestrode by cavaliers in that time, but Berardo had gone too far before me. I called him, but he either did not hear or would not answer me. I galloped furiously forward, at the risk a thousand times of throwing my horse down headlong, and of falling with him. At length I approached him; I reached him; but he passed over the drawbridge. Again I furiously goaded my steed with both spurs, and faint and distressed I arrived under the castle walls. Berardo had already entered, and the bridge was raised. With a voice of lamentation I called on all the vassals by name to lower the draw-bridge, but they made no answer. I used promises and threats; I conjured them by the saints, by those dear to them, dead and living, by those who should be born to them; still they returned no answer. I dismounted, and roamed round about the castle; I ran round and round again. The wall was high, and the moat deep. Worn out with fatigue and grief I fell swooning on the ground. How long I remained insensible I do not know; this only I know, that it would have been a great mercy had I never been restored to life. Before my eyes had well returned to their customary office, a great blaze struck upon my sight. Oh, Heaven! the castle of Berardo is in flames! A confused din of yells, cries, lamentations of women and barking of dogs, sounded in my ears.

“Before my senses were conscious of my acts I found myself in the middle of the moat, plying hands and feet to reach the other side. I gained it—sought a place to climb up—I grappled to it—I reached the middle of the wall—I found no longer a place to sustain my feet—I dashed downwards, leaving on the stones the skin of my hands and face. Who can tell how often I climbed up, how often I fell? who can enumerate my bruises and my wounds? who can tell the agony of my mind? All bloody, and panting dreadfully, at length I clutched fast by a battlement. What was my aspect I cannot tell; it is enough to say that no one recognized me; but believing me to be the demon-exciter of the flames, they fled away, yelling desperately for mercy. I was now at the entrance of the dwelling; it was all in a blaze; from time to time, as the wind blew, a part was seen still standing; a burning beam fell down, and was near crushing me on the threshold. I rushed in farther; the stairs gave way under my feet; the stones flying in pieces struck my body with their shivers as severely as the discharges from a cross-bow could have done. I traversed a hall; I went to a corridor which led to the apartments of Messinella; I scarcely looked forward when it fell in. I retraced my steps, and directed them to other chambers which by a different way led to the desired apartment. I pushed aside the screen—horrible crime! Messinella with her tresses scattered loose, and her arms apart, lay prone upon the pavement pierced by a hundred stabs. Her wounds were more atrocious than those which hate is wont to inflict upon an enemy; they were studied with savage ferocity; her eyes were torn from their sockets, and hanging upon her cheeks; her face was gashed in the minutest furrows, and her throat was cut open. Alas! let me not remember still more loathsome wounds, the recollection of which thrills me with desperation. Again I was seized with my former immobility; I remained without a tear, without a word, like one turned to stone. The room shook, the walls opened, and showed through their fissures the hell of flames. The instinct of life impelled me forth. The apartment fell in with a horrible crash, and I saw the corpse of Messinella disappear in the vortex of fire and smoke. A yell like that of a wild beast resounded from a corridor to the left. I ran thither—there, blind alike in mind and body, striking upon the walls, his bosom lacerated with many wounds, and feeling about with his hands, as a shipwrecked sailor seeks for the shore, there was Berardo wandering to and fro.

““What have you done?” I exclaimed to him.

“He did not hear me, but ran, as if destiny urged him, towards the place where the yawning earth prepared for him certain death. I grasped him; he howled more terribly than physical pain can make any human creature do. By his efforts to free himself from my arms perhaps he would have succeeded in escaping from



me if he had not been so much drained, as it were, of blood. I took him upon my shoulders and sought for an outlet; the flames were everywhere. And thus it is well, thought I; we shall go together, and my bones will be found burned along with his. He is guilty, but innocent or guilty I love him as my own soul. Firm in this thought I retreated a little; then ran forward with my head downwards, and plunged amid the flames; they swallowed me; sometimes I saw them run along under my feet as if driven by a whirlwind, and sometimes shooting up in spiral columns and surrounding me with certain death. My clothes and my hair were on fire; my flesh was scorched, and my eyes blinded by the glare. Pain quickened my steps; the bounds of the fire were at hand; an acute cry echoed around, but I could no longer see or hear; I felt as one dead upon the earth.

"When I recovered my senses I saw a Benedictine friar, an ancient familiar of the house, seated by my bed side. Before I was able to speak he made me a sign to be silent, yet I could not but sigh, 'Berardo!'

"'He lives,' replied the friar; 'but in the name of Heaven be silent.'

"'I cannot, father; I feel that only a few hours of life remain for me; will you hear my confession?'

"He made the sign of the cross towards me, adding, 'Say on.'

"Now and then as I proceeded from point to point in the confession of my sins, he interrupted me with an exclamation of wonder, for which he assigned no reason, as if afraid of discovering some secret which he kept concealed. When my confession was ended, he asked me, with a murmur of mingled astonishment and pity,

"'Is there nothing else of which you have to accuse yourself? Search your memory closely, lest you may have chanced to forget some transgression.'

"'I have told all, and the entire truth. I have never lied before men; do you think I dare lie before God?'

"'Then,' exclaimed the friar, clasping his hands, 'then they have been betrayed.'

"I now earnestly entreated permission to see my friend before I should expire, and he soothed me into tranquillity with a promise that I should see him before evening.

"At the appointed hour four vassals entered, and each taking hold of a corner of the sheet on which I lay, transported me into the chamber of Berardo. We met with a cry. I was laid down upon a bed, and then the good father ordered every one to retire. I dared not speak, and Berardo perhaps scorned to speak. The good friar began.

"'My children, ye are, as ye must feel, about to pass from this world; it were for your mutual benefit to die as ye have lived

—in friendship. Exchange your mutual forgiveness, and, conformably to the duties of Christianity, forgive also the sinner who has desired your death, and pray that God will be pleased to touch his heart, that his soul may be saved. You have both been betrayed.'

" 'Friar,' said Berardo, with a feeble voice, 'even though all that Drogone told me should be false, have I not seen that man with the vile Messinella wronging me in the forest?'

" 'What have you seen, unhappy man,' I replied; 'what have you seen that I have not done with your own good will a thousand times in your own presence? A horrible mystery is now revealing itself to me. How is it that you have not perceived that the perfidious cavalier loved poor Messinella, and that she and I mortally hated him? You have fallen into the snares of the demon, and he has destroyed us all. Oh! I pity you, Berardo, I pity you. The kiss I pressed on the brow of Messinella was as pure as the kiss given to the relics of a saint.'

" 'No! you have wronged me; and even if you have not, for pity tell me that you have.'

" 'Nay, my soul burn for ever in an eternity of torment if I say that I have ever done or thought anything contrary to the honour of my friend Berardo. Is this the confidence that after so many years you repose in your Gorello?'

" 'Do you think that your reproaches can add one atom to the immensity of the horror felt by the murderer of his wife, and the destroyer of his own paternal castle? But you have not sworn that you are innocent.'

" 'No. Father, have you any holy thing about your person?'

" 'I have a bit of the wood of the holy cross which a pilgrim from Jerusalem gave me in brotherly charity,' replied the friar; and opening his vest he took out the relic, and handed it to me. I raised it devoutly to my lips, and full of the courage inspired by a good conscience, I exclaimed, with a loud voice,

" 'By the sacred blood which was shed on this blessed tree; by the salvation of my soul, and those of my kindred departed; by the faith of a knight which I swore to my sovereign when I girded on my sword, I, Gorello Gostranzo, solemnly protest and swear, in the presence of God and man, that neither in thought, word, or deed have I ever strove to violate the honour of my friend Berardo Falcando, and that from every such imputation and censure I am perfectly innocent.'

" 'Not a sigh, not a word, from Berardo. Brother Hugo went close to him, bent down over him, and laid his cheek to his; then turning towards me he called the vassals, and ordered them to carry me back to my chamber. I entreated the friar's permission to be left where I was, which he refusing I cried out that I would not suffer myself to be taken away but by violence. The good

friar endeavoured in vain to persuade me; I was but the more obstinate in my determination. Then the vassals approaching to take me by force, I endeavoured to resist, but all my strength was exhausted. I was carried away; indignation at my helplessness, and apprehensive (alas! too just) that Berardo was dead, irritated my sufferings so much that I fainted away. On my recovery I saw brother Hugo beside my pillow, who strove to comfort me with gentle words and beautiful examples from the Gospel, but they had no effect on me; I was resolved to die. I conjured the friar in the name of St. Benedict to tell me if Berardo was living, and he, unable to resist the adjuration, related to me that the fulness of remorse, rather than his wounds, had killed Berardo. Then I endeavoured to tear the bandages from my own wounds, but being unable, I sprang furiously out of bed to seek death either by dashing my head against the walls or by precipitating myself from the window; but I was prevented, and closely watched from that moment. Then I determined to let myself die of hunger, and by no ingenuity were they able to make me swallow either food or drink. A raging desire of death had grown up in my heart.

"Suddenly the major domo of my castle presented himself before me in all the consternation of a man labouring under an irreparable misfortune.

"My lord, my lord, what sad mischance has happened to your castle! You have no longer a castle; this morning a hundred men at arms came thither, and commanded us in the king's name to lower the draw-bridge, and they have turned out all your household, and taken possession."

"Great Heaven! what crime have I committed that I am so cruelly persecuted?"

"Oh, my lord! at the head of the troop was one whom, notwithstanding his disguising himself, I recognized."

"Who? tell me."

"That cavalier who appeared so friendly towards you, who used to come so often to bring you with him into the forest—that tall, dark man who lived in the palace on the plain."

"Drogone?"

"Yes, my lord, Drogone."

"I said not a word, but at that moment I swore a horrible oath, at the remembrance of which my hair stands erect on my head, and my legs tremble under me. I renounced my baptism, and all the sacraments, and I promised my soul to Satan if before my death he would let my eyes behold the heart of my enemy. I became more covetous of life than a coward, and I had much need of composure when in two days after the faithful major domo came to tell me of his having learned from a person in the castle that men were sent out to arrest me, that Drogone had denounced me



to justice as a traitorous homicide, that many of my own vassals had deposed against me, and had sworn that on the night of the fire I had proclaimed myself aloud the slayer of Berardo; and he added that the citations were drawn out, but not served, because I was already condemned as contumacious; and all this was chargeable to Drogone, who, being the creature of the Count della Cerra, Grand Chamberlain of the king, was able to put all these matters with ease into operation.

"I took shelter in the cottage of one of my wood rangers, whither the pity of some of my vassals tenderly conveyed me, and vengeance sought me out in vain; for the fidelity of my vassals, by a rare example, prevailed over the hate of my enemies. I recovered from my bodily injuries, though I remained partially disfigured. I then essayed to wear my armour; at first it appeared to me insupportably heavy, but in time and by degrees it seemed lighter. Then I sent cartels to different barons requesting them to provide me with lists, and I challenged the traitor Drogone, who returned no answer, and the barons excused themselves, that it was not in their power to furnish lists. I sent messengers and letters to Manfred, but no messenger, no answer, has ever returned. Thus time and my spirit both wasted away together.

"One evening about the end of March the wood ranger came and warned me to fly; he had seen armed men dispersed about the wood, and heard that they were seeking me. I hasted—a single moment would have brought certain ruin upon me. I fled; but judging it impossible I could escape beyond the searches of the troopers, whom I heard upon my track, I thought of climbing up into a tree, and there I passed the night—what a night! may my enemy experience such another! In the morning I listened; not a sound was heard in the forest; I descended, and took my course I knew not whither. I could not bear to return to a house whence I had been turned by its master; it is true that in so doing he secured his own and my safety, and necessity had constrained; but at all events I had been turned forth, and whether it were from pride or from magnanimity, rather than shelter again in that place I would die in the open field. I followed the most intricate paths; I looked suspiciously around; how often did I turn pale at the light murmur of the leaves stirred by the wind, at the barking of the distant dogs. It seemed as though I were a wild beast in chace of which the whole human race had assembled; if at that time I had met my father I should have considered him and treated him as men do their most abhorred enemies.

"Thus, with a heart raised above fear by imminent peril, I arrived in the evening on the shore. The sea was calm, and appeared to invite me to become its denizen, since there was nothing to hope for upon earth; it presented itself to me as a friend that

offered me safety, and flattered me with hopes of less sad events. I had often seen the sea, but never with a sentiment of love as then. Fortune was so far favourable to me that I perceived, ere long, with infinite pleasure, a brigantine on its way from Ischia to Pisa, coasting along the shore. I hailed the crew, conjuring them for the love of the saints to take me among them. The master, who was a kind-hearted man, took me willingly, and I told him that I was a poor vassal under condemnation for having involuntarily offended my lord. The seamen, who, as I have since observed, are natural enemies of tyranny, and consequently great lovers of liberty, took part with me strenuously, and held it a happy chance that enabled them to deliver a man from the brutal ferocity of a baron. We arrived at Pisa after a prosperous voyage; there, being desirous to become skilled in navigation, I took leave of them and obtained a berth on board the gallies that sail to Tyre, Ptolemais, and other places in the Levant. Having returned to Pisa, by means of the money I had earned I sent secret messengers to some of my vassals, that I might learn from them what had occurred since my departure. Meanwhile I formed an intimacy with a certain Guasparrino, a rich merchant of Marseilles, who knowing me to be expert in maritime affairs, proposed to me to steer his galley. On the return of my messenger I learned that Drogone had received the investiture of my castle from King Manfred, with whom, by means of the Count della Cerra, he had so much ingratiated himself as to be nominated admiral of the kingdom. Then I accepted the proposal of the Marseillaise; and from that moment a gleam of hope has flattered my heart that one day or other I may meet him on the seas—oh, then! For five years I have worn sackcloth, and girt myself with terrible tortures, that I may smile upon death as my deliverer. If the interests of my native land had combined with my revenge, perhaps my name would be renowned among future generations; but they are fatally disjointed, and I shall reap but infamy—what matters it? Perhaps there may yet come one who, despising the praise and the censure of men—and men themselves—one who, impartially searching into the actions called crimes, and those called virtues, will see that fortune, and not my will, constrained my name to appear with disgrace on the page of history; and such a one will not disdain to prove it to the world, and to draw forth a tear, however late, for my cruel destiny.”

Charles of Anjou, who was worthy of feeling nobly, had listened to this recital with such attention that he was not aware of the sun having for some time back left our hemisphere, for Gorello related it more slowly, and with more minute particulars, than we have done; then Charles, merging all his feelings in one, raised his eyes to Heaven and uttered a mournful exclamation.

The sky was now almost entirely covered with a black cloud,

which was growing dense to the east. The wind, now become violent, had agitated the sea so much that Charles turned to the steersman, and said,

"It appears to me that we shall have an adventure."

"Yes, monseigneur. My life is a type of this day—brightness in the morning, clouds at evening. This day will perhaps terminate in a storm; my life ought not to end otherwise. Who knows whether the tempest that will close this day be not destined to terminate my existence?"

"May our Lady of Rheims avert the augury! We cannot restore peace to you, but on the faith of our knighthood we swear that if it be in our power we will do you justice."

"Many thanks, monseigneur; but now retire, lest a roll of the galley should throw you, who are inexperienced, overboard. Be tranquil, for if there be time and opportunity for overcoming danger by human power we will overcome it."

"We believe it assuredly; and even more than your fidelity to us, your revenge is our pledge for it, Gorello."

At these words Charles of Anjou took the steersman's hand, and kindly pressing it, added,

"Take comfort, cavalier, new times and new friends may heal the wounds inflicted by times past and friends departed. Adieu."

"Good night, my lord count," replied Gorello. And when Charles had retired, the steersman shook his head and said, "Pitiable! even he is of the race of those who repute one of their smiles or their courtesies a present from Heaven, a balsam for every disease of the mind. Pitiable creatures! But Charles thought he did me the greatest benefit in his power—lay aside the presumption, the meanness, the folly of the favour, there will yet remain a charitable thought, and that merits gratitude."

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## CHAPTER X.

Darkness of hell; no cloud with its edge illumined by the moon, no trembling light of the stars; you would say that the firmament was dead, and the waves of the sea lamented its decease. The galley of Charles of Anjou, tossed by the contrary wind, traversed the waters without direction, from wave to wave, in a frightful darkness. Horror was everywhere. Charles groaned as dejectedly as the poorest wretch on board, for life is equally dear to him who sways the sceptre and to him who plies the oar; and perhaps there is no other difference between them than the instrument they hold in their hands—at least, as to the love of existence. Some were crying aloud, some were silent, some praying,



some blaspheming. The steersman, doing the duty of the master, who was drunk with fear and wine, beheld this universal dismay, and cried from the poop,

"Ply the oars, close reef the sails, if you wish to be saved; bear a hand, for now is the time indeed; otherwise we are all lost, for we are close upon shore."

Of this speech the words suitable to the present situation were all that caught attention—"we are close upon the shore—we are all lost;" and they produced an effect quite contrary from the intention of him who pronounced them.

"We are lost," whispered every one to his neighbour, and they held down their faces livid with fear.

The master of the vessel, in whose face terror was not manifested by paleness, as in the others, but by a colour between violet and black, was seen intently holding two jars to prevent their dashing each other and breaking, in the furious pitching of the galley, and he was bawling out with all his might,

"South wind, south wind, is it thus you treat your friends? Forty years I have frequented your quarter, and I never saw you so cross. Have I done you any harm? have I neglected a single day to drink your health? and to go put this shame on me now that I promised my lord the count to carry him safe to Ostia! There's a shock—*Domine in adjutorium*—what a devil of a wind. Do you want an end to us? and when you have made these two jars (which as long as they have been acquainted have lived like brothers) dash together, and break and spill all my good wine, what feat do you think you will have done? At least you might leave me time to drink it. Patience! have the kindness to wait till to-morrow, then do what you like. *Domine in manus tuas commendo.*"

Thus cried the poor master, whom a terrible heave of the vessel flung rudely down upon the planks, and smashed to pieces over him the jars so carefully guarded, so that in an absolute fury he grumbled,

"Ah, villanous and disloyal south wind, what do you want? to drown count Charles? Do not you know that he is of a family as ancient as yourself, and is the noblest lord in Christendom? Are such things to be done to the brother of a king of France, of a saint, and a champion of the Holy Church? Ah! wind, wind! you have turned Ghibelline, and taken up Manfred's cause. It is all over between you and me; I cut the tie, and if you were to do miracles I would never forgive your spilling my wine, and condemning me to die in the water."

The steersman, seeing that in this manner they were going to inevitable ruin, called a sailor in whom he had the most confidence, and desiring him to keep the helm to starboard for awhile, went below in search of Charles, whom he found leaning against a

table, with his head buried in his hand, in all the agony of seasickness.

"Courage," said Gorello to him, with a firm voice. "Rise up, monseigneur, and come and encourage your people, for I see no way out of our distress in the present proceedings; whoever abandons himself, Heaven abandons him, and there is always time enough to die."

Charles, stung with shame, sprang up, took the steersman's arm, and went forward. Suddenly he struck against a body stretched upon the ground, over which he would have stumbled but for Gorello.

"Who are you?" demanded Charles.

"Oh! my lord count, it is I," replied the master, piteously. "What would you have? the more I try to stand upright the more pleasure the wind takes in capsizing me. See what gusts! I have resolved at last on staying stretched out flat this way, and then the game must be over. And you may see I was not idle yonder; I intended to try and save some of the stock, for, Holy Virgin, what would be the use of our being saved from the storm of to-morrow we should have neither wine to drink nor biscuit to munch?"

It may be easily supposed that Charles did not wait to listen to the babbler; but scarcely had he heard who it was, when he continued his progress till he came to where the rowers, despairing of safety, were lying lazily along the benches awaiting death, some with more, some with less resignation.

"Friends," cried Charles, to the galley slaves, "I do not know how people like you, accustomed to live upon the sea, can suffer so much extreme fear to master you. Are you women, that fall into despair upon every trifle, as if the end of the world was come? Shame! we have outlived many former tempests, and overcome many former perils, and with the help of God first, and secondly of Saint Dennis, we shall overcome this also. Do not you see that it is your own negligence that destroys you, and that thus you are committing a culpable suicide? Think that you will have to give an account of having thus thrown away your souls. Defend your lives, for from this moment we make you free. Consider that if you ought to do much for life, you ought to do still more for the preservation of that liberty which we have now bestowed upon you."

*Friends!* Charles, that haughty man, proud from a thousand ancestral memories, called by the name of friends a crowd composed, for the most part, of people bought like beasts at a market, and of Russians condemned to serve the sovereign for the injury their crimes had done to private families—yet Charles said it. Oh! when necessity renders equal all the descendants of Adam, when forgetting all distinctions they become on a level, I wonder

that the proud dominator does not fall lower. Now, in what consisted the liberty bestowed by Charles upon persons who, if they had not been compelled to servitude by purchase or by guilt, would have been reduced to it by poverty, we do not know. The world has existed in this manner for a long time according to different computations, and it will exist so still longer. Fools are the property of knaves, and the weak of the strong. Folly and weakness, since ye exist and increase, suffer yourselves to be governed by wisdom and power; make a merit of consent, for if you contest it you will be defeated.

"Liberty, liberty," was shouted through the galley, in tones that rose above the noise of the raging sea. "Liberty!" and they stretched to their oars in order to keep off from the dangerous coast. The galley, cleaving the waves before it, avoided the danger of wreck, but incurred the other danger of falling in with the ships stationed by Manfred along the coasts; but perhaps these have been also dispersed by the whirlwind; and besides, *that* peril is uncertain—the other would have been inevitable; therefore it is better to fly from the present danger, and if the other presents itself we will provide for it. So thought Charles of Anjou, and so according to human calculations he ought to think. The concatenation of these occurrences, which we can neither see nor avert, and which we call chance, or fortune, laughs at such ratiocinations, and disposes events quite contrary to the intentions of monseigneur the count.

The wind, as if wearied out by its continued violence, abated. Then thunder and lightning came on, then a storm of mingled hail and rain. In that night it was Charles' lot to suffer all the pains and toils of a man who passes his life at sea. Some hours had elapsed while they had been thus tossed upon the waves, going they knew not whither, when on a sudden the galley struck violently against something right before it, and shook in such a manner that it seemed about to go to pieces. There was a loud cry—the cry of despair; they feared they had struck upon a rock, but when the cry ceased (for all things must have an end, whether they be sad or joyous) they heard another, not less terrible, close beside them.

"Perhaps it is one of our galleys, tossed by the storm, which has struck against us," said some of the sailors. Others, "No! it is a Genoese galley! we know her by her shape." Others, "It is a Sicilian galley." Others said something else, but the majority agreed that it was a vessel belonging to the enemy.

"The enemy, the enemy," was shouted from both galleys; and if they had been able to testify their mutual wishes, for that night they would have remained at peace.

Charles of Anjou, who was truly a valiant man, heard the shouts unmoved, and prepared like a brave warrior to come forth victorious from a battle which was inevitable.



"Noble barons," said he, courteously, to the surrounding cavaliers, who already held their weapons naked in their hands, "Fortune, in calling us into Sicily, does not seem to have invited us to a wedding feast. The tables are laid, and we must take cheerfully whatever is prepared for us. If we had the slightest doubts of you, we would do that which the captains of all times have been accustomed to do—animate you by speeches to the approaching battle; but we have too often shared together the same feats of arms, have too often been partners of the same dangers, for me to suppose that a word of ours can be necessary to give you that confidence which will only terminate with the pulsation of our hearts."

He turned to where the crew, again affrighted, were plunged into the depths of cowardice.

"Men," said he, "if it were in your power to fly I would exhort you to remain, but the fear of death will cry louder than my voice; let each one do what he can to save his own life."

I will not say that this strange discourse infused a sudden courage into the hearts of those dastards, but being uttered by a man of such renown as Charles, it was sufficient to give them a slight hope of safety if they followed the example the count set them; and in truth they set about imitating it, though not with much zeal.

If Charles showed himself so animated at this juncture, whilst before it was necessary that the steersman should go and rouse him, it will not surprize us if we consider that the question was now of arms, which were his profession; before it was of angry waves, to which he was not accustomed, and besides, sea-sickness had prostrated all his intellectual faculties; for though all agree in declaring that the soul is a much greater and nobler entity than the body, nevertheless it is subordinate to the influence of all the humours of the latter.

"To the grappling irons, to the grappling irons," cried Charles, with a thundering voice (the grappling irons were certain hooked instruments with which a hostile galley was seized and drawn close along side, that the combatants might fight hand to hand), and immediately they were brought forth and put into operation; but in this instance they were of little use, for the gallies impelled together, sometimes struck against each other in a dangerous manner, sometimes violently forced asunder, tore the grappling irons from the hands of those who held them, and carried them away with them; and some of the sailors, determined not to let go their hold, were lifted up from the deck and suspended by the handles, so that when the gallies struck again they were either miserably crushed between them, or not having strength to cling any longer they let themselves drop into the sea, and there perished. Charles, grasping his war mace, with one foot raised

on the weather board of the galley, awaited anxiously the moment when the hostile vessel approached, and then dealt blows which seldom fell in vain. His example was followed by his companions equally expert in the use of the battle axe, and in a short time they occasioned the enemy no small loss in killed and wounded. The enemy, however, was not idle; blow was returned for blow, and the battle was stoutly sustained. The rigging of the galley was flowing with blood, and the deck covered with crushed brains and severed limbs. Some of the smitten fell grovelling, and slipping by degrees from the side of the ship, dropped into the water; some falling prone, caused others who were advancing to stumble over them and plunge headlong into the sea; others, terribly wounded, fled from the conflict, uttering doleful lamentations, and those who met them, instead of being discouraged by their state, strove with foot and hand to gain themselves credit, and be among the first to kill or be killed.

Meantime the tempest raged over their heads in its full horrors. The wrath of the unchained elements is solemn, worthy of the whole attention of him who observes them; they seem giants that cannot destroy each other, and that have come into the fields of Heaven less to defy each other to the death than to make trial of their strength. Now this prevails, now that, till weary with the strife they part, without victory, to return again when it shall please them to make a fresh experiment. Not thus is the rage of men; every act of theirs is for destruction; petty and ferocious they offer an image of a swarm of angry emmets intent to destroy each other round a clod of earth; death, which holds one foot suspended over them, stands wondering to think what fury exists in those little bodies to extinguish themselves and each other without his operation. Imbecile in all things, even in those acts which in the most part of them excite tears, they deserve a smile of derision from him who enjoys the spectacle of the storm.

This battle of two separated parties did not produce any good fruit; for more than an hour they had exchanged blows, and many were slain on each side, but neither seemed willing to yield.

Gorello, who had returned to the helm, while he was attending to his duty felt a presentiment arise in his heart, which suddenly inspired it in such a manner that no longer able to contain himself, he made a spring, and calling the sailor to whom he had trusted his office before that night, he gave him hastily some instructions how to manage the helm, and went below.

"What are you about with that weapon?" said he to the master, whom by the light of a lamp he saw coming towards him with an axe in his hand.

"What am I about? what is any one about with a battle axe when he is fighting on deck? I am going to amuse myself with some one above there, for I am more mightily instigated than ever

I was in my life. So many must die this night—if I could but have thought it—I cannot run away, so I choose to have the game ended by a good chop on the head, for the idea of being plunged in the water kills me before my time. But why have you left the helm?”

“If I have left it, master, it is with one who is able to take charge of it. Tell me, will you give me your axe?”

“Certainly, I can take another. But do me the favour of telling me what do you want with it?”

“The battle is long, the victory uncertain; Charles, heavily armed as he is, dare not risk a leap to reach the Sicilian galley.”

“Well!”

“I, who am used to the sea, will venture it. Results are often derived from a sudden stroke of daring. Men are sheep; they follow in each other’s track.”

“Well!”

“When I have set foot in the galley I trust with the help of God to sustain myself there till succour arrives; if not, I must die.”

“And I will go with you—that is certain. I wish I could as certainly give you a goblet of wine (here he looked down piteously on his broken jars), that would warm our hearts; but it is all over—as much as man can suffer I have suffered; whatever be *your* grief it can never equal the bitterness *I* feel. Let us go and show Charles how to leap into a hostile galley.”

His onward progress and his discourse ended at the same moment, which was fortunate, or Heaven only knows how much longer he would have babbled. Gorello, seeing the state of affairs with a glance of his eye, called to the master,

“Here from the poop we shall have the best chance; the galleys strike the most frequently at this part, and there is not so much confusion here, so that we shall be able to do as we will, and not as we must—follow me.”

Now they reach the spot; now they draw back a little, in order to spring better; now they make the leap. The good master, who preferred every suffering before that of a plunge into the water, who had so deliberately prepared for battle, and who, considering the bulk of his body, had shot himself forward in a flying leap which the nimblest might despair to excel, the moment he planted his foot on the hostile galley it struck rudely against some obstacle, and the shock upset him head over heels into the sea. Great was the splash that he made, and the spray flew up even to the decks of the galleys. The unlucky fellow, having contrived to right himself, thrust up his head out of the water, bawling, like one possessed,

“Arnault, Gorello, throw me a rope, or I shall be drowned without mercy. Arnault, be quick, or master Armand will be



supper for the fishes. Arnault! Gorello! Gorello! Arnault! Oh, Heavens! they do not answer me. My lord count, lay by your weapon awhile, and come help poor master Armand. My lord count—chi! I am talking to *you*, count—but he won't hear—this is fine courtesy, to let a Christian soul sink—not even if I was a dog—at least there might be found for me some priest or friar to put my soul to rights.”

Another huge billow overwhelmed him for some time, forcing a quantity of water down his throat, enough to kill the poor master without anything else; but at last he emerged again, with his eyes all red and protruding by the dint of throwing up the salt water, and crying,

“Ah, how bitter it is! Help, you devil of a count! Every time I was freighted with bales of cloth, whenever the wind was contrary I threw the bales overboard and saved myself; and you, monsieur count, whom I have not thrown overboard, is this the way you behave to me? do you keep me in the sea, and unmercifully consent to my being drowned? Oh! that I had always carried bales of cloth! What will my comrade say, to whom I promised to bring some Sicilian wine? He will say I let myself die on purpose not to keep my promise, and that I would not do him a favour, though I had got the price into my hand.”

Many more things he said, some jesting, some despairing, till he managed to lay hold of the wales of the galley, to which he clung with such force and tenacity that he left the marks of his fingers imprinted on the planks. At length he caught a hanging rope, and scrambled on board.

Gorello, more fortunate in his leap than his companion, reached the Sicilian galley in safety, and instantly striking one who opposed him with his battle axe, clove his head down below the nose, and he fell dead with a cry. Gorello, striding over him, met with a young man, who seeing the blow, prepared to avenge it, raising his sword, and crying, “Thou art a dead man.” But Gorello, in his fury, struck him in the body with his axe, so that the bowels gushed out at the gaping wound; the youth, with a desperate shriek, and covering the wound with his hand, turned to fly, but death overpowered him; he fell, and his parting soul lamented *the bloom of perished youth*.

Gorello made no step without an accompanying blow; but he was not invulnerable; the blood was flowing from several parts of his body, and feeling his breath failing, and blows and thrusts increasing round him, he placed his back against the main mast, resolving to maintain his post there till his heart should cease to beat; and swinging his axe round his head, was able to defend himself for some time. While his enemies were thronging round him, intent to destroy him, he stumbled over a corpse and fell; they might then have easily hewn him in pieces if fortune had not favoured him in a wonderful manner. Resting his hand on

the face of a dead body, he succeeded in raising upon his knees; then a Sicilian, who was at his right side, desirous of stabbing him, stooped down towards him with a dagger in his hand; the weapon, badly aimed, struck Gorello in the temple, marking him with a slight wound down to the jaw. Have you ever considered the fury of man? A common expression compares it with that of the tiger, not because the latter equals it, but because among the fury of all beasts there is none but the tiger that resembles it, though in a remote degree. Man is singularly, profoundly terrible in all things.

With a fury that has no paragon Gorello seized the arm of the striker, and grasped it so tightly that the muscles had no longer power to move the hand, then turning it towards the man's own bosom, forced him to pierce himself. The slain, who was a man of colossal stature, fell right upon Gorello, cast him again flat upon the deck, and covered him with his huge person. All this was the work of a moment. And another, who had just lifted an axe to cut down Gorello, let the blow fall with full force on the shoulder of his dead comrade.

Meanwhile Charles, who, from the moment that he saw Gorello spring with such happy audacity into the enemy's galley, felt himself excited by wrath, shame, and the noble desire of succouring him, and considering that they could have no success from the manner in which they were then proceeding, cried with a loud voice,

"Sire Gillies, go and bear our commands to Michaux, Labroderie, and as many others as you can collect in haste, to repair hither to us immediately."

Sire Gillies went with all speed on his errand, and Charles, moving aside that he might be the less incommoded, took off his iron gauntlets, sleeve pieces, and greaves, and then returned to his post. The cavaliers who had been summoned repaired to him, and the Count of Provence and Anjou briefly addressed them.

"Nobles, the steersman of our galley has thrown himself among the enemy with a rare example of courage; we have suffered a large share of glory to be snatched from us; but since we have not obtained the first degree, let us at least acquire the second by affording help to our valiant brother in arms."

On this brief speech they closed around him, and when the opportunity presented itself and a signal was given, they all leaped forward, shouting,

"*Montjoye, montjoye!*"

As destiny would have it, though they had not lightened themselves of their armour, like Charles, they all reached the enemy's galley in safety. This mass of men, by the impetus of their bound, forced back the Sicilians with an irresistible shock for a moment, but recovering their spirits, they assaulted the French

with fresh ferocity ; and the latter began to give way, and to retreat step by step till they came to the edge, where with a step more they would have found certain death in the waves. It rarely happens that men placed between death and a desperate defence are victorious. The French recovered, though with no small difficulty, the space they had lost ; the throng was so close that the battle axes were useless ; it was rather a crushing, pushing *melee* than a regular battle. Charles, a man of great hardihood, dropping his axe grasped his adversary by the throat, and compressed it so tightly that he threw him dead on the deck ; some of the strongest of his companions imitated his example with ease, as the Sicilians had no conception of that mode of combat ; some others of the French used their poignards ; then the enemy gave way, and finding that the majority were wounded, they hesitated to make a fresh onset. That moment of doubt decided the battle, for the French having room to wield their axes, in the use of which they were particularly skilful, soon obliged the Sicilians to crave quarter, which by the order of Charles was instantly granted.

These circumstances occurred while Gorello was buried under the fleshy mountain of his slain enemy, and had thus by a miracle escaped death from the axe of the other Sicilian, who after the failure of his blow, instead of attempting to repeat it, quietly left his axe buried in the body of the fallen colossus, and taking advantage of the darkness, fled elsewhere to save his life.

The victory being won, Charles, with that species of affection which the brave feel for each other, called with great eagerness for Gorello, as if unmindful of everything else. Gorello, hearing his voice, replied,

“ My lord, of your courtesy I pray you to rid me of this dead man, who tries to take vengeance by his weight for the life of which I deprived him.”

Charles, casting the corpse aside, and giving his hand to Gorello, helped him to rise.

“ Are you wounded ?”

“ Yes, my lord, in many places ; but I trust not mortally.”

“ Praise be to Heaven, and to St. Martin of Tours ! Would you wish to be carried into our galley ?”

“ I would wish Master Armand to be sought for ; he was my companion in this enterprize, but I have not seen him at my side.”

Charles ordered search to be made for the master ; then turning to the Sicilians, who had prostrated themselves before him, he said to them,

“ Rise ! you have done all that it is permitted to mortal men to do ; you do not merit this humiliation, and God forbid that we should have any thought of imposing it upon you. Fortune has conquered you, but we approve you, and esteem your prowess. If



all your countrymen are like you the task to which the Vatican has called us will be arduous ; but it worthy of a son of France, and our conquest will be the more glorious, and defeat will be without disgrace. Now let us try to escape from the tempest, which is but growing worse. Do you navigate ; I confide in your good faith, for the valiant are never treacherous. Let the admiral be called."

Thus spoke Charles, and he who sees the heart knows with what dissimulation. One thing is certain, he had no intention of entrusting the navigation of the galley to the vanquished, and had already said to Gorello, "You are the master here ;" but like one experienced in the ways of the world, he knew that where a well-armed distrust (which is the best kind) cannot be made use of, there remains no alternative but the ostentation of confidence, and in fact this his half victory did not permit him to relinquish all apprehension of the strength and bravery of the enemy.

"Here is the admiral," cried the crew ; and through the darkness some persons were heard approaching Charles.

"I lay my sword at your feet," said a man, submissively ; "and I pray you, illustrious prince, to receive the homage of my fidelity."

At this moment a flash of lightning illuminated the scene. Charles, with his hand upon the shoulder of Gorello, surrounded by his barons, made a sign to the admiral to resume his sword ; the latter respectfully lifted up his head to express his due gratitude, or rather to feign it.

"Vengeance of Heaven !" shouted Gorello, in a terrible voice, and with impetuous fury thrust back the Count of Anjou. A profound darkness succeeded the flash ; they heard a fall, a rolling on the deck, a groan. Another flash—atrocious spectacle ! Gorello with a horrible eagerness, his knees planted on the stomach of the Sicilian admiral, grasped his throat with his left hand, and with a knife his right was cutting open his breast in the region of the heart. Again it darkened ; a murmur spread through the galley ; every man moved towards the spot, and stood there trembling. Again it lightened ; Gorello had opened the admiral's breast, and torn out his heart, which he held up, panting fearfully. The panic-stricken spectators uttered a piercing scream, and darkness again concealed the evil deed.

Perhaps Heaven, weary of enduring, launched the thunderbolt of wrath to destroy this blood-stained vessel. The bolt struck the mast, splintered part, and set the rest on fire ; then the lightning shot with a thousand tongues of flame along the deck, which seemed overspread with fire ; then it parted into minute sparks, which finding obstacles to their course in some parts of the galley, rent it with wonderful rapidity, leaving open a breach for the boisterous waves. No living man could support the stunning

crash and the oppressive stench. Let it be imagined what it is when flames burn the hair and flesh, and deprive the eyes of sight. French and Sicilians, one with another, dropped down insensible.

The stump of the mast splintered by the thunderbolt struck Gorello in its fall, broke the spine of his back, and throwing him headlong, lay heavily upon him. The miserable man, trying to relieve himself from the intensity of his agony, stretched out his arms in search of some object which he might grasp, and thus drag himself from under the wreck ; but he lacerated his fingers in vain, with his continued and agonized scraping ; the bloody traces of that impotent despair were impressed upon the planks ; it was as if a serpent had been there, which, with its back broken, writhed the forepart of its body, while the rest lay dead in the dust. The last pangs came upon him ; then death, and his soul passed quietly away over the heart of the infamous Drogone.

The galley, left to itself, was now admitting the water in a thousand fissures. The sailors, with all their exertions, had not been able to save it. A gurgling was heard, as of something filling ; the vessel reeled for a moment, and then sunk—the waves that opened to receive it into the abyss closed over it murmuring—it sank like lead in the deep waters—all disappeared with it, the coward and the brave, the innocent and the guilty—the glory of the ocean prevailed amid the exultation of victory.

Thus the traces of the misdeed were removed from mortal eyes, but breathed in the sob of agony, and written in the blood of the innocent, they remain ineffaceable in the volume of divine justice.

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## SIMILES.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

As, dash'd against some rocky steep,  
The restless waves seem still to rise  
As they would mount with every leap,  
And gain the height that veils the skies ;  
So hope within the human breast,  
Still striveth at each onward bound  
To win the far-off pointed rest,  
For ever sought, yet never found.

As on the ocean's broad expanse  
The glorious sunlight bravely shines,  
Till when, as evening shades advance,  
Each bright ray one by one declines ;  
So human love within the heart  
Scattereth with lavish hand its flowers,  
Till bloom, and hue, and scent depart,  
And leave the waste alone was ours.

## THE CONTRAST.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

DOUBTLESS with thee, 'mid pleasure's heedless throng,  
 The hours have sped away ; to me, how long  
 Those hours, those *self-same* hours, alas ! appear'd,  
 Which only register'd what *most* I fear'd.  
 Watching beside the restless couch of pain  
 (Although it brought not ease), I sigh'd again  
 For morn—resplendent morn—to break the gloom  
 (Anticipating Death's) of the dim room ;  
 I mourn'd for light, that I once more might see  
 The only face on earth ador'd by me—  
 The fading face—where, like an angel, sat  
 Meek Patience, meekest, Heaven's dread doom to wait ;  
 O'er which, at intervals, a vivid smile  
 Played lambently, my anguish to beguile.  
 Thy letter found me worn with vigils, fasts—  
 Thy thoughtless letter. How long memory lasts,  
 The memory of disappointment, when  
 We consolation from the friendly pen  
 Had hoped ! How blank the amount of gaiety  
 Fell on my heart, my sister, writ by thee !  
 Yet I will not reproach, thou couldst not guess  
 My most appalling, unlook'd-for distress.  
 Thou left'st me—oh ! how happy !—I'm unjust ;  
 Couldst thou surmise my boy consign'd to dust—  
 My matchless boy—whose glorious beauty shone  
 For others' envy, but my love alone ?  
 The blow was sudden, like the simoom blast  
 Death, in the fervid fever, hurried past,  
 Seething the brain as its hot lava sand  
 Sweeps desolation o'er a verdant land.  
 And there my blossom lay all wither'd, sere,  
 To all, save me, a thing of loathsome fear,  
 Fraught with infection ; so, in ruthless haste,  
 My precious one the hateful grave embrac'd.  
 Alive and *laughing*—and then *mute* in death,  
 Ere on my cheek had cool'd the balmy breath  
 His fond kiss winnow'd o'er it. It might pass  
 For horrid dream, did I not know, alas !  
 How true it is, how desperately true,  
 Awful reality I must e'er rue.  
 My child is gone ; and though the world is full  
 Of young, fair creatures, winning, beautiful,  
 It is *as empty* for me, yea, far more,  
 Than thou, the desert's wonder, lone Tadmor !



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ADVENTURER.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER III.

MR. ELTON'S residence, where I was this night to rest an honoured guest, was an old manor house of the Gothic kind of architecture, but the completeness of its character was considerably impaired by the modern style of decoration adopted in its exterior. The room I entered displayed a heterogeneous collection of paintings, sculpture, and articles of virtu, disposed without any regard to situation or propriety. Sculpture from Greece, pictures from Holland, Spain, and Germany were intermingled with ancient spears, silken pennons, steel bucklers, and huge antlers. There was no arrangement or attempt at arrangement. It seemed as if the owner of the place had too much reverence for the warlike trophies and barbarous ornaments of his ancestors to suffer them to be dismissed from their time-honoured places in hall and chamber to make room for a new picture by Vandyke, or classical antique by Phidias. To me the very want of order made the scene more attractive. Here I thought I saw realized all that I had ever read or dreamt of. Paintings which eloquently told of the noblest deeds in ancient or modern history, sculptured figures which represented the noble and beautiful forms of the heroes, sages, and great men and women of ancient days. Landscapes which revealed a part of the architectural glories and natural scenery of Rome in all her modern splendour, Greece in her hour of pride, Venice in her present renown.

My host remarked with satisfaction the evident admiration with which I regarded his collection.

"You are, I see," he said, "a lover of the fine arts."

"A devoted one," I replied, "though I have had but few opportunities to gratify my inclination, and never within my remembrance have seen paintings that have so deeply interested me before."

"I am glad you approve my taste," he returned, "for the collection is too ill-arranged, and in much too admired disorder to gain the suffrages of the fastidious, so your approbation is doubly welcome. To me, indeed, the greater number of these paintings bring pleasurable associations, independent of their own intrinsic worth as works of art. That Salvator Rosa, for instance, with its noble mountains, haughty pine trees, gushing torrent, and

<sup>1</sup> Continued from page 213.

hollow cave, recalls to my memory the pleasant days I spent with its creator in the Alruzzi; suddenly the mountain scene seems to fade away, and in its stead appears the gay and joyous carnival, which the wit and humour of the great painter has immortalized. Again, that delicately-chiselled Leander takes me back to Greece, with her beautiful mythological tales, and its thousand noble actions of her gallant sons; while that meek, heavenly face, serene and soft as any angel's, recalls the recollection of one I shall never see again on earth."

The picture which elicited this last burst of sentiment was the portrait of a young and beautiful female, whose calm, seraphic expression seemed to rival in its intensity a weeping Magdalene. On turning round to express my admiration of this lovely countenance, I found my host on the brink of what he had earlier in the day chided me for—viz., weeping. However, perceiving he was watched, he quickly recovered himself, and bade me mark an old, half-broken spear.

"After all," he said, "what extraordinary creatures men are. I do not think I would consent to exchange yon clumsy, half-rotten bit of wood and steel for the most beautiful piece of sculpture or most poetical picture sculptor or painter ever conceived. All the treasures of art I have in my various wanderings bought, beheld, or coveted, have not made me less fond, less proud of the aged spear with which my ancestor drove back the black Douglas and his marauding crew to their fastnesses in their own barren land. Of all rarities in this world of vanities the last that forsakes us, and in my opinion the most excusable, is that of ancestry."

Dinner interrupted the notes and illustrations with which my host elucidated my examination of his paintings.

I had, since I had witnessed Mr. Elton's unmistakeable emotion occasioned by my expression of admiration for the lady of the sorrowful countenance, become a little curious respecting the man who had visited all that was "famous in story," and had so providentially delivered me out of the hands of Master Matthew Hopkins and his myrmidons. I fancy I but ill concealed my curiosity, as my host after dinner took occasion to say, that seeing I appeared somewhat to marvel why an individual at six and twenty should shut himself up in an old house with no other companions but books and pictures, he would tell his own plain unvarnished tale before he called on me for mine.

"This large massive old building was my birthplace. Here in early and happier days I have played, gambolled, and quarrelled, laughed and cried after the usual fashion of children. From hence at a suitable age I went to Eton, and from thence was destined by my father to go to Cambridge, but unfortunately I at the same time had undutifully determined to call a foreign university my *alma mater*. This was for a considerable time a cause of

disagreement between us, but the good old gentleman was the first to give in, and so to Leyden I went. Leyden was a few years ago much frequented by young English gentlemen, the reputation of the younger Scaliger, and the many good scholars it had produced, having conspired to make it fashionable. I consequently found there many young men of my own rank, whose fathers preposterously enough imagined that a residence in a Dutch university would be more beneficial and profitable to their darling sons than one in England. My father at least cannot be charged with this blunder. He shrewdly enough suspected that away from their homes, and under little or no control, the young students would soon grow weary of their phlegmatic instructors, if not disgusted with their fellow collegians. The result proved the correctness of his anticipations; and we Englishers were not slow to pronounce Leyden a bore, its professors asses, and the Hollanders insufferable blocks. Having satisfactorily arrived at this magnanimous decision, I proposed that the unhappy town should be at once freed from the presence of such choice spirits as ourselves. My motion was not attended with the acclamation and success I had anticipated, only two of the party promising the requisite quantum of audacity to brave the wrath of offended sires, and an insulted corporation. If the majority were forced to remain the minority were equally determined to depart. That being the case, the three individuals who constituted the minority gave a farewell supper, and on its termination left the good city of Leyden for more stirring climes.

"It would be tedious to detail our incidents of travel; suffice to say that we quickly discovered, as others have before us, that three is the worst possible number to travel in company. Each wished for a different, each had a separate and distinct object in view. The least adventurous of the three became suddenly convinced of the impropriety of his behaviour, and endeavoured to atone for his misconduct by returning instantaneously to his disconsolate university, who generously received the penitent with open arms. I have never seen this conscientious gentleman since, but have heard that he is now an enlightened member of the British senate, a particular friend of Master Pym's, and a staunch supporter of the rights of the people. After this our first desertion we went on pleasantly enough for some months. Then my remaining companion received advices from England which earnestly pressed his return to his fatherland, from thence once more to re-embark, and pursue his talent for vagabondizing in the new world. The appointment offered in the far west was good, too good to be lightly thrown away, and my friend a fine, enterprising spirited young fellow, the very man to emigrate. As it was then (times have altered since) thought a mark of spirit to seek a fortune across the broad Atlantic, there was nothing strange in his immediate



acceptance of the offer, or in his attempt to persuade his friend to be the companion of his adventure. But I had not yet grown weary of the old world, had not yet seen half its glories, and was not therefore inclined to leave the old for the new hemisphere. And so we parted, though not without regret.

"I was now alone. France, Holland, and Germany I had by this time sufficiently traversed; I now resolved to wend my idle way to Italy—dear Italy, as unfledged ballad-mongers call that land of blue skies and bright associations. To Italy then I went. Amid her beautiful cities, rich in magnificent ruins, venerable churches, gorgeous palaces, princely galleries, and everything that can adorn or give additional interest to a great country, I lingered longer than I had thought possible for a man of my unstable character. At last I entered the greatest of great cities, immortal Rome, now enjoying the same supremacy in arts and refinement that in an iron age she had in arms. From visiting and sentimentalizing over the scenes of her ancient glory, I naturally fell to importing the splendid monuments of her present artistic renown. From an idler and a dreamer I now became a dilettante, the patron and associate of sculptors, painters, poets, and such questionable company. The character of a dilettante, who is the busiest of human idlers, is rather an expensive one to sustain with credit; but I had long ere this been reconciled to my father, who generously overlooking the trick I had played the sober people of Leyden, was as liberal in his allowance as I could desire, and considerably more than I deserved. This much for parenthesis.

"Much of my time was now passed in the painting room of the Signor Rosa, whose acquaintance I had made in the Alruzzi, and which I had taken care to renew on my becoming a resident of the queen of cities. He introduced me to Claude Loraine, the Poussins, and the best of his brethren of the brush; however, none of them retained the same hold of my affections as did my acquaintance of the mountains and pines. They were great painters, painters possessed of genius under her noblest aspect, but they were only painters. Rosa, on the contrary, setting aside his extraordinary ability as an artist, was equally at home in the composition of an elegant love sonnet or a witty epigram, was at one and the same time an admirable improvisatore, a shrewd critic, a clever comedian, a bitter satirist, and an accomplished musician; in fact, he was as agreeable a companion in the drawing-room as his Grace of Buckingham himself.

"One day when I was pleasantly whiling away the hours among his pallets and pencils, there entered the painting room, in company with a matron of evident distinction, one of the fairest creatures that ever my poor eyes beheld. The young lady—for the fairest of earthly creatures could not be otherwise than young and a lady—could hardly have been seventeen, with dark, lustrous,

hazel eyes, as timid and tremulous as any fawn's, and possessed that beautiful and graceful figure which for me has greater fascination than the most majestic beauty that ever walked. To make a long story short, the lady's perfections were such as to immediately enthrall your humble servant, who flattered himself he was a living instance of the truth of Marloni's "sun of might," being as decidedly in love at first sight as the most exacting of poets could well desire.

"'Who, in Venus' name,' I exclaimed, on the departure of the goddess who had so enchanted me, 'was that most charming and pensive of Eve's daughters?'

"'My dear signor,' returned the Rosa, 'pray moderate your transports, an Italian could not be more hysterical. Nay, do not bite your lip so impatiently, you shall hear in reasonable time. The lady who has succeeded in transforming a cold, sober, Englishman into good Italian flesh and blood is niece to the Colonna.'

"'And that huge piece of pomposity—her mother, I presume?'

"'No, her aunt.'

"'Heaven be praised! I breathe again. Rosa,' I spoke with disdain, 'Rosa, I know you go this evening to the Palazzo di Colonna—you must take me with you.'

"'Impossible!'

"'Impossible, Rosa, is an adjective you and I have more than once pretended was only to be found in the dictionary of the weak. Had you minded what men call impossibilities the world would now possess no likeness of the unfortunate but patriotic Massaniello. Go I am determined, and moreover, you shall introduce me.'

"There was, Rosa saw, nothing to be gained by appealing to my reasoning faculties, so it was at once decided I should go as the foreign friend, the promising pupil of the great Italian master. In due time we presented ourselves at the Colonna Palace. There was that night a brilliant assemblage at the Constable's—all that was famous and fashionable in Rome was there. My friend was in his element; he recited, improvised, and of course delighted everybody. As for me, I passed unquestioned, if not unnoticed; my ambition, less universal than Rosa's, only desired to please one, and that one the gentlest, most easily satisfied of Roman daughters. She received my *jejune* attempts at compliments, which had only honesty for their recommendation. My early unhopèd-for success emboldened me. From sickly complimentary commonplaces I proceeded to breathe the impassioned universal language of love, and was for my temerity but gently rebuked, so gently that the rebuke became a fresh incentive to transgression. Before we parted, which sorrowful event taking place in a crowded assembly was not quite so affecting as that of the Verona lovers, I ventured to express a hope that the fair Colonna would again

favour with the light of her countenance the studio of the Signor Rosa, as my friend was engaged in a work which I doubted not would meet with her entire approbation. It is almost unnecessary to inform a young gentleman of your evident penetration that this same picture was purely imaginary. However, my object was gained; the lady came, and this visit was but the precursor of many more. As her uncle, the Constable Colonna, was a munificent patron and great admirer of the Signor Rosa, the frequency of her visits to that artist's studio passed unheeded. Nor was the painting-room the only place where I met my soul's idol. I haunted her in the church, followed her at distance on the Como, and, oh! glorious privilege, conversed with her at the evening entertainment. For the Signor Inglon, as I was called, the friend of Rosa, the great painter, had now the *entrée* of the best houses of the eternal city. Yet I was not deceived. I was perfectly aware that the Inglon was only tolerated for his companion's sake. At any other time pride would have made me reject with scorn any advances on such terms. But love is a great leveller. And such restraint did I put upon myself that notwithstanding the many times I met Ernesta—what an expressive name it is!—no suspicion attached to me, for though deeply, irretrievably in love, I was—strange paradox—not blind, and knew well that the slightest indiscretion on my part would be a death-blow to my dearest hopes.

“At an entertainment given by an Italian noble, whose name has slipped my memory, a young gentleman with whom I had contracted an intimacy, coming up to me, said,

“‘Have you heard the news, my dear signor?—old Colonna's niece is to marry the Count Lambertini.’

“‘What,’ I exclaimed, thrown for a moment off my guard, ‘the Signora Ernesta wed the greatest duellist in Italy?’

“‘Why, my good Signor Inglon, it is very possible for a man to be a duellist and yet be a very honest fellow. The lady is gentle and a beauty; the gentleman bold and wealthy. They do say he's a perfect Cræsus. Oh! it will be an admirable match. Ah! here comes the fortunate swain. Signor Elton, permit me to introduce you to the Count Lambertini—a very proper gentleman, I do assure you. What! you are called away; well then, *au revoir*. I do believe,’ I heard him mutter, as I crossed the room; ‘I do believe that that excitable young Englishman has himself fallen in love with the charming Ernesta, or else his English pride has received some imaginary, some impossible affront from Lambertini—those English are all so haughty.’

“I was now, you may imagine, in a wretched frame of mind. I hastily left the *fête*, walked, or rather rushed, about the city the whole night, and then my frenzy, not in the least appeased, but if anything increased, by my evening promenade, I returned to



my chamber, and threw myself on my bed. It was all in vain I endeavoured to sleep, and another hour had not elapsed ere I was again insanely perambulating the least frequented parts of the city. Had I met my detested rival in the street—which, considering the part I was traversing, was almost an impossibility—I felt I could have adopted the Italian mode of revenging a presumed injury, and have stabbed him to the heart. Suddenly I recollected that Ernesta—my Ernesta—she who in spite of common sense I had fondly cherished the hope of one day calling mine—would be a little after daybreak at her devotions in the chapel of St. Marie. Thither I repaired. It was yet very early; she was not there. I remained impatiently awaiting her arrival, and with difficulty concealing even in that holy place the violent passions that were assailing me. All at once, from behind a pillar by the virgin chapel, whither I had stationed myself, I heard rather than saw the light footsteps of the beautiful Ernesta as she came up the aisle. She approached; she was at the altar; another moment she would have prostrated herself, and had been at her devotions, invoking a blessing on all mankind. When starting from my hiding place, undetermined how to act, thinking it were a sin to disturb her at such a moment, my very distraction produced the noise I hesitated to make, and caused the maiden to turn round and behold its author in her despairing lover. My wild and haggard looks—I had allowed my passions to have their full vent—and which want of rest had not tended to improve, might well cause her astonishment if not dread.

“‘Edward,’ she said, in her gentle, musical voice, ‘you here, and at this hour! What has happened? You look ill; your face is flushed, your eye fierce and wandering, your hair, too, dishevelled; but that I am convinced you are either ill or unhappy, I should laugh and say you meant to personate one of your friend, the Signor Rosa’s own favourite brigands, and had come here to frighten me.’

“‘Cruel Ernesta!’ I exclaimed. ‘And can you jest at such a moment?’

“‘Jest! no, Heaven forbid! I see, Edward, you have heard the worst.’

“‘Yes, Ernesta, I have heard. Would to God I had been struck dead before that moment!—that you are the affianced bride of the Count Lambertini.’

“‘His affianced bride, Edward, I may be, but never his wife. I had rather,’ added the noble girl, ‘wed the dark and dreary convent.’

“‘But where is the necessity for such heroical devotion? You may attempt to conceal the terrible fact, but believe me, it is all in vain, I am sure you love me.’

“‘Love you,’ exclaimed the blushing girl—‘ay, with my whole soul.’

“ I clasped her to my breast.

“ ‘ Dearest Ernesta,’ I whispered ; ‘ more dear to me than all the world beside ; why then this doubt, this hesitation ? is it just, is it right, that the happiness of two beings should be everlastingly perilled by the caprice—pardon my plain speaking—of one proud, haughty old man ? No ! there are other lands besides Italy, other climes where, though the sky may not be so blue, or the sun shine so brightly, yet where at least peace and safety may be enjoyed unmolested. Fly with me then to love, to liberty, to England. I am no beggar. I can offer you a home, if not so splendid as the palace of Colonna, at least more kindly. Ah ! dear one, do not hesitate.’

“ I looked as I spoke into her fair face, the true index of as fair and pure a mind, and thought to read there the same answer the loving Ruth gave to the aged Naomi, ‘ Whither thou goest I will go, whither thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.’ Never in my eyes had she looked so lovely as when she thus tacitly consented to leave home, kinsmen, and all for my sake. I would fain linger over that short, that blissful hour, for I experience a sad and mournful pleasure in recalling every feature, every half-breathing sigh, of that fair Italian maid, as she clung to me like the soft winding honeysuckle round the prickly briar, but it would only serve to weary you. Short as were those moments of happiness, and hardly more tranquil than a dream, they are still the most cherished recollections of my life.

“ How long we had remained in the chapel—which fortunately at so early an hour had no frequenters—I know not ; but we remained too long, and dearly had we to pay for our indiscretion, for the Count Lambertini, perhaps not entirely satisfied with the reception he had received from his bride elect the previous evening, and inclined to impute it to his own neglect of the duties and observances of courtship, had risen early and come to surprise ‘ the ladye of his love ’ at the chapel, which he knew it was her habit to frequent. Here he had the misfortune to behold the Signora Ernesta and the English friend of Rosa locked in one embrace. The best-tempered man under similar circumstances would not be likely to remain quiescent ; as for Lambertini, he grew pale with rage. To have a rival was in the natural course of events, but to find one in a stranger, a foreigner, a friend of artists and architects, was beyond endurance. He literally foamed at the mouth. My poor Ernesta only clung the closer to me.

“ ‘ Englishman,’ thundered the enraged count, ‘ leave the church and follow me, if you would not have me commit sacrilege by punishing your audacity on the spot.’

“ ‘ You must leave me, dear Ernesta, indeed you must,’ I whispered to the timid creature that hung upon my arm. ‘ Nay, fear

not, dearest, I will return immediately ; your lover, be assured, will prove himself no recreant.'

"It was with difficulty I could persuade the gentle, drooping girl to let go my arm. That having been effected, Lambertini bowed low and coldly to the unwilling fair one, and beckoning me to follow, left the poor Ernesta to offer up prayers for her lover's safety.

"I shall not trouble you with a long and detailed account of our duel, nor relate how many times I was on the point of falling, how I recovered, how my antagonist parried a thrust in *carte*, and I survived one in time. The best history of such proceedings is at most unsatisfactory, and all others are sadly provocative of yawns. Lambertini's skill, which was considerably greater than mine, was compensated by my greater coolness, his heat neutralizing his best endeavours. In short, whether by some accident, or through the efficacy of the fair Ernesta's prayers, he fell by my hand. I at once, seeing that the vital spark, as playwrights would say, was extinct, and considering he owed his death to his own precipitancy, and had therefore nothing to reproach myself with, unconcernedly hastened to rejoin my beloved in the church. But I was doomed to a fresh disappointment ; she was gone. Nothing therefore remained but to return home, or to call upon my friend Rosa, and ask his advice under existing circumstances. I found him in all the bustle of packing up.

"*Al mio caro*," he exclaimed, on seeing me, "you are fortunate in finding me at home. I am off to-night for Florence. If you were tired of the capitol, which seeing you are in love amounts to a moral impossibility, I would entreat the favour of your sweet company. The fact is, that the imperial city has become too hot for me. That unhappy picture of fortune which you and I were so merry over, with true prophetic foresight foretelling its probable effects, is the cause of my sudden flight. I can hardly help laughing even now when I think of the general consternation the expressive countenance of the Queen of Quirinal produced upon all good Catholics. But you don't laugh. Why, what ails the man ? Has your mistress been unkind, or that ass of a Lambertini impertinent ?"

"Lambertini, be assured, will never be impertinent again." I then briefly recounted the occurrences of the morning.

"Well," said the painter, on the conclusion of my tragical narrative, "there's no evil without its admixture of good. Your misfortune has rid the world of a duellist, and given me a companion to Florence ; for to Florence, or some agreeable city of refuge, you must go."

"What, without first seeing my dear Ernesta, who has already suffered so much on my account ?"

"Your dear Ernesta will be infinitely more obliged by your



keeping away. Why, thou most stolid of Britons, dost thou not see that when the news of Lambertini's death gains wind—and in the natural course of events that cannot be far distant—your fair one will of course conclude—that is presuming she possesses common sense as well as uncommon beauty—you have escaped hurt and fled Rome. On the other hand, if you persist in your present determination to visit the signora, you will, besides endangering your own safety, also implicate your inamorata in this most luckless affair."

Rosa's reasoning was conclusive, and that night we started for Florence.

At any other time Florence, the fairest of the earth's fair cities, with her noble palaces, her gay and careless court, the seat of elegant learning and exquisite taste, the city of the magnificent Lorenzo and the spiritual Dante, would have appeared to me a city of enchantment. I had every opportunity to see it to the best advantage, for Rosa's society was courted by all, and princes, merchants, and nobles vied with each other in showering attentions upon the great painter. No feast was attractive, no entertainment perfect, without his presence. As his companion in exile I had my share of invites if not of incense; but it was all in vain I attempted to combat my increasing distaste for society, or to forget my troubles and their fair authoress.

"My dear Elton," said the Signor Rosa to me, on our return from a fête of unusual magnificence even for brilliant Florence, "you don't recover very fast. To tell the truth, you get worse and worse every day, and had better try change of air before you settle down a confirmed hypocondriac. Why not return to Rome? If you manage matters at all tolerably, your appearance will pass unnoticed. Should your mistress have proved false, or affairs have taken an ill turn, you can then, with a less troubled spirit, revisit beautiful Florence and your most obedient."

My friend's advice was too palatable not to be taken. I bade him farewell, promising, whatever might be the result, to return to Florence. I take blame to myself that this promise has never been fulfilled.

It was with a beating heart—a heart hovering between hopes and fears—that I entered for the second time the city of the Cæsars. The time—evening—was calculated to inspire deep, if not saddening, thoughts. The sun had just gone down, but the heat still remained severe. Where was now the buoyancy, where the intoxicating feeling of enthusiasm with which my soul had panted on my former entry into imperial Rome? I now no longer looked as fondly and eagerly as ever did exhausted hart for cooling streams, for any signs to recall the little stronghold of Romulus, the noble city of the great Augustus. My eye no longer wandered from object to object, fearful of losing the veriest iota of the

wonders of the great city. What was the capitol to me—what the forum—what the Tarpeian rock? I had as lief “gaze on vacancy” as on any of these memorials of the past. Instinctively I turned into the street where stood the chapel, the favourite chapel of my dear Ernesta, and the scene of our last unfortunate—I will not say unhappy—meeting. I was once again on the spot her presence had made as sacred to me as is the precious relic to the good and believing Catholic. I should think I remained there upwards of an hour. I was still musing when the sexton, or whoever it is that keeps the keys of the church, came to me and politely hinted that it was time the church should be closed. As I was proceeding to obey the summons, my gentleman, who was as loquacious as the majority of his fraternity, seeing I was a stranger, began to hold forth learnedly on the many and peculiar excellencies of his church. Finding me but an indifferent listener, and vexed that his glowing eulogium should make so slight an impression, he proceeded from architectural beauties to discourse of the rank and fashion that frequented the edifice in whose glories he took so much pride. As the old man went through the list of the grandees who honoured with their presence his church, he at last came to the family of the Colonna. The name aroused me, the babbling of the sexton was becoming interesting. He noticed how suddenly attentive I had become, and putting his own construction on the act continued,

“‘Ah! signor, that was a sad story of the poor Signora Ernesta Colonna.’

“‘And pray,’ I said, struggling with emotion, ‘what may be this sad story that you speak of?’

“‘Have you indeed not heard? I thought all Rome talked of it; but signor is probably but lately arrived. Ah! poor thing, poor thing! This church of mine was her favourite resort; here she would come and remain for the hour together; and well she might, for ’tis a beautiful place.’

“‘But the story, my good man, the story,’ I cried, unfeelingly interrupting the old man, firmly convinced that if he once again mounted his hobby-horse, I might before my time taste all the horrors of purgatory.

“‘That I am about to tell you; though, after all, ’tis but the old tale, signor, the old tale. The young signora was to have been married a few weeks back to the noble Count Lambertini, the best swordsman in Rome; but, as you doubtless know, signor, young maidens, gentle ones especially, have strange fancies. You may have heard, perhaps, of the Signor Salvator Rosa, the great painter, he who lately fled to Florence, after having first capitally caricatured his holiness and the whole court. Ah! he was a clever fellow. I can’t help laughing when I think how gloriously he ridiculed a certain lord cardinal. Well, this same Signor Rosa

had among his pupils a young Englishman who exhibited great promise as a painter, and was thought by the cognoscenti to bid fair to rival the most famous living artists. The Signor Rosa, who gloried in the talent of his favourite pupil, used occasionally to take the young man with him to the fêtes, when he introduced him to the notice of the great patrons of art, and among others to the Cardinal Colonna. Now who should the beautiful young Signora Colonna choose to fall in love with of all persons in the world, but this same chit of a painter. Nor did the young Englishman stop here. Not content with gaining the affections of a daughter of the great house of Colonna, he must e'en consummate his villany by waylaying the noble Count Lambertini, and depriving Rome of the life of her very best swordsman.

"'Unheard-of audacity,' I said, who at any other time would have been greatly amused at my own undeserved celebrity as a rising artist, for I need hardly say that the whole story was entirely apocryphal, never, in fact, having wielded a paint-brush in the course of my life. 'But,' I continued, 'pray proceed; I am most deeply interested. What became of this impudent young Englishman, and how was his atrocious villany discovered?'

"'Why, signor, the count was found dead not a hundred yards from this church; no one knew, no one could point out, his murderer. A man who was notoriously the best swordsman in Rome, must necessarily have enemies, and many were the shrewd guesses made. In the meantime the Signora Ernesta is taken with a violent fever. It is, of course, attributed to the horrible death of her intended husband; every one pities her; every one anathematizes the assassin of the count. When, lo! her malady becomes worse, she talks incoherently, and in her delirium the secret is let out that she loves and is loved by the young Inglese, who, furthermore, she acknowledges to be the slayer of the count. In time she recovers, and does not deny the ravings of her madness. Two noble families are dishonoured in the avowal, and to a convent she is hurried, there to hide and expiate her crime. Poor young thing! her sufferings are not long; shut up in a convent, debarred from life and hope, her malady broke forth afresh, and two days ago, alas! she died.'

"'Died two days ago! Died! O my God!'

"'My sudden, my cry of utter hopelessness, awoke the sexton to the truth.

"'You, then,' he said, are the man who has murdered a noble gentleman, disgraced a noble family, killed a most noble lady.'

"'Peace, fool!' I cried, pushing the driveller violently aside, and leaving in haste the church and the city.

"'A year has passed away since; in that year I have wandered through Greece and Spain, but have found in travelling no remedy for the mind diseased. Solitude, too, I have tried, but



with no better success. To-morrow I leave here and join the king at ——. Perhaps among the stirring scenes of war oblivion, or its best substitute, excitement, may be obtained."

After my host had finished, we remained some time in deep silence. He then demanded my history, as had been before agreed upon. It was soon told, but I had the mortification to see that so soon as my deliverer discovered that his guest was but a simple yeoman's son, his interest in me and mine rapidly diminished. From his own history, as related by himself, I had learnt that pride formed a principal ingredient in his character; but I had yet to learn its full extent. An adventurous freak, a wayward disposition, though excusable, is not indeed a feather in the cap of a young gentleman, was "flat burglary" in a poor boy; the distinction was too nice for one of my plebeian origin. Let it, however, not be supposed that Mr. Elton acted in any way discourteously after my avowal; far from it, he was only too scrupulously polite; but he could not conceal his inward vexation at having embosomed his grievances and exposed his wounds to a youth of vulgar birth. I am naturally sensitive, and it required no unusual penetration to divine the cause of his uneasiness. Soon afterwards we rose to retire for the night, my host, of course, expressing his hope that I would not depart unnecessarily early the following morning; I, on my part, excusing myself on the ground that I was by habit an early riser, and that my weakness was a *penchant* for the fresh morning air. And thus, with mutual compliments, we parted.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

New acquaintances—if the world is to be believed—not very creditable ones.

I rose the next morning betimes, and, by daybreak, was briskly walking through the town, whose very appearance, in connection with the disagreeable associations of the preceding morning, was hateful to my sight. I was, however, too early in the field to attract the attention of its inhabitants—the few who were already stirring being too deeply engaged in the interesting occupation of opening their window-shutters to notice every passing youth. Yet had I, in truth, little reason to be dissatisfied with the events of the last two days; for if I had undergone much mortification and some uneasiness, I had been amply repaid by the sight of the most beautiful specimens of ancient and modern art, and, farther, enjoyed the secret satisfaction of knowing that my appearance and manner had successfully imposed upon a worthy gentleman, who would not have treated me with so high consideration had he earlier been acquainted with the fact of my obscure origin. All

this was matter for self-congratulation ; and indulging my fancy in framing many a wild project, many an impossible scheme, only to be succeeded by others still more improbable, but in all of which I was, of course, to enact the hero. I marched a fair twenty miles without experiencing the least fatigue or weariness. My airy fancies were uncommonly disturbed by a stomach not quite so imaginative as my mind. I had neglected, or rather disdained the good things the gods provided in the shape of a breakfast at my host's of yesterday, and was now enduring the punishment of my pride. Lamentations were only unavailing, and I sat down on a grassy hillock under a clump of trees, hoping to forget my hunger and refresh my limbs in a sound sleep. From this negation state I was prematurely awakened by the sound of noisy if not merry voices.

"A find, a find," cried one, "a babe in the wood."

"A sleeping beauty, say you? Nay, then, the gods be praised."

"Nay, 'Taylor,'" said a third, "an you invoke the deities so loudly it will soon be the sleeper awakened."

The perpetrator of the above execrable joke, after satisfying his curiosity, turned to the second speaker.

"Well, 'Taylor,'" he said, "if our friend still continues resolute in his determination to leave us, he may depart as soon as he lists, for here is a youth who would make full as sweet a damosel, and charm the city and country towns, just as efficiently as ever did the elegant Augustus Keates, alias Muggleton."

At this moment I opened my eyes and found myself the object of the contemplation as well as conversation of four over-dressed, seedy-looking individuals.

"Gentlemen," I said to them, "may I be permitted to inquire who you are, and what your particular business may be with so humble an individual as myself?"

"Why, my pretty gentleman," returned the least flashily-dressed gentleman of the party, "your request is somewhat unusual ; and when I tell you that you have the honour to address four distinguished individuals who in their day have made some noise in the world, you will be sorry for what I cannot but consider an incivility. However, in these revolutionary times, fallen from our high estate, we are content to forgive what in our palmy days we should be apt to resent as an impertinence. Know, then, that we are gentlemen of rank and fortune ; when in town we dwell in Blackfriars ; in the present disastrous times we pass our lives in haunting the recesses of this forest, and, when fatigued by the chase, endeavour to amuse ourselves—with what success I leave you to imagine—in finding 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' But to leave speaking in parables, we are, in sober truth, four poor players, who, finding that times are out of joint, that plays have given place to sermons, are

obligated to return to the habits of our Grecian predecessors. The only material difference in our way of life being, that whereas Thespis and his tragedians tramped about the country in a cart which served for the double purpose of stage—I mean no pun—and lodging, we, the remains of his most gracious majesty's company of comedians, perambulate the highways and villages in a still more pristine fashion, and are only too happy to obtain a night's lodging in a clean barn. And now, fair sir, having, I hope, satisfied your laudable spirit of inquiry, perhaps you will be equally ingenuous, and enlighten us on the subject of your illustrious self."

"My position," I replied—I had no inclination to repeat the experiment I had so unfortunately ventured on a former occasion—"is even less enviable than your own. You have, at least, a profession which may occasionally serve you a good turn, while I am destitute of any."

"Then join us, we are in want of a recruit. You have a good stage-face, a tolerable figure, and, as my honourable companion on the left prophetically remarked when he first saw you, would make an admirable wench. We purpose playing 'As you Like it,' at our next halting place, and you shall be the Celia. Your cousin Rosalind will be yonder interesting young gentleman who rejoiceth in the euphonious cognomen of Augustus Keates, albeit his respectable parents christened him plain John Muggleton. And, furthermore, should this same sweet-tongued youth forsake, as he threatens us, his best friends, the inglorious stage, why you shall immediately be promoted, and succeed him in the most renowned of Fletcher and Shakspeare. By-the-bye, I forgot to ask you for your patronymic."

"Osborne—Rupert Osborne."

"Humph! I see you have taken a leaf out of Jack Middleton's book. But what say you, will you accept my offer?"

The question was embarrassing. Had Mr. John Taylor proposed that I should enact the Prince of Denmark, the noble Brutus, or some such heroic character, I freely confess I should rapturously have embraced his offer, and at once have become a profane stage-player; but to play the woman, to ape the graces, mimic the sobs, sighs and sorrows of a lovesick maiden, was a proposition my pride revolted against, and would not allow me to entertain. Taylor saw my hesitation.

"Well," he said, "you shall travel with us and see how you like our mode of life. We hope to get into Banbury in an hour, and, if possible, play this afternoon. I dare say we shall have no difficulty in finding another Celia. You are wondering, doubtless, how on earth four human beings propose to represent a play in which the characters are so numerous; but the difficulty is not so great as you may imagine. There are always, in every considera-



ble town, to be found men who have been in their time rogues and vagabonds like ourselves, discharged members of the company of some nobleman probably, who have too much of the old leaven about them not to be willing to be forced into the service for the nonce. These, too, independently of the country fellows who with a little drilling do well enough for the nobles, attendants, *et sic genus omnes*; so on that score we are tolerably easy. Would we were equally secure on a more important point; but in the dismal times we have fallen upon, 'tis ten to one there is not some pragmatic fellow who, in the plenitude of his wisdom, considereth interludes and plays as pomps and vanities, and inciteth the mayor or some other great and learned dignitary, to forbid the performance, if not to display the potency of his authority by locking the poor players in the county jail. Verily the life of a player is one of vicissitudes!"

In company with these, my new acquaintances, I travelled the next five miles, which brought us to the town of Banbury, where the players purposed halting, in order to give the inhabitants of that ancient town a taste of their quality. Here Taylor, who, old play-goers in James' time may remember, received instruction how to act Hamlet and other of Shakspeare's heroes from the great dramatist himself, left us to crave an audience of the mayor, and to obtain his consent to represent before the burgesses and townsfolk of Banbury one of the now-contemned plays. The worthy magistrate—every magistrate is by prescription worthy—at first demurred, not from conviction, but from knowledge of the religious scruples of the men of Banbury, who were mostly Puritanically disposed; but being himself at bottom a kingsman, and unwilling to be hard upon the poor players, he eventually gave his consent.

Now was the note of preparation sounded. The townhall, the abode of law and justice, was delivered into the hands of the play-erfolk—a proceeding which to the portion of the town savoured very much of profanity, and gave great scandal and offence. Rehearsals and recruitings began forthwith. No time was to be lost, for the comedy was announced to commence at three, and it was already past twelve. The recruiting party was successful; two old stagers who had belonged to the late Duke of Buckingham's company, and were now in the full enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*, dispensed with the latter commodity for the present, and professed their readiness to assist their less fortunate brethren. These, with my four friends, were sufficient to sustain all the principal characters, while the minor ones, the lords, foresters, ladies of the court, &c., were left to the tender mercies of some aspiring stage-struck bumpkins of the neighbourhood, who acquitted themselves much to their own satisfaction if not to that of their employers.

By three o'clock all was ready. At first everything prospered;

the hall was well filled with spectators, the players exerted themselves and fooled to the top of their bent—Taylor making an admirable Orlando, the cynical Simcox a respectable Jaques, and Muggleton, who had previously submitted to the necessary operation of shaving, a comely and buxom Rosalind. Notwithstanding the calm that reigned, there was a considerable party in the hall who had entered with the express intention of disturbing the tranquillity of the performance. But so attentive were the audience, and so free was the play from any allusion which the most ingenious punster of words could by any possibility misrepresent, that their notable scheme seemed likely to prove abortive.

The first two acts had gone off quietly enough, and the despair of the Puritanical party had reached its height, when one bolder than the rest, resolving to do or die, chose to take umbrage at the delivery of the most striking and consequently most hacknied lines in the play. That all the world was to be profanely compared to a stage, that men and women were merely players, appeared to this exceedingly nice gentleman a monstrous allegation almost amounting to impiety, which on no account ought to be allowed to pass unquestioned. Not content with simply expressing his disapprobation of the obnoxious sentiment by the usual and legitimate mode—viz., hissing, he rose from his seat and favoured the gaping audience with an harangue in which a free and unrestricted use of Scriptural texts, and an unsparing enumeration of certain eminent personages in sacred history, were the most conspicuous features. This redoubtable peroration, if it did not convince or afford any particular gratification to the general auditory, at least received the applause and acclamation of his immediate supporters, the Puritanically-disposed gentry of the town of Banbury. The finale to the drama may be imagined. A riot seemed inevitable, when the mayor, like another Richard the Second, threw "his wardour down," forbade the performance, and summoned the constables. Peace must be restored though at the expense of the innocent players. And immediately the fiat went forth that the actors are banished. Hastily collecting their traps together, the unfortunate children of Thespis—I forming part of the properties—left the town, amidst the groans and execrations of the exceeding righteous rioters, who considered they had done that day a good work, and had achieved a great victory in the cause of truth.

I felt acutely the degrading manner in which we were summarily ejected from the town of Banbury, and the hootings and cries of the polite inhabitants of that immaculate town were still ringing in my ears, when, to complete my discomfiture, Taylor asked me for my private opinion of the taste I had already had of the life of a player.

"Don't ask me," I replied, the anger which had been a long time boiling within me bursting forth with all the increased vigour



compression usually produces ; " the life of a dog would be preferable. He, at least, can show his teeth, and use them too on an emergency ; but your player must bear patiently and submissively the grossest insults—insults the meanest of mankind would blush to endure unavenged ; and finally is obliged to sneak away from the theatre smarting under every imaginable indignity, amid universal execration, not to speak of the various disgusting missiles which only serve to retard his precipitate retreat."

" Come, come, my dear sir," replied the good-humoured Taylor, smiling at my impetuosity, " you must not take to-day's events so deeply to heart ; you will soon learn to bear these little disagreements more philosophically. I have had my full share both of applause and of the scenes which have so excited your ire, and I can view them with equal composure. I hold your sagacious public in sovereign contempt, consider him an unreasonable though not positively insufferable ass, who is more provocative of laughter than of wrath. But something too much of this. Here is an inn, and though, perhaps, your energies have received a sudden impetus from the uncivil conduct of the men of Banbury, which has served you for food for contemplation for the last five miles, I should desire something more substantial. Besides, I am tired out, and 'tis ten miles from the nearest habitable village ; so there is no choice but to remain here for to-night."

This completed my chagrin. I had not a piece of gold, silver, or copper about me, and after the unequivocal opinions I had expressed of the comic art, which appeared to me more susceptible of tragic than humourous emotions, my pride told me it were not fair to partake of the hardly-earned gains of its professors. Nothing, therefore, remained but to declare my resolution to venture the ten miles ; though at the time I professed my entire freedom from fatigue, my limbs gave the lie to the assertion, and were ready to drop under me.

" This is positive folly. Go, however, you shall not ; you are our guest to-night. You have partaken of our sorrows, you shall also witness our joys. Not that they are very exciting. But even our company is better than that of a dark night, unless to-day's experience has made you anxious to escape from such equivocal society."

This last touch of Taylor's made it dishonour to withdraw ; my conscience was appeased, and I required no great persuasion to remain.

To supper, therefore, we went, and certainly, judging from appearances, none of my companions brooded unnecessarily long over their wrongs, or, at all events, their misadventures had not taken away either their appetites or their spirits. You may be sure, in such company, the jest was not wanting to crown the wine-cup. In a short two hours I was on intimate terms of acquaintance with



all the acknowledged best wits and tumblers of the time, and had learnt much edifying information respecting the habits, manners, and customs of their immediate buskined predecessors. Will. Shakspeare, James and Dick Burbage, Robert Greene, Heywood, Marston, and Philip Massinger, were as familiar in their mouths as household words. The feasts and contests of wit of which the Mermaid was the scene found faithful and feeling chroniclers. But for Taylor's repeated asseverations, I felt inclined to think that most of the best stories and witty sayings related of the renowned personages mentioned, owed their existence to the vivid imaginations of the narrators. Nor were the good things of their aristocratic patrons, racy anecdotes of the late lords Essex, Southampton, and other playhouse magnates, allowed to rest in obscurity. To hear my companions, the inexperienced might well imagine that they and the titled portion of their audience were on the easiest possible terms; so much so that his Grace of Buckingham was, with his friends of the Globe, at most only plain Buckingham, though more frequently apostrophised as the witty George, or our pleasant Villiers.

Whilst indulging in these agreeable little reminiscences of the halcyon days of the drama, another visitor to our host of the Black Bull entered the room. The new comer was a short, hard-featured man, scrupulously neat and plain in his dress.

"Ah!" sighed Taylor, who probably thought a gentleman in a drab-coloured doublet unworthy of notice, "these were days when the noble art of acting flourished; we then, its unworthy professors, did not trudge on foot from morn to eventide, to pleasure illiterate country clowns. No, we were more honoured then in our complacency, our efforts to please were appreciated and crowned by enthusiastic applause! Delirium, under the guise of religion, had not yet spread over the land; Prynnes, with their cumbersome, witless tomes, were not to be found on every bush; nor had a king fled from his fanatic subjects."

The latter part of the sentence did not appear to best please the new comer, who, from Taylor's utterance from long practice in his profession being remarkably clear and distinct, could not pretend ignorance of its import.

"As you seem," began the displeased gentleman in the drab-coloured doublet, "to be a little interested in the miserable king with whom God for our sins has visited this country, perhaps you will like—I do not say be glad, that, with your present light and frivolous opinions would be impossible—to hear that the Parliamentary and royal armies have at last met."

"And, to judge from your long face, friend, the cavaliers have proved themselves the better men. Nay, never stop, man, it could not be otherwise. One gentleman is at any time worth ten of your rascally Roundheads," said Taylor, rudely interrupting the slow and methodical Presbyterian.

"Not so, friend, you are too hasty. Right and truth have triumphed over folly and transgression. Rehoboam and his profane counsellors have been severely punished, and the children of Israel have chastised the men of Belial."

Taylor's position at the present moment was not particularly enviable. Had he not anticipated the conclusion of the long-winded tale of the demure partisan of the Parliament, he had assuredly not increased the glory of the news by depreciating the valour and courage of his opponents. However, an actor is not easily put to the blush. He pretended to doubt the authenticity of the intelligence, talked dubiously of partial successes magnified by indiscreet friends into great victories; and, in fine, expressed his firm belief that the engagement originated in one of those numerous rumours which are often totally without foundation. There is nothing like tracing out an error; it is only your poor fellows who surrender at the first repulse. Unfortunately for Taylor, this time he was not happy in his man.

"Seeing is believing," said the stranger; "I was myself present at the conflict."

"And so was I," said a fresh speaker, who unperceived had entered the room and now hastened to the relief of the loyal players, "and, by St. George the Roundheads got tolerably rough handling. Do not believe, gentlemen, this marvellously prim personage, but if you are good men and true thank Heaven that so many cuckoldy rogues have received their deserts in this world. By Jove it was a splendid sight to see Prince Rupert at the head of his gallant cavaliers furiously charging the Parliamentary scoundrels, and to watch the dismay that overspread their sanctionious countenances, and the precipitate retreat the dogs made. It was full as excellent and much more exciting than fox-hunting, only Reynard is a less pitiful antagonist than your long-eared Presbyterian. Gad! I only wish Rupert had not wasted his time in pursuit of the hypocritical vagabonds; it nearly lost us the day. But for that little contretemps the battle of Edgehill had decided the fate of Messrs. Pym, Hampden, Essex, and Co."

The Parliamentary soldier, during this royalist edition of the battle, looked coolly and contemptuously around the room, as if to apprise the company that the word of the swaggering trooper was not to be taken at his own valuation. But conceiving himself to be in the enemy's quarters, he did not deem it exactly prudent to provoke a contest in which the odds were so decidedly against him. He found, however, an unexpected auxiliary in two of his brethren, who had hardly added to the numerical strength of the Parliamentary cause in the back parlour of the Black Bull ere the royalist received a similar reinforcement in the shape of another trooper of the Rupert school. All hope of the disputation ending amicably seemed now gone.



"Well met, comrade," said the historian of the fight at Edgehill to his brother trooper; "here is a confounded dog of the Parliament who is ready to take oath that he and his compeers of the Roundhouse gained the victory of yesterday."

"That is a little matter easily accommodated," replied the individual appealed to. If the gentleman and his friends are as pretty men as they would have the company suppose, they have but to draw and prove their words."

To this settlement of the question the men were nothing loath, and being men of few words at once put themselves into fighting posture. The two troopers and their admirer Mr. Taylor, of his majesty's company of comedians, were not slow to follow the example set them. I and my acquaintance Augustus Keates alias Muggleton, remained seated, devoutly wishing an increase to the enemy's forces, or any other circumstance which would justify our interference. The sententious, would-be-satirical Simcox, the Jaques of the afternoon, and his silent brother performer, who seemed, inasmuch as he never spake an unnecessary syllable, to have profited by Shakspeare's advice, that "those who play your fools should speak no more than is set down for them," had prudently vanished on the first appearance of a resort to arms becoming inevitable.

The combat now began. The men, Parliamentary and Royalist, and soldiers by profession, were fairly matched; coolness, perhaps, the predominating quality on the one side, energy on the other. Poor Taylor, whose martial feats had ever before been confined to scenic displays, had need of all his address to defend himself against his antagonist, a burly, stout, bull-headed man of Herculean proportions. However, he played his part manfully, and had he exhibited his prowess on the boards of a theatre instead of a small roadside inn, had unfailingly won the goodwill and suffrages of that enlightened British public whose sympathies are invariably enlisted on the weaker side. Yet with all his pluck it was pretty evident he must sooner or later have fallen before his more powerful opponent, had not a new turn been given to affairs by the opportune appearance of a still further addition to the company, who had hardly entered the room before, in a peremptory tone of voice, he had commanded the belligerents to desist.

"Is this a time to disturb the country with your drunken brawls and insane riotings?" said the fresh arrival, whose quick but decisive demeanour carried authority with it, more especially addressing himself to the Parliamentary soldiers. "As for you, Harris," he continued, "I am ashamed of you. When you left your uncle's shop in Cheapside you engaged in this unhappy war to obtain peace and order for a distracted realm, and these are the means by which you propose to procure that end."



"Is it not our duty, colonel, to resist all those who would cast doubts on our courage, or throw obloquy on our cause?" said the man in exculpation.

"Certainly not, young man, to weaken that cause by allowing every drunken word of every sword-buckled hero to provoke you by his unlicensed speech. And pray, sir," he added, turning to the two troopers, "is it your master's pleasure that a war of ruffianism should be carried on in every road-side inn? Is every house and hamlet to be the scene of their disgraceful brawls? I do not think your commander the Prince Rupert himself would justify such uncalled-for outrages."

"And pray, sir," answered the unabashed trooper, "allow me to inquire in my turn who the gentleman is that takes such lively, such unusual interest in the good behaviour of his majesty's forces, and who seems to have elected himself inspector and monitor-general of the good morals of the rival armies of the kingdom of England and Scotland?"

"My name is Fairfax—Colonel Fairfax—very much at your service."

This announcement had an instantaneous effect upon the trooper, who, though a bit of a swaggerer, could, when he chose, and thought the company worthy of the exertion, assume the deportment of a gentleman. Without falling into the opposite extreme of servility, he took a medium course, and in an easy, offhand manner, defended himself from the charge of fomenting disturbances, and justified the recent affray by saying that a question of victory was one which would excuse heat in any man who pretended to the character of a soldier. Colonel Fairfax, not a little surprised at the sudden change of manner and bearing displayed in the soldier's rejoinder, made some pertinent reply, and having given Harris some instructions left the room.

"Your colonel is a fine fellow," said the trooper, after Colonel Fairfax had withdrawn. "I have heard often of his gallantry; 'tis only a pity that such an excellent gentleman should be a — snivelling Presbyterian. Confound it! I am again treading on gunpowder! I was about to propose, gentlemen, that we should reserve our animosities for the day of battle; though that is a system not exactly recommended by my old master in the noble art of war, Gustavus Adolphus, of glorious memory. However, let that pass. If you are content we'll quaff a cup of sack together, and endeavour to bury our antagonism in the bowl."

To this amicable adjustment of all grievances past and present the others willingly consented. For at the commencement of the great civil war no unappeasable hatred had yet sprang up to undermine all fellowship and destroy all communion between the two contending factions that disputed the government of the state.

"Do you know, my most respected auxiliary," said the trooper,

after favouring Taylor with a searching and inquisitive glance, "I feel convinced I have seen you somewhere before."

"Not very improbable," was the rejoinder, "if you have in earlier days visited the Globe or Blackfriar's theatres."

"That have I; and now I have divined you. You are the man who used to play the Prince of Denmark."

"The very same."

"I remember you perfectly. You played very well—very well indeed. I can only call to mind one fault throughout your whole performance, and that was in the fencing scene. Excuse my mentioning it, but I was only surprised at the time that your adversary, the ill-begotten Laertes, did not run you through again and again. You fence very carelessly, are much too energetic, and continually throw yourself open to the thrusts of your antagonist. By-the-bye, I was too much engaged just now to pay much attention to your play, but I saw enough to assure me that you were at the same game again. To be plain with you, I considered you a dead man. Take my word for it, you only owe your life to Colonel Fairfax's interference, or yonder gentleman's courtesy."

Taylor took the self-constituted authority's opinion on the demerits of his sword-play in very good part, and smilingly returned—

"It is an easier matter to murder heroes in blank-verse than in sober reality. Fortunate for mankind it is so. If all the men, women, and children whose deaths I have directly or indirectly been the cause were to rise up in judgment against me, my lot would be still less enviable than it is even at present."

"I understand by that you find acting unprofitable. Well, then, why not throw away the buskin and take to a good sword in its stead. King Charles is now more in want of soldiers than buffoons. Not that fighting is remarkably productive. However, if we fast occasionally, so also do we feast. A good stroke of fortune brings you into the land of plenty. And whenever the king gets his own again, your services will be their own exceeding great reward, unless his majesty, which is not improbable, should follow foreign precedents, and in his prosperity forget the friends of his adversity. But even then you are not left without resource; you have but to leave England for a few years. Men may tire of players, and the poor actor starve for want of employment. It is not so with your man-at-arms. If one prince or people grow weary of the losing game of war, there is no difficulty in finding a new master, who has set his fortune on one cast; and before he tires or is ruined 'tis twenty to one but your late master returns to his old habits, and will be glad to purchase your valuable aid for a consideration. In one of your plays somebody says, 'Motley's your only wear.' By your own account the man who so spoke was either a liar or a fool. For charity's sake we will suppose the latter the true case. No, no, believe me there is no patrimony

equal to a good sword, nor can your son desire a better inheritance."

"Your rhetoric," returned Taylor, in answer to the above harangue, "is, I am afraid, entirely lost upon me. A player I have lived and a player I shall die. If Melpomene deserts her son, she shall not be able to reproach him with ingratitude. Besides, I am not ashamed to own that I possess not that fiery, overweening ardour which is absolutely necessary to make a good soldier of fortune. I had rather imagine and depict death-struggles than court them. However, if I cannot enrol myself in the gallant band you belong to, I can, I think, find you a younger and more mettlesome recruit. Here," he continued, pointing to me, "here is a young gentleman who, though he confesses to not possessing sufficient nerve to face calmly the displeasure of an ill-bred, or ill-tempered audience, doubtless fancies he has sufficient courage to stand unhesitatingly the fire of an opposing enemy. Do I not read your thoughts aright, Mr. Osborne?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am in a position which makes the proposal most seasonable, most acceptable. To a gentleman in search of a profession any prospect, however gloomy, must be welcome."

"You are young," said the trooper, enumerating aloud what he considered my qualifications for my prospective profession as he surveyed me with the same critical eye with which an experienced dealer in horseflesh would a young jennet, "unencumbered with flesh, straight, cleanly built, and apparently active. Of course you are a cavalier heart and soul: every gentleman, present company always excepted, is."

"Your reasoning might have convinced me," I answered, "had I not seen Colonel Fairfax."

"Oh, he is a *rara avis*! But here comes the sack; so gentlemen to your work. A health to King Charles, and confusion——gad! I was just about to tread on forbidden ground again; and so we'll change the toast. Here's to the noble science of war, and its professors all over the world."

No one thought it worth while to demur to the sentiment, though none, excepting the professor and perhaps his companion, could fully enter into the feelings which prompted it. Perhaps the toast-master himself saw its impropriety, for he soon after proposed that the wine shall in future circulate without any accompanying watchword; a resolution the others were not slow to agree to, there being hardly two opinions the party held in common, nor could any toast be proposed which would not be offensive to some or other member of the company. By this means harmony was preserved, and before we separated the night had considerably advanced into day—the day that was to see me enter the world in a new character.



## THE DEAD MOTHER'S SUMMONS.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[In New South Wales, if a mother dies leaving a young child, when the corpse is deposited in the grave, the father or next of kin places the living child in it, and throws a large stone as a signal for the grave to be filled up. They attempt to justify this act by asserting that it must have suffered a worse death had it not been interred with the mother.]

A GLAD young voice was strangely blent  
 With the dirge's solemn flow,  
 As the funeral train swept darkly on  
 With measured steps and slow;  
 For stricken by no timeless throb  
 Of sorrow or of fear,  
 A joyous living child was borne  
 Beside its mother's bier.

Borne not to swell the funeral train,  
 Nor yet to grace the dead,  
 The path his infant footsteps traced  
 They never more might tread;  
 The love that nurtur'd him was mute,  
 The arm that shelter'd, cold;  
 He might not stay when these were gone,  
 His life with them was told.

And ever as that death-song pour'd  
 A mournful music round,  
 Was heard above its wailing breath  
 The same rejoicing sound;  
 Nor ceas'd when came a sudden change  
 Upon its spirit wild,  
 And louder tones burst forth, address'd  
 To that unconscious child.

"Lift up thy voice, lift up thy voice,  
 In gladness lift it still;  
 Thy bounding heart may never learn  
 What store life hath of ill;  
 A mother's hand is beck'ning thee,  
 A mother's voice is heard,  
 Charg'd with a mighty power to save  
 In every burning word!

"Come forth, my cherish'd one," it calls,  
 "Come seek the skies with me;  
 There was but one on the darksome earth,  
 One mother's heart for thee!

Cast not thy little wandering eyes  
Around thee where thou art,  
But close them on the cheerless void  
And hasten to depart.

“ ‘Come forth ! within thy father's house  
My place will be supplied ;  
Think not to sport as thou wert wont  
When I was by thy side !  
Thy winning ways would weary them,  
Thy beauty who could see ?  
Let them not teach thee how unlov'd  
A loveless home may be.

“ ‘Not long thy free step would be light,  
Thy lips' glad music clear,  
Unseen, unheard by her to whom  
Alone they might be dear ;  
A wreck'd bird hovering wearily  
Above a shoreless sea,  
Seeking in vain a resting-place,  
Beloved ! is like to thee.

“ ‘Come ere thou miss the yearning heart  
To which thy looks were light ;  
The ear to which thy lisping words  
Brought ever new delight ;  
The eyes that never fail'd to give  
Their joy back to thine own ;—  
Stay not to search the world for these  
And find thyself alone !

“ ‘Come forth, come forth ! the spirit-land  
Is full of light and joy ;  
No pain, no wrong, no partings here  
Our gladness may destroy :  
Come to the never-fading flowers,  
The never-closing day—  
Tarry not till the night storm burst,  
Belov'd one, come away.' ”

The spot was gain'd, the death-song ceas'd,  
No arm was stretch'd to save ;  
The victim-child, rejoicing still,  
Stood by his mother's grave ;  
One brief, shrill cry—one deaf'ning shout—  
Tones that might blend no more—  
And the loving and the lov'd had met  
Safe on the better shore !

## PERIODICALS OF THE PAST.

## No. IV.

WE resume our notices of the periodicals of a past period. The subject of our present reference is the "Imperial Magazine." It was long a popular periodical among a certain class, and for several years enjoyed a large circulation. It was started in 1819 by Messrs. Fisher and Co., the extensive publishers of Newgate Street, from whose premises it emanated until it was discontinued about ten years ago. Its price was a shilling. It was remarkable for the superior quality of its portraits of distinguished men of the present day. Each number was embellished by a portrait of some eminent man, or some other attractive engraving. It was under the editorship of the late Samuel Drew, from its commencement in 1819 until his death in the beginning of 1833. Mr. Drew was an extraordinary man. He was entirely self-taught. Until he reached the age of manhood he followed at Austell, Cornwall, his native place, the humble calling of a cobbler. And yet for many years before he died he was regarded on all hands as one of the first metaphysicians which the present age has produced. His first work on "The Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul" would be considered a wonderful production from any man; as the work of a man who had well nigh spent all his life at the last, it is a most singular book. The plan of the "Imperial Magazine" was to blend literature with theology; and it assuredly carried out its plans with great success. Probably the editor of this periodical magazine may think all the more favourably of the "Imperial Magazine" from the fact of his having made his literary debut in its pages. This was in 1823, and since then he has been one of the most voluminous writers of the day.

Among the features of the Imperial Magazine there was the space devoted to memoirs of men of genius. In the catalogue of these, on looking over the volumes about twenty years since, we find one of a very curious kind. We commend it to the special attention of our readers. It is well worth perusal. The subject of the memoir is

## RICHARD ROBERT JONES.

Among the eccentric characters of the present day, there are few more extraordinary than the subject of this memoir. His appearance is not more singular than his talents are remarkable; and the success



with which he has cultivated his abilities in a peculiar department will long preserve his name from oblivion, and distinguish him from the common fate that awaits the general mass of mankind.

Dr. Blair, speaking of genius, says that the term "is used to signify that talent or aptitude, which we receive from nature, for excelling in any one thing whatever. Accordingly, we speak of a genius for mathematics, as well as a genius for poetry, or a genius for war, for politics, or for any mechanical employment. This talent, or aptitude, for excelling in any one particular is received from nature; and though it may be greatly improved by art and study, it cannot by them alone be acquired. As genius is a higher faculty than taste, it is more limited in the sphere of its operations. While we find many persons who have an excellent taste in several of the polite arts, such as music, poetry, painting, and eloquence, all together, it is much more rare to meet with one who is an excellent performer in all these arts. Indeed, an universal genius, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any. The rays must converge to a point in order to glow intensely."

Although the principles thus advanced by Dr. Blair have been disputed, they receive a strong confirmation from the character before us; and so striking is the delineation, that if Richard had sat for the picture it could not have been taken with more exactness. This fact will be fully established by the subsequent peculiarities which his life affords, for the principal part of which we are indebted to a small volume published in 1822 by some benevolent individuals in Liverpool, with the laudable design that the profits, if any, should be appropriated to his pecuniary assistance. The success of their exertions we can only gather from the fact that his condition still remains unimproved, and consequently that their wishes to serve him have not been realized.

The father of this extraordinary individual was Robert Jones, who resided at Aberdaron, a little sea-port on the wildest part of the Welsh coast. He was by trade a carpenter, but, availing himself of his situation, he sometimes employed himself in fishing, and at other times made a voyage in a small boat from Aberdaron to Liverpool. By his wife, Margaret Richards, he had three sons and a daughter, of which sons Richard, the object of our present inquiry, was the second. He was born in the year 1780. Deriving his Christian name from the maiden name of his mother, and his surname from the Christian name of his father, he was called Richard Roberts, by which name he was known till of late years, when, dropping the *s* from Roberts, he assumed also the surname of his father, and now calls himself Richard Robert Jones.

Although his constitutional defects, and particularly the weakness of his eye-sight, disqualified him in some degree from bodily labour, the circumstances of his parents did not permit him to be idle, and accordingly his father attempted to bring him up to his own business. In the expectation he had formed of assistance from this quarter he was, however, disappointed. From some cause not easy to be accounted for, Richard imbibed a taste for the acquisition of languages, the faculty of which he possessed in an extraordinary degree. Whether this faculty

was the spontaneous gift of nature, or the effect of accident or choice, is a question, the correct answer to which would clear up greater difficulties than it at first sight seems to involve; but certain it is, that although he has exhibited abilities in this department, which, under more favourable circumstances, might have enabled him to rival a Buxtorf or a Lipsius, he displays a most remarkable want of capacity on every other subject, and an almost entire privation of that discretion which could alone enable him to turn his extraordinary acquirements to any useful purpose, or even to provide for his own support. On one occasion, a gentleman competent to form an accurate judgment of his cranium, to whom he was introduced, after examining his head, observed frankly, that he thought him the most remarkable instance of the truth of Gall and Spurzheim's system that he ever saw; that the front part of his head strongly developed the organ for learning languages in a most extraordinary degree, while the back part of his head was that of an idiot.

From a variety, however, of local causes, it was not until Richard had attained nine years of age that he was enabled to read the Bible in his native language, in which he was instructed by his mother and his younger brother. He then attempted to acquire the English, but found it very difficult, for which he has since assigned as a reason, that the orthography is not well established, and that the pronunciation changes every ten years. In fact, his proficiency in it is not so great as in some other languages, to which he has paid a more decided attention.

At the age of fifteen Richard began to study Latin, by the assistance of a boy in the parish school of Aberdaron, named John Evans. Although he never had the opportunity of attending the school with other children, he frequently contrived to get into it when the other boys had left it, and from the use of the books he found there, is said, by a person who knew him at the time, to have learnt more in one month than any other boy could learn in six. About the same time he acquired a method of writing which, although evidently self-taught, is peculiarly legible, as may be seen in his autograph, and which he applies with equal facility to any language with which he is acquainted.

When he was about nineteen years of age he purchased from Evan Richards, a Welsh poet, a Greek grammar, by the assiduous study of which he obtained as much knowledge as enabled him to read a little of that language. This he has since improved to a considerable extent, and has read some of the Greek writers, particularly the poets, in their native tongue, together with their commentators. In this exercise his chief pleasure is derived, not from the facts related, or the information contained in the work, but from the form and construction of the language; insomuch that although he has made an addition to his grammatical knowledge, he seems to be nearly as ignorant of the contents as he was before he began the perusal of the work which he has been reading.

In the following year Richard happened to meet with an epitome of Buxtorf's Hebrew Grammar, which gave him the first idea of studying that language. Of the ardour with which he engaged in this pursuit, some idea may be formed by the following singular anecdote, which is related in his own hand-writing:—



"If it had not been for the reverse of fortune, I would study a little of Hebrew music. A short time before I commenced to study Hebrew, I dreamed, and saw in my dream Johan. Buxtorfius singing Hebrew psalms to the harp—viz., as he sung psalms he played the harp with his hands, and sang with his voice. He stood upon a mound opposite to my father's house."

On being asked by a friend how he could have known the language in which Buxtorf sang if he had not then commenced the study of Hebrew, he replied, that he knew very little of Hebrew when the dream occurred to him; that he sung the twelfth chapter of the Psalms, the whole of which Richard repeated by memory; that the person who appeared to him, whoever he was, had a Hebrew book with points lying near him, and that the harp was a very large one, of the ancient Welsh construction.

The acquisitions thus made were not only obtained under almost every kind of disadvantage, but in the most direct opposition to circumstances which must have deterred any one from the pursuit who had not been actuated by a resolution that nothing could shake. As the time devoted to this purpose should have been employed in sawing timber, working in the fields, fishing, and other labours, his inaptitude for these occupations, and his attachment to the study of languages, brought down upon him the anger of his father, who, not content with remonstrances, frequently had recourse to blows, whenever he found him pursuing his studies instead of being at work. In these severities his father was joined by his elder brother, from both of whom he experienced such a rigorous treatment as nothing but the distressed situation and necessities of the family, and their total ignorance of the subjects to which he was devoted, could possibly excuse.

About the year 1804 his father made a voyage in a small vessel from Aberdaron to Liverpool, when he brought Richard as his assistant. On his arrival there one of his first objects was to find a bookseller's shop, where his singular appearance attracted the notice of some persons, who inquired into his situation, and finding he had some knowledge of languages, gave him a little pecuniary assistance, and afterwards furnished him with a few books, amongst which were the *Αναλεκτα ἱερὰ*, the *Horologium Hebræum* of Schurhardius, *Virgilii Opera*, and the poem of *The Grave*, by Blair, a minute of which presents he has carefully preserved. Richard did not, however, long enjoy the fruits of his good fortune. On his return home the vessel was driven ashore at Llanhairn, on the coast of Carnarvon, and filled with water, in consequence of which almost all his books were either lost or spoiled.

On his arrival at home a still greater misfortune attended him. As his thirst for learning increased the severity with which he was treated by his father increased also; and when threats and imprecations had no effect, recourse was had to harsher measures, till at length some strokes across his shoulders with an iron poker served him as notice to quit the house. He, therefore, collected the remains of his little library, consisting of some old books which had been given to him, or which he had purchased with the small presents occasionally made him in



money, and quitting the house of his father took the road to Carnarvon, without being possessed of a single penny to provide for himself on the journey. Under these circumstances he was obliged to dispose of part of his books; and as his burden grew lighter as his journey lengthened he arrived in safety at the place of his destination.

After disposing, at Carnarvon, of a further portion of his books, reserving some fragments of a *Latin and Greek* and a *Welsh and Latin* dictionary, which, as he himself stated, he was unwilling to part with under the greatest adversity, he proceeded from Carnarvon to Bangor, where he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Dr. William Cleaver, then bishop of that see, who perceiving that his acquirements in languages were very uncommon for a person in his situation, provided him with decent clothing, and encouraged him in his pursuits, by presenting to him some valuable books, amongst which were an edition of Robert Stephens's *Greek Testament*, and *Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon*. The bishop also humanely took him into his service, and employed him in working in his gardens and fields. Whether Richard thought that the labour in which he was employed interfered too much with his studies, or whether some other cause of dissatisfaction arose between him and the bishop, does not appear; but after having remained with him about two months, he availed himself of an invitation from the Rev. John Williams, to come and reside with him at his house at Treffos, in the Isle of Anglesey. On a visit made by the bishop to Treffos, he found Richard there, and gave him notice not to return to Bangor, as he had no occasion for his further services.

The appearance of the bishop at Treffos seems also to have had an unfavourable effect on the fortunes of Richard at that place, which he suddenly quitted, after having resided with Mr. Williams about half a year, which time was principally devoted to the study of Greek.

Although Richard has assigned as a reason for quitting the hospitable abode of Mr. Williams, the ill usage received from the servants, yet the actual cause seems to be enveloped in no little degree of mystery. If, however, the following account of a dream which Richard had at that place, and which he has related in his own hand-writing, as connected with this subject, can throw any light upon it, it is at the reader's service:—

"I dreamed," says he, "at Treffos; and I saw in my dream the head of Herod brought into the parlour, and the hair thereof bearing three colours mixed—viz., black, red, and the colour of brimstone burning; and I heard that the death of Herod was sadly lamented, wherefore his head was received with great veneration and honour. And I heard that Herod was beheaded in the battle against the *Γαλαται* *Αλλοβρογες*, when fighting against them at the head of one of the Roman armies; consequently my welfare was changed at Treffos!"

During his residence at Anglesey Richard had the good fortune to meet with some French refugees, who supplied him with a grammar of that language, by the aid of which, and by their assistance, he acquired such a knowledge of it as not only to read it, but to speak it with a good accent. He has since acquired an equal knowledge of Italian, and in both of these languages converses with great ease and fluency;

and it is remarkable that he never changes the language in which the conversation is begun as long as any other person is inclined to continue it.

On leaving Treffos Richard made his way once more to Liverpool, where, as he says, he was "entertained with great kindness" by the persons who had assisted him on his former visit. His person and dress at this time were extremely singular; to an immense stock of black hair he united a bushy beard of the same colour. His clothing consisted of several coarse and ragged vestments, the spaces between which were filled with books, surrounding him in successive layers, so that he was literally a walking library. These books all occupied their proper stations, being placed higher or lower according as their sizes suited the conformation of his body; so that he was acquainted with the situation of each, and could bring it out, when wanted, without difficulty. When introduced into a room he had not the least idea of anything that surrounded him; and when he took his departure he appeared to have forgotten the entrance. Absorbed in his studies, he had continually a book in his hand, to which he frequently referred, as if to communicate or receive information, and apparently under a conviction that every person he met with was as much interested in such studies as himself. On one occasion, a gentleman observes, "I took him to the Athenæum library, thinking that such a collection of books would have excited his curiosity, but he walked through without turning his head to the right or left, and finally went away without taking any notice of them." His sight was imperfect, his voice sharp and dissonant, and, upon the whole, his appearance and manners grotesque in the highest degree; yet, under all these disadvantages, there was a gleam in his countenance which marked intelligence, and an unaffected simplicity in his behaviour which conciliated regard.

Soon after his arrival at Liverpool an attempt was made by some of his friends to obtain for him a suitable employment; but before that could be expected it was necessary that he should be rendered more decent in his person, and provided with better clothes. Being then asked to what employment he had been brought up, he answered, to that of a *sawyer*. A recommendation was, therefore, given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the saw-pit. He accordingly commenced his labours, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter, till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, calling out loudly for help. On raising him up, and inquiring into the cause of his disaster, it appeared that he had laboured to the full extent of his arm's length, when, not being aware that it was necessary he should also move forwards his feet, and being quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and of his being put down under-ground. On being asked why he had represented himself as a *sawyer*, he replied that he had never been employed in any other kind of sawing than *cross-cutting* the branches of timber trees when felled in the woods in Wales.



As there appeared little prospect of instructing Richard in any useful occupation, he was left to pursue his studies, and was placed in a situation where he had an opportunity of making every proficiency of which the nature of his talents would admit. The person with whom he resided undertook to attend to his conduct, and in particular to accustom him to habits of cleanliness, a duty which, as far as in her power, she strictly performed. He had not, however, continued here more than half a year when he became restless and tired of his situation, and having frequently expressed a wish to return to his own country, he was furnished with a small sum of money, and again took his departure from Liverpool, carrying with him several books which had been given to him, amongst which were the *Thesaurus Linguae Sanctae of Sanctes Pagninus*, the *Grammatica Arabica of Erpenius*, *Bythner's Lyra Prophetica*, and other grammatical works. Thus provided, he proceeded again to the house of his father, who "was not so fierce against him," to use his own expressions, "during the time that he received pay for his support, as when he studied with him *empty-handed*." As his little stock of cash was soon expended, Richard was obliged once more to assist in sawing timber for building fishing-boats, to which use, as he states, "his father afterwards neglected to apply it, and improvidently left the timber to rot."

It was not long before fresh dissensions arose between Richard and his father, on account of his attachment to the study of languages, and the barbarous treatment which he had before experienced was renewed. He, therefore, again left home, and for some time obtained a shelter with the Rev. Benjamin Jones, a dissenting minister at Pwllheli. Thence he proceeded again to Liverpool, where, as he says, "his ambition brought upon him many troubles and offences, almost inextricable and innumerable, and where he was induce to part with a *Hebrew Bible with points, and Masoretic various readings*," a sacrifice which he so deeply regretted (although, as he acknowledges, it was printed with such pale ink, on such bad paper, with so small a type, and with pages so close to the bottom as to render it scarcely legible) that he determined to undertake a journey to London, for the purpose of buying another Hebrew Bible, and at the same time of obtaining some instruction in the Chaldee and Syriac tongues—a resolution which he lost no time in carrying into effect.

In the summer of 1807 Richard accordingly set out from Liverpool, furnished with a small packet on his back, a long pole in his hand, round which was rolled a map of the roads, and his few remaining books deposited in the various foldings of his dress. This journey did not, however, answer the purposes intended; and what was still worse, he could neither find any employment nor obtain assistance "by any means whatever."

From London Richard made his way to Dover, probably not without some intention of obtaining a passage to the continent. But here his ill fortune seems to have changed, and he was engaged in sifting ashes in the king's dock-yard, under the direction of the superintendant, who benevolently allowed him his breakfast, furnished him with a chest to keep his books, and also paid him two shillings and fourpence per day



as wages. From this income Richard was not only enabled to provide for his personal wants, but also to pay the Rabbi Nathan, a celebrated proficient in Hebrew, for instruction in that language, and for the books requisite for the purpose. In this situation he continued for nearly three years, which seem to have been passed more happily than any other period of his life; nor can it be denied that the circumstance of a person in his forlorn and destitute situation, labouring for his daily subsistence, and applying a part of his humble earnings to acquire a knowledge of the ancient languages, forms as singular an object as the annals of literature can produce.

During his stay at Dover Richard had another dream, the particulars of which he has also preserved in his own hand-writing, illustrated by a drawing.

"Before my continual disappointments and troubles in learning, I dreamed, and saw myself in my dream upon the plain near the river of Babylon, where I saw the harps of the captives of Israel hung upon the willows; and I saw the willows grown to an exceeding great height, and the harps were hung upon them in the night when being rainy weather."

In 1810 Richard returned from Dover to London, where he obtained an introduction to the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, who appear to have paid some attention to him; but if we may rely upon his representations, their kindness to him was not of long continuance, but was soon converted into hostility and oppression; insomuch that he was reduced to the utmost distress, and compelled to sell his books to prevent his being starved to death. It must, however, be understood that Richard is very liable to misinterpret the intentions and conduct of his friends, especially when any restraint is attempted to be imposed upon him, and that he is by no means sparing in his complaints on such occasions.

In this emergency, and having no other resource left, he fortunately recollected the association of his countrymen, formed in London, under the name of the *Welsh Bardic Society*, to whom he found an opportunity of explaining his situation, and who furnished him with the means of returning to his native country.

He arrived in safety in a small shallop at Barmouth, whence he made his way once more to Bangor, where his singular acquirements in Hebrew attracted the notice of the Rev. Richard Davies of that place, who received him under his protection, and supported him for six months, during which time he "copied for his patron all the Hebrew words in Littleton's Latin Dictionary, and corrected some of the *errata* in them, according to the Hebrew Lexicon of *Sanctes Pagninus*, abridged by *Raphelengius*."

On leaving Bangor he was enabled, by the kindness of Mr. Davies and of the Rev. Samuel Rice, to pay another visit to Liverpool, where he applied to his former friends, by whom it was thought, that as he could read and write with considerable accuracy, he might be enabled to make some proficiency in the business of a printer. He was, therefore, placed in Liverpool in the office of a printer, who undertook to give him instructions; but after a week's trial it appeared that the inaptitude of his hands for any correct and continued labour rendered

it impossible for him to make any progress in that profession. This, however, is not perhaps the sole cause of his disappointment ; the fact being that all his thoughts and views are so turned towards the acquisition of languages that he is never at rest when prevented from the pursuit ; and that to place him in any situation where he cannot follow his inclinations is to render him as miserable as an animal when taken out of the element in which it was intended by nature that it should live.

His misfortunes now seem to have rapidly accumulated, and he complains, that at an Irish lodging-house where he had taken up his abode, he was robbed of *P. Martin's Chaldee Grammar*, and several other books, and that the remainder were thrown through the window into the street. To this he adds, that one of his principal friends had gone to London, and consequently the Hebrew words which he had copied from Littleton's Latin Dictionary were stolen from him by a thief in Liverpool. He had still retained a compendious copy of the *Hebrew Bible*, and *Erpenius's Arabic Grammar*, but these he was under the necessity of pawning for a few shillings, with which he proceeded to Carnarvon, where he was obliged to sell *Schrevelius's Greek Lexicon* for his support. This last sacrifice seems nearly to have exhausted his patience, and he complains with great bitterness that *he has been refused employment to earn his bread, although suffering the rigours of famine and nakedness ; and all on account of his endeavours to study Greek, Hebrew, &c.*

From this period to the present time, the circumstances of this individual seem to have admitted of little variation. He had, however, the good fortune to find a refuge for two or three years at Bagillt, in the county of Flint, where he was supplied with the necessaries of life, and had an opportunity of pursuing his favourite studies without interruption. These were diversified only by some eccentricities, which demonstrate that he was not utterly incapable of other acquirements. In particular, he was highly delighted with blowing a ram's horn, which he did in such a manner as might have entitled him to rank with those who, in elder times, overthrew the walls of Jericho ; this rendered him no inconsiderable nuisance to the neighbourhood. A benevolent individual, observing this predilection, presented him with a handsome French horn, when he threw aside his former instrument, and by constant assiduity qualified himself to play a few tunes in a manner more remarkable for noise than accuracy.

Thus accomplished, he paid a visit to Chester during the election of 1818 ; and arriving there at the precise time when the band of General Grosvenor were celebrating his return, he placed himself in the midst of them—

“——— and blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo.”

The derangement thus occasioned induced the general to call him up to him, when, after a few words, he made him a handsome present, and gave him his permission to blow his horn as long as he pleased.

Another of his peculiarities is a partiality for the whole race of cats, which he seems to regard with great affection, and to resent any injury



done to them with the utmost indignation. This singular predelection has led him to adorn the numerous books on grammar, which he has himself written, with prints of cats cut from old ballads, or wherever else he can discover them, and to copy everything that has been written and strikes his fancy respecting them; amongst which is *The Auction of Cats*, in Cateaton-street, the well-known production of one of the most celebrated wits of the present day.

From the time of his quitting Bagillt, the usual residence of Richard has been in Liverpool, where he may be seen at times walking with a book under his arm, without noticing or speaking to any one unless he be first spoken to, when he answers in any language in which he is addressed with great readiness and civility. If any gratuity be offered to him (for he never solicits it) he receives it with a degree of hesitation, generally using the words, "I am not worthy." To any ridicule to which his dress and appearance may give rise he is totally insensible. At one time he chose to tie up his hair with a large piece of green ferret, which gave him the most ludicrous appearance possible. Some time since one of his friends gave him a light horseman's jacket, of blue and silver, which he immediately put on, and continued to wear, and which, contrasted with his hair and beard, gave him the appearance of a Jewish warrior, as represented in old prints, and consequently attracted after him a crowd of children. In his present appearance he strongly resembles some of the beggars of Rembrandt; and if he had lived in the time of that great artist might have afforded a good subject for his immortal pencil; yet there is some expression of dignity in his countenance, which is well marked in the portrait prefixed to this memoir.

In his diet he is particularly frugal, or rather careless, providing for himself at very small expense, and drinking only water, or sometimes milk if it falls in his way; nor was he ever seen in a state of intoxication. He is generally the master of a few shillings, which he husbands with infinite caution, taking care that all be not totally expended, even if he should be compelled to sell some of his books for his immediate support.

His religious opinions are not easy to ascertain, as he declines answering any questions, and generally walks away when such inquiries are made; but that he entertains a deep reverence for the Supreme Being sufficiently appears from the Hebrew passages which he is in the habit of repeating extempore from the Scriptures, and by the frequent extracts in Hebrew, Greek, and other languages, in his books and memoranda. For some time he associated much with the Jews, and attended their synagogues, with a view of improving himself in Hebrew: but having given some offence, a quarrel took place between them, which he heightened with some sarcastic remarks on their ceremonies, that terminated their further acquaintance.

The disposition of Richard is, however, mild, and his manner civil and respectful. He is remarkable for his rigid adherence to truth, nor is he addicted to any particular vice. He exhibits also a degree of liberality in his character, as he frequently gives, or offers to give, books which he values very highly, either in return for any kindness shown him, or as a mark of his esteem and good will. Even the works



which he has compiled with great labour he feels no hesitation in parting with : and when they are again shown to him regards them with the utmost indifference. In this respect he has truly described his own character in one of those scraps in which he frequently commits his thoughts to writing.

"If any kindness or favour should be done to me by any person or persons, a friend or friends, &c., my will, and natural inclination of my heart, is to return the same also to them in virtue and good works, not by evil ; and if I should be employed in any laborious work, I would endeavour to do such a work according to the best of my abilities."

Although it cannot be denied that Richard has made a considerable proficiency in the knowledge of languages, and has read many of the principal authors, as well ancient as modern, yet, from various causes, it is no easy matter to ascertain the real extent of his acquirements. There is, indeed, reason to believe that, in his eager pursuit of other objects, he has, in a great degree, neglected or discarded his native tongue. The English is to him a foreign language, and was not acquired by him without considerable difficulty, as he did not commence the study of it very early in life. It is not extraordinary, therefore, that he should write it imperfectly, or that we should regard his attempts pretty much in the same light as an ancient would perhaps have regarded the Greek and Latin attempts of modern times, or as a native of one country usually regards any composition in his own language by the native of another.

It appears highly probable that in the perusal of the numerous works which have engaged his attention, his chief pleasure is not derived from the facts, or the information they contain, but from the mere investigation of the words, and the grammatical construction of the language, insomuch that although he may have perused a work with the greatest deliberation and correctness, he seems to be nearly as ignorant of its contents, unless they relate to subjects connected with language, as he was before he began. Of this fact the following incident may perhaps serve as a sufficient instance.

A distinguished member of the University of Oxford (Dr. Parr), calling on one of Richard's friends, at a time when Richard himself happened to be near at hand, it occurred to his friend that the literary curiosity of the learned visitor might be gratified by a short interview with a character of such a description. Richard was accordingly introduced, and, after the first surprise occasioned by his appearance had subsided, and some explanations had been given as to the nature of his acquirements, he was asked several questions, both in the French and Italian languages, to which he replied with that readiness and simplicity for which he is remarkable. He was then asked whether he understood Latin and Greek, and having answered in the affirmative, was desired to read a passage in Homer. Richard accordingly thrust his hand into his bosom, and diving down to the residence of the great poet, dragged him from his depths, and offered him to the visitor to select a passage, who, declining a more intimate acquaintance, desired Richard would open the book, and read such passage as might first occur to him. He accordingly began with some lines in the *Iliad*, with great deliberation and accuracy, commenting on them as he proceeded,

with many judicious critical remarks, which showed a thorough knowledge of the language, and surprised the gentleman to whom they were addressed. Being then requested to translate what he had read, he gave it in such English as he usually employs; slowly and cautiously, but with sufficient accuracy to show that, as far as grammatical construction went, he perfectly understood the sense. The following dialogue then took place:—

Q. Very well, Richard, you have translated this passage very well. Pray, have you read the Iliad?

A. Yes, I have.

Q. And what do you think of the character of Andromache?

A. (After a pause) Andro—mache?

Q. Yes. What do you think of the character of Andromache?

A. (After another pause) It is a *fight of men*.

Q. Yes, yes; that is certainly the derivation of the name; but what do you think of Andromache, the wife of Hector?

A. I know nothing about that!

Certainly, said the visitor, this is one of the most extraordinary circumstances I ever met with. Although perfectly acquainted with the language, this man appears not to have had the least idea of the subject on which he has been reading.

After the gentleman had taken his departure Richard was asked how it happened that he could have been so stupid as not to give a more rational answer, to which he very unconcernedly replied,

“I thought he was asking me about the *word* and not about the *woman*.”

On being asked what he thought about the doctor, his reply was,

“I think him one of the cleverest of the black army.”

On another occasion, when the conversation turned merely on the nature of languages, and the best mode of acquiring them, he exhibited himself to much greater advantage, and gave a proof, not only of the extent of his acquirements, but of the promptitude with which he could apply them to use.

One of his friends happened to have a dinner-party, several of whom were persons of considerable literary distinction, when, by the misunderstanding of a message after dinner, the door opened, and to the equal surprise of both the host and his guests, Richard entered the room, his whole dress and appearance being grotesque in the highest degree. The curiosity of the company was excited, and after the mistake to which his introduction was owing had been explained, he was asked several questions in French, to which he gave ready and correct answers. The conversation was then changed to Italian, in which he acquitted himself with equal readiness. To this succeeded an inquiry into his knowledge of Latin and Greek, in which languages he read and translated some passages, to the satisfaction of the persons present. One of the party then proceeded to examine him more particularly, when the following dialogue occurred:—

Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages, pray tell me what method you take in acquiring a language.

A. It is according to what the nature of the language is.

Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?

A. If it was the Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of



the language, and examine what words corresponded with or resembled the words in any other language with which I was acquainted; as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, leaving only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish tongue; and then, by the assistance of a grammar, I should be able to attain a knowledge of that language.

All the party admitted that this was a most judicious and excellent method, and Richard withdrew, with expressions of approbation from all present.

The facility which he displays in the acquirement of languages is accompanied by an equal disposition to communicate the knowledge of them to others; and he considers it as a duty incumbent on him to offer his services wherever he thinks them likely to be acceptable. The disappointments which he continually meets with on this head, and the indifference shown to such pursuits, are the constant subjects of his lamentation; and he sometimes complains that he is held in contempt and persecuted for his exertions in the cause of learning and of truth. "I do not expect," he says, "to be much favoured nor assisted at Carnarvon in my attempt to teach Greek and Hebrew, for I am already convinced that I am there so much despised and hated on that account as to be considered not deserving any encouragement." At other times he seems to consider himself as not unlikely to be in some danger of persecution on account of his religious opinions. "I rejoice," says he, "that I am counted worthy to suffer in that just cause for which I am willing to lay down my life, if my body should be exposed to be burned, or being condemned to the most cruel torments."

The disappointments which Richard has experienced in his endeavours to promote the study of languages, have not, however, deterred him from doing whatever remained in his power for that purpose, as appears from several works of surprising labour, to the completion of which he had devoted himself with unremitting attention. Amongst these is a compendious Greek and English Lexicon, which, with some corrections, might be a useful work. Another of his volumes is a collection of Hebrew Extracts, which is followed by a Vocabulary in Hebrew and English, to which he has added a brief Latin treatise on the music and accents of the Hebrew tongue. A much more laborious undertaking is a lexicon in Hebrew, Greek, and English, in which he has made considerable progress. This work, which, as appears from a minute in his hand-writing, was undertaken at the instance of the Rev. Richard Davies of Bangor, was intended to include also the Latin and Welsh; but the want of books requisite for the purpose has hitherto prevented his accomplishing such object. It is, however, not improbable that the portion already finished might be of use to any person engaged in a similar work.

In the course of his unremitting researches after Hebrew books, Richard happened to meet with a work in two parts, entitled, "*The Hebrew Reader; or, a Practical Introduction to the Reading of the Hebrew Scriptures,*" &c. Lond. 1808. On examining this work he conceived that it was not, in all respects, well calculated for the purpose for which it was intended; and particularly because it gave no directions as to the design and use of Hebrew points, which, in his opinion,



are essential not only to the musical intonation or pronunciation, but to the accurate understanding of that tongue. In order to remedy this defect he compiled another grammar under the same title, except that he professes to teach the Hebrew with points, a circumstance which renders his work essentially different from the other, as it commences with instructions for writing and using such points, and employs them throughout the whole of the extracts and lessons. In this work he has not, however, entered into any discussion on this contested subject, but, from a smaller grammar of his, designed for the use of an individual, it appears that he was well aware that the points had by some been considered as the invention of a more recent period, on which account he commences his work with some Hebrew extracts from different authors, tending to prove their antiquity, and which he thus translates:—"The letters are compared to a body, and the vowel points to a soul, for the points move the letters in the same manner as the soul moveth the body.—*R. Neconia, ben Hakkana, who flourished thirty years before the birth of Christ.*" And again, "There is no power in any of the letters to decline this side or that side, without the points. All the letters are like the body without the soul; but when the points come, the body is constituted in its station.—*R. Simeon ben Jochai, who flourished many years before the beginning of the Talmud.*" His own explanation, as given in conversation, was, that the Hebrew without vowels is like a harp without strings; to which he added, that the very name of *vowel* (*vox*) proves that it gives the voice, and that the *consonants* (*consonans*) are only the accompaniment.

A short time ago one of his friends gave him the frame of an old broken Welsh harp, which he repaired with greater ingenuity than might have been expected, and supplied it with strings. This he occasionally carries with him, and accompanies his repetition of some of the Psalms in the original, in a manner not altogether displeasing. The object in the front of his hat in the engraving represents the head of a harp, which he generally carries with him. A white ribbon is attached to it on the inside, on which he has written in Greek characters what he calls "The six orders of the Harp."

To account satisfactorily for this strong propensity, and peculiar aptitude for the acquirement of languages, to the almost total exclusion of every other attainment, is attended with insuperable difficulty. We can only suppose that the extreme degree of attention paid to one object, forming itself into a habit, has caused everything interfering with that pursuit to be neglected, and even despised, till, in process of time, the other faculties of the mind have become obscured from the mere want of cultivation and exercise.

In the early period of his life, Richard seems to have somewhat resembled the celebrated Moses Mendelsohn, who led the way, during the last century, to the improvement of the German language, though in the result their fortunes proved so essentially different. Mendelsohn was the son of a poor schoolmaster, but though exposed to poverty and hardships, he became one of the first literary characters of the age.

The person, however, to whom the character of Richard's mind, in the earnestness of its pursuits and the success of its application, bears

the most striking affinity, is Magliabechi, the learned librarian of the Grand Duke at Florence. His acquirements in ancient and modern languages were truly astonishing; in addition to which, his filthy appearance was of the most disgusting kind. His station, however, operated so much in his favour that he became a correspondent of the learned throughout Europe, while an extensive library, to which he could always have access, facilitated his progress in all his undertakings. Richard, on the contrary, almost without a home, nearly friendless, and frequently in want of the necessities of life, carries his literary treasures on his back, and is indebted to the hand of charity for his daily subsistence. In Liverpool, where he chiefly resides, he is but very partially known, and he bids fair to end his days in obscurity, without benefiting either himself or others by his vast acquisitions.

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## SUMMER IS COME.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SUMMER is come; uncounted ages  
Have wrought no change in earth or air;  
Nature still keeps her four great stages;  
All things again are bright and fair.  
Summer is come; her eye is glowing  
From out heaven's depths of cloudless blue;  
In music every stream is flowing,  
And winds are warm, but fragrant too.

Summer is come; on plain and mountain,  
I see her walk with rosy feet;  
She sleeks her bright locks in the fountain,  
Her purple zone unbound for heat.  
Beneath her soft step flowers are springing  
Of richest breath and loveliest dyes,  
While joyous bees are round them winging,  
And fairies drink their odorous sighs.

Summer is come; I see her flushing  
On fruit-hung wall, in blossom'd dale;  
'Neath the green leaves the strawberry's blushing,  
Like some coy maid behind her veil.  
Down in the dell where brooks are gliding,  
His scythe the busy mower whets;  
The nightingale, in deep groves hiding,  
Chants his love-song as daylight sets.

Summer is come; the heart rejoices,  
With livelier play the pulses beat;  
From Nature's realms ten thousand voices  
The flower-crown'd, laughing goddess greet.  
Oh! say not earth, grown dark and hoary,  
No trace of Paradise retains;  
Sure Eden gives us gleams of glory,  
To bless our souls while summer reigns.

SECOND SERIES OF THE LIGHT OF MENTAL  
SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MARGRACIA LOUDON.

AN ESSAY ON THE ELEVATING PRINCIPLE.

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CHAPTER I.

Base of the true Educational System.

THE base of the educational system, which, in the former series of these essays, has been so anxiously and conscientiously deduced from the laws of God, as revealed in his arrangement of the mental faculties of man, is this :—

That the elevating principle of our being is the instinctive desire of the soul to respect itself, and to be respected, and for that purpose to rise to the highest standard of excellence it knows how to appreciate.

That appreciation leads to assimilation, because, by a law of our nature, we seek to resemble that which we admire.

That this instinct, which thus desires our own respect, with the accompanying social instinct, or rather function of the same instinct, which desires the good will and respect of our fellow-beings, are impulses as strong and as irresistible in the soul as the instinct of hunger is in the body.

That, inasmuch as the appetite for food does not constitute discernment between wholesome and unwholesome food, neither does the appetite for virtue and greatness constitute the knowledge that goodness is greatness, but that both instincts are endowed by nature with the energy necessary to accomplish their mission when enlightened.

That, therefore, if we can teach the appreciation and excite the love of goodness, or real greatness, our work is done, whether as regards the education of children or the civilization of nations.

That this instinct, which thus urges us to obtain our own respect and that of our fellow-men, by striving to resemble that which we admire, is thus powerful, because assimilation with goodness is as necessary to the preservation and growth of the soul as food is to the life and growth of the body.

That this connecting link between appreciation and assimilation is thus the strongest in the whole chain of the mental laws, because, were it to give way the soul would be lost.

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That, without this power of appreciation, and this desire of assimilation, thus indissolubly linked, we should not rise even to the intellectual level of demons, but remain contented, sensual, lower animals, from the cradle to the grave.

That hitherto the general system in education has been to weed out supposed vices, in ignorance that virtues grow on the same roots.

That this mistake leaves the heart a desert.

That the light thrown on the subject by applying the natural laws of mind to moral and intellectual training shows that it is possible to cultivate the instincts which neglect has caused to produce vicious conduct, and develop them into the sources of vigorous and beautiful virtues, and thus render the heart not only a garden, but a Paradise.

That much evil hitherto has been produced by the vital energy of natural principles working in darkness.

That the false remedy hitherto attempted has been that of lessening or destroying the energy.

That the light thrown on the subject by the application of the mental laws to moral training shows that the true remedy is to supply the light, leaving the energy untouched.

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## CHAPTER II.

### Propelling action of the affections on the will.

That without the energy the light would be unproductive, for this reason—

That convictions of the understanding do not move the will by their own direct action. They are *light* not *power*. To supply the power there must be an affection which shall propel the will in the direction pointed out by the light.

That the soul's instinctive desire to respect itself, and be respected, and for that purpose to rise to the highest standard of excellence the being knows how to appreciate, commonly called desire of approbation, or ambition, is this power, for it is the instinct which urges conscience to prefer *whatever* we have been led to *think* good to *whatever* we have been led to *think* evil, as far as education, religion, the sympathies of the moral affections, and the deductions of the understanding may have enabled us to know one from the other; therefore it will lend its energy to carry us *wherever* our lights point.

If we reject this principle, if we deny that it constitutes the instinctive power of conscience, how shall we supply its place?

Shall we take the slavish fear of punishments and the covetous hope of rewards from without, and erect these into the restraining and propelling influences of that beautiful principle—conscience?

No! these are the motives of the slave.

They will obtain special acts, no doubt, for fear and hope are affections, but they are affections of a lower order, and cannot constitute the elevating principle, for the simple reason that the mind is not ennobled by the performance of a virtuous act, performed to obtain any reward but approval by the moral principle, nor the heart purified by the avoidance of a crime, avoided from fear of any punishment but disapproval by the moral principle; for we must not allow ourselves to be blinded to the legitimate uses of the instinct by its abuses. However mischievous false ambition may have rendered many, however trifling or ridiculous vanity may have made others, it is as certain that the real mission of this instinct is to generate virtue by impelling the soul to seek the approbation of the moral principle, as that the real function of the instinct of hunger is to impel the animal to eat wholesome food for the nourishment of the body.

If we reject this *theory of conscience* where shall we find a propelling energy to make us act according to our convictions? We have already rejected hope and fear as ignoble. Shall we erect competition into the urging principle of our aspirations? Most certainly not. Competition is the blunder of utter imbecility, confounding *comparative* with *positive* elevation. It is thus but another abuse of the instinct which urges the soul to rise. The spirit of competition ignorantly puts the false pride of self-exaltation above others, in the place of that generous ambition of the soul to secure its own respect by the positive elevation of assimilation with the object revered, which the veneration of perfection itself induces. This ennobling sentiment hates the degradation of the species, and prompts to strenuous efforts to raise the whole family of man (self included) to the dignity of human nature.

If, however, we still reject this *theory of conscience*, shall we call the reasoning faculties to our aid? shall we endeavour to propel the being by the deductions of the understanding? But here the circle meets where it began—*Reason is light, but light is not power*. Reason, therefore, can point the way, but cannot act directly on the will in propelling us to take the way thus pointed out; to effect this we must find a mediator, or motive power, among the affections—and what affection acts as that power? Thus we have returned, once more, to whence we started.

It is easy to reply in general terms that the decisions of an enlightened conscience should be the rule in every case, and suffice to decide the will—and this is perfectly true—but, unless the *theory of conscience* here contended for be admitted, the question still remains unanswered—what natural affection gives conscience, whether enlightened or not, her propelling action on the will? her power of dictating, more or less correctly according to her

knowledge, but still of dictating? This affection, then, it is maintained, is the instinctive longing of the soul to be approved of by, and in communion with, the principle of benevolence or goodness, wherever found, to respect itself through the sympathies of its own moral sentiments, and to be respected by the moral sentiments of its fellow-beings, and for this purpose to rise to the highest standard of excellence it knows how to appreciate.

This ennobling principle of ambition, or desire of approbation, is unjustly despised, and its high mission entirely lost sight of, because, while unenlightened, it manifests by a blind appetite for supposed greatness, idle vanity, and universal applause. But these abuses of the instinct no more disprove that its true mission is to generate virtue than the death of a man who, urged by hunger, had ignorantly eaten of some poisonous substance, would disprove that the natural instinct of hunger was intended to impel all men, by eating wholesome food, to sustain life.

The social instinct, too, however abused by the worthless, points to the natural longing of the soul for fellowship with worth.

If, then, we do not embrace the *theory of conscience* here propounded we are again thrown back on the motives we have already rejected as inferior—namely, mere slavish fear of punishment, and mere covetous hope of reward; for as the deductions of the understanding do not act on the will, we might possess the most perfect knowledge of what would be pleasing to God without acting according to such knowledge, unless some affection impelled us to do so, just as we might know what food was wholesome without desiring to partake of such, unless we felt hunger.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The lights of conscience.

Here we must keep steadily in view the distinction between the instinct which finishes the propelling energy of conscience and the moral sentiments, and surrounding circumstances reasoned upon, from which conscience derives her lights, whether internal or from without.

Conscience derives her internal lights from the impulses of the other moral affections—namely, veneration, or the instinctive admiration of whatever we think goodness and greatness, sympathy with our fellow-beings showing us by our own sensations what they feel, and beautiful benevolence, shrinking instinctively from giving pain, and delighting instinctively in causing happiness; each of which moral sentiments, when offended, shows conscience by its murmurs and uneasy sensations that something must be wrong.

Natural conscience also derives further light from the deductions of the understanding, which, on comparing the consequences



of actions, shows which are calculated to produce effects offensive to any of these moral sentiments; and, on reflection, proves that *justice is included* in the universal good will of benevolence, as injustice always causes suffering to some one, and benevolence desires the good of all; and, further, that benevolence also includes truthfulness, as, on reflection, we perceive it to be both unjust and unkind to deprive any being of the protection of his own judgment by supplying him with false premises, from which to draw his conclusions.

Conscience derives her outward lights from Revelation, education, and every surrounding circumstance calculated to give a right direction to instinctive veneration, in habituating that faculty to respect, admire, and love qualities approved of by the tests of the moral sentiments. In short, the lights of the whole mind are required to light up conscience. Happy those in whose minds these lights have, by early moral training, been habituated to burn steadily. This is the more important, in consequence of the propelling energy of conscience, bring a distinct principle from her lights, and thus ever urging the being onward, whether in a right or wrong direction.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The propelling energy of conscience.

Whether in light or in darkness conscience derives her propelling energy from the soul's instinctive "hunger and thirst after righteousness," manifested by her natural craving to possess her own respect, as indicated by the approving sensations of her moral perceptions, and for that purpose to rise to the highest standard the whole mind knows how to appreciate.

But notwithstanding the noble mission of this instinct, if the *highest* standard which has ever been presented to the mind be yet a *low* one, it is in danger of resting there, unless, indeed, the natural development of the inward lights (namely, the moral and intellectual faculties) be so powerful as to be able by their own unassisted impulses and necessary deductions to enlighten instinctive conscience, and elevate her into a perfected moral sense, not only urging to supposed right, and deterring from supposed wrong, but knowing right from wrong through the voices of the moral sentiments. The more, therefore, veneration shall be directed by education and circumstances to the appreciation of goodness as the only true greatness, and the higher the standard we have been habituated to admire, the better will conscience know what qualities we should be ambitious to possess that we may be deserving of the self-respect and of the approbation of the moral principle, wherever found, which we so ardently desire. And the more the

other moral impulses have been called forth, exercised, and developed, the oftener we shall feel inclined to do separate kindly and worthy actions, in obedience to the separate impulses of each moral faculty. But, independent of all or any of these lights, the stronger our instinctive craving for the approbation of the moral principle, represented by our own respect, the more powerfully we shall be propelled to do whatever we *think* is right, or deserving of approbation, for the one, universal, ennobling reason—namely, that we do think it right, or deserving of approbation (according to our lights). Then, indeed, if instead of resting in the applause of the multitude as a means of satisfying the cravings of the unenlightened instinct, and putting us on better terms with ourselves, it be the approbation of the moral principle in its perfection, that is, of a pure, perfect, wise, benevolent, all-seeing God, which we have learnt habitually to desire, feeling that his omnipresence and authority are represented by the inward eye and instinctive voice of conscience, speaking to us through the natural desire of the soul to respect itself and to be respected by the moral sentiments in the hearts of our fellow-men, we shall have *one* noble and comprehensive motive to urge us to every virtue which we think can be pleasing to such a being as our moral perceptions reveal God to be, and to preserve us from every vice which we think would be displeasing to such a being, that displeasure being represented by, and speaking to us through, the chidings of our own moral sentiments, and the contempt of our own thus enlightened consciences.

It is thus clear that it is still the same instinct—namely, desire of approbation, which urges the will to action, though, when the instinct is thus directed aright, it is the *approbation of God* and of the *moral sentiment, wherever found*, which is desired.

## CHAPTER V.

### Universal authority of natural conscience.

By means of this ennobling instinct none are left without an urging impulse, acting always on the will, and exciting them to the performance of whatever (according to their lights) they conceive to be virtue.

The infidel who does not believe in scripture revelation, nor in future rewards nor punishments—"the fool who hath said in his heart, there is no God"—flatter themselves that they are therefore untrammelled by any religious principle; but they are mistaken; for though they will not believe that it is the voice of God which speaks to their souls, they hear the voice; and though they will not believe that it is the religious principle which claims

to govern them, they feel an authority within them which they cannot flee from, neither brave with impunity. They can rebel, no doubt—that is, they can, despite their instinctive desire to respect themselves, render themselves despicable; but, having done so, they cannot escape their punishment—that is, they cannot help despising themselves, and despising themselves they cannot avoid being miserable, for they are condemned to crave eternally for that which they cannot obtain—namely, their own respect.

They call this a sense of honour, and believe that they acquired it in the world; but this, too, is a mistake. The world in which they have lived, and the standard therein prevailing, have modified their ideas of right and wrong, of honour and dishonour, *but the impulse* which causes them to *desire honour*, and *shrink* from dishonour, is the natural religious principle, the natural voice of conscience, the natural appetite for virtue, the inherent elevating energy of the soul, commonly called desire of approbation.

Those also who have never even been told that the inward eye and voice of conscience represent the eye and voice of God, yet hear the same inward voice, and feel the same inward authority of natural conscience—namely, the instinctive desire of the soul to respect itself and to be respected, rejoicing within them when (according to their lights) they can approve of themselves, and hope to be approved of by others, and rendering them wretched when (according to their lights) they are obliged to despise themselves, and believe that they deserve to be despised by others, and thus, “without the law, causing them to become a law unto themselves;” while veneration, whose *legitimate function* it is to *worship perfection*, when admiring what it thinks admirable, is *instinctively raising an altar* in the heart “to its unknown God.” This *natural worship* excites the whole being to assimilation with the highest standard of excellence it knows how to appreciate, and awakes its instinctive longing for fellowship with goodness.

This is the instinct which, in all the darkest ages of the world, and under all its most frightful or contemptible abuses, has, notwithstanding these abuses, distinguished man from the mere brutes, and prevented his nature, so kindred to theirs in its animal propensities, from sinking entirely to a level so debased. And this same generous ambition of the soul, this same desire to respect ourselves, this same shrinking from our own contempt, this conscious dignity, this natural appetite for goodness and greatness, this natural voice of conscience, call it by what names we please, is still the ennobling instinct which, when veneration shall be more generally presented with qualities calculated to excite its *real worship*, and awaken the conscenting sympathies of the moral faculties, shall urge the soul towards assimilation with all that is greatly good.



*This, then, is the true theory of natural conscience*, for this is the instinct whose mission it is to generate every virtue, by encouraging with its approbation each kindly, just, and noble impulse, and checking by its disapprobation every emotion leading to evil consequences, as far as the whole mind of the individual can discern good from evil.

This *theory* does not degrade enlightened conscience, while it ennobles the instinct whose function it is to give propelling energy to natural conscience; for, be it remembered, as has been already observed, that no function of vital importance to the welfare whether of body or of soul, has been left to the care of the understanding only, without having been also placed under the vigilant guardianship of an irrepressible instinct, to urge it to activity, independently of its lights.

The criminality of neglecting to educate the masses, and otherwise better their social condition, appears in its strongest light when we reflect that the important instinct which is thus necessary to give propelling energy to conscience is allowed to wither and perish in the breasts of that class whose ignorance leaves their veneration in darkness, whose poverty deprives them of self-respect, and whose social position places them below the reach of public opinion.

In the management of children, also, the mistaken method of wounding their feelings, and robbing them of their self-respect by punishments accompanied with disgrace, is false and unphilosophical. It renders the mind too familiar with shame, and thus hardens and silences natural conscience. Children should, on the contrary, have their hope of amending every imperfection, and ultimately obtaining entire approbation, always kept alive, and their self-respect thus carefully preserved.

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## CHAPTER VI.

Additional arguments to show the identity of the propelling energy of conscience with the instinct of desire of approbation.

If the natural identity between the generous impulse which, when the whole mind is enlightened, becomes its elevating principle, by giving energy to conscience, and the mere blind instinct of desire of approbation, under the various forms of its misuse, be still doubted, let us carefully analyze the objects of our mental desires, and examine closely what affections are in action when we desire those objects, and such doubts must vanish.

We certainly are capable of ardently desiring both to see and to cause the happiness of others by the pure action of instinctive benevolence, impelling us forward without reference to any addi-

tional motive or ulterior consideration, respecting the approbation of even our own conscience for having acted benevolently, although if we acted otherwise we should no doubt be visited by the disapprobation of our own conscience, and involuntarily hate and despise ourselves; but we do not wait to think of this. This beautiful instinct, however, is perhaps the only mental desire which does leave out this ulterior consideration, that is, which cannot be resolved into instinctive desire of approbation, or elevation of nature in some form, or instinctive shrinking from disapprobation, or degradation under some form.

It must be kept steadily in view that it is mental desires and wants, and the impulses to satisfy such, as perfectly distinct from all desire of bodily accommodations and gratifications, which are here being discussed.

We doubtless possess faculties which approve of justice, and all moral perfection, in the abstract, but, when slavish fear and covetous hope are not our motives, why do we ourselves act justly?

Always, either because we should despise ourselves if we did not resemble what we thus approve of, or because the deductions of the understanding having shown us that injustice causes suffering, the beautiful impulse of benevolence disposes us to be just.

Wherefore have whole nations of mistaken men willingly flung away their ease, their pleasure, their comfort, silenced their human sympathies, and laid down their very lives to obtain fame for military exploits?

Because their instinctive conscience, or desire of approbation, *not being enlightened*, these men mistook false glory for true greatness, and the soul's ambition, being *always* the *strongest instinct*, demanded the sacrifice of every other.

Doubtless, during the struggle, all the fierce animal passions were aroused, and gave a terrible vigour to many an arm, *but these passions did not furnish the deliberate motives to action*—they are servants employed, not rulers obeyed. The men whose animal passions were the strongest, and whose moral sympathies were the weakest, would sacrifice all other considerations to their ambition with the most ruthless cruelty. But *ambition*, not *cruelty*, was the *idol sacrificed to*. In other words, no man ever went into battle, or adopted the military profession, for the sake of the pleasure he anticipated in wounding, maiming, and killing his fellow-creatures; but those who had most destructiveness and least benevolence found it easiest to *obey* their *ambition*, when it commanded such sacrifices of their human sympathies.

Wherefore does the duellist in the midst of a scene, perhaps of hilarity, or of tenderness, without daring to hesitate, without daring to listen to the natural murmurs of his heart, decide in a moment on changing every smiling prospect for the terrible alternative of either dying, within a few short hours, a violent death,



or becoming the murderer of a fellow-creature, who, but those few hours before, had been his friend, and flying his country an outlaw?

Because, from *childhood* to *manhood* he had grown up under the *influence* of a *false standard* of *honour*, and thus the false belief had been created in his mind that, in avoiding to fight a duel he should be dishonoured, and the ennobling instinct which desires respect, and shrinks from contempt, compels him to prefer death, and the silencing of all his human sympathies, the closing his eyes for ever on his family, his home, every tie that makes life dear, all his worldly pleasures and possessions, to living (what he *thinks* would be) dishonoured.

There is grandeur in the horrible mistake! But what does such grandeur, coupled with such error, prove?

That this great mystery, the soul of man, which is capable of efforts so gigantic in seeking elevation and flying degradation, yet subject to so great blindness in the choice of means, should, above all things, be taught to know *that goodness alone is greatness*. Who shall set limits to the perfection of which (*when so enlightened*) human nature shall be proved to be susceptible?

We have, in the instance of the duellist, a complete proof that the natural voice of conscience, speaking through the ambition of the soul to possess its own respect, and that of its fellow-beings, is a stronger instinct than covetous hope, or slavish fear, whether for the body or the soul. Hope for both is here forfeited; fear for both is here braved, all to avoid *supposed dishonour*. But such persons, not understanding that benevolence and justice are more honourable than personal courage, and that the *instinctive desire of honour* is the *natural voice of conscience*, possess no higher religious sanctions than those derived from *coveting* the *rewards* and *fearing* the *inflictions* of a mysterious power whose *moral attributes they know not how to appreciate*, and whose moral laws they therefore brave at the suggestion of the very same instinct which (had it been enlightened) would have urged them to obey those laws.

Why do men strive to obtain riches beyond what their bodily accommodations demand?

Because the instinctive ambition of their souls, never having learnt to appreciate any approximation to true greatness, such men, urged by a blind instinct, seek to obtain the sort of *importance* they see granted to wealth and magnificence.

There is, no doubt, in the constitution of the human mind an instinctive desire to acquire, but this is an humble instrument which ambition sharpens for use. The artifices and sacrifices to appear rich which generally accompany the restless efforts of the multitude to obtain wealth, betray the true motive of such struggles. Mere misers, neglecting appearances, and hoarding gold,



*seemingly* for its own sake, are comparatively rare, and may be considered as persons labouring under a particular monomania, which causes them to stop at the means, and lose sight, in a great measure, of the end. But even such persons have *still* their own notion of greatness in view. They attach *importance* to the *mere possession* of their hoard, and from a diseased action of caution so intensely dread its loss that they deny themselves at once its use and its display.

Why do courtiers and statesmen waste their intellects on intrigues, disobey their moral impulses and human sympathies by giving way to hatreds and jealousies, and throw away their time and their peace of mind in pursuit of such utter baubles as titles and ribbons become, when obtained by means such as these?

It is *still* the same blind instinct desiring *supposed importance*, and immolating the ease of the animal to the imaginary greatness of the man. Such persons, losing sight of the rational origin of distinctions, as tokens of virtue or of ability exerted in the service of the public, seek *consequence* in the *mere possession* of the tokens.

But *still*, despite so gross a mistake, the urging principle is the instinctive desire to be respected, and to enjoy social and equal companionship with those they see looked up to.

Why do so many of those who live in the round of fashionable society incur expenses they can ill afford, deny themselves real comforts, and injure the future prospects of their families, to vie with each other in equipages, establishments, houses, dress, and—in short, in appearing to be rich, or what *they esteem great*?

It is *still* the unenlightened *instinct*, seeking an ideal consequence from the suffrages of the multitude, and trying to found even a kind of self-respect (despite the manifest contradiction) on such surreptitiously obtained suffrages; losing sight again, as in the former instance, of the rational origin of looking up to the rich—namely, the presumption that industry, frugality, ability, or some estimable quality had been exerted to obtain the wealth, together with the knowledge that its possession gives the power of learning wisdom and of doing good. The urging principle to action is thus *still* the same—namely, the soul's ambition to rise to the highest standard of greatness she *knows how to appreciate*, though, in these instances, the *standard is a miserably low one*. Such, however, is the energy and authority of this master instinct when excited by a loudly-pronounced public opinion, that let society but transfer the reverence she now bestows on those adventitious circumstances which imply a rewarded virtue to virtue itself, whether rewarded or not; let society grant to such virtue the honour to which her importance to its own wellbeing entitles her; let such virtue be publicly honoured, honoured in her own place, above all other honours, or rather, as the parent and source

of all true honour ; let "babes and sucklings" be taught to lisp her praises, and all the world to *identify moral perfection* with *God*, and its *love* and *admiration* with *real worship*, and in one generation all those whose organization and position bring them within the reach of self-respect and of public opinion will, without one exception, have become virtuous. Persons whose natural conscience is so deficient in development or activity that it cannot be awakened, and whose social position is so depressed as to remove them from the reach of public opinion, are in the situation of patients, or victims, of whom benevolence must take charge. But these cases do not form exceptions to the rule, for *rules founded on the laws of nature have no exceptions* ; every visible variety of effect, familiarly called an exception, being always preceded by some corresponding variety of cause, whether visible or invisible.

Nor is it just to human nature to call the virtue which is thus caused to germinate, by the genial influence of a rising public standard, hypocrisy. The human mind is so constituted that human beings live up to the standard which the state of society in which they find themselves demands of them ; not merely from fear of the disapprobation of those around them (however powerful and commendable that sentiment), but also, and even mainly, because their own inward standard has risen, under those favourable circumstances, to the level of the outward standard, and, therefore, their own self-contempt would be the consequence of falling short of such outward standard. And, happily for the elevation of human nature, our own contempt is a burden too heavy to be borne.

This seems to be the true theory of the regenerating power of public opinion. And this it is which renders it so important to train children from infancy in the heartfelt love and enthusiastic admiration of a standard of moral worth and greatness, as much *above* that which already prevails as the sympathies of the *human heart can suggest*, and the faculties of the *human soul conceive*. The elevating action of minds so trained on the public standard, and the reaction of a public standard so elevated, on the youthful sympathies of future generations are moral forces, calculated by their reciprocal influence to produce an ennobling of the human race, surpassing all which the most sanguine have yet ventured to hope for.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## Minor functions of desire of approbation.

The minor functions of desire of approbation are not less all-pervading. They are also beneficial to society within their just limits; nor would there be any danger of their passing those limits if the higher functions of the instinct had been given, during childhood and youth, their right direction.

By the minor functions of the instinct which desires approbation and respect, and shrinks from degradation and contempt, is meant that regard to decencies and appearances in all that concerns ourselves, without which there would be neither cleanliness, order, nor adornment; without which our persons and dwellings would become loathsome, and all social intercourse disgusting. For though there are natural faculties which love cleanliness, order, and adornment, these are never found strong enough to secure *even decency in classes below the reach of self-respect and public opinion*. These faculties, therefore, must be considered rather as instruments than motive powers. It is consequently desirable that all persons should set a certain value on estimation for every kind of pleasing quality; the feeling is a useful incentive to all the proprieties of life, as well as to the acquirement and practice of many agreeable accomplishments. It also induces much of that obligingness and gracefulness of manner which so greatly help to beautify and sweeten existence. Benevolence, indeed, is necessary to perfect the charm—nay, ought to suffice as sole mover in all social intercourse, were that heaven-born instinct duly trained from infancy, and rendered always active in all persons; and did reflection and philosophy teach every one not only to know, but at all moments to remember, how much being active to please, in every way, even by amusing, contributes to the happiness of others, and how great the cruelty, and gross the injustice, of depriving others of any portion of their happiness which depends on us. But, as one or more of these conditions are often wanting, the instinct that prompts each of us, at each moment, to endeavour to be a pleasing object to others was wisely implanted by the same universal mind which appointed the instinct of hunger to guard life, lest, however thoroughly convinced the understanding might be of the necessity of eating to preserve existence, the duty, were we not urged to its performance by an irresistible instinct, might be so frequently neglected that persons expiring from inanition, in the midst of engrossing employments, or delightful amusements, would be a matter of daily occurrence. We see, therefore, as already remarked, that a strong instinctive impulse is attached,



as motive power, to this and every other function of vital importance to the welfare, whether of the body or of the soul. In mental philosophy, therefore, it is of importance to distinguish between instruments and motive powers.

With respect to the arts and sciences, for example, the special faculties which give facility in each pursuit or accomplishment, such as time and tune in music, form and colour in painting, &c., seem all to partake of the nature rather of instruments than of motive powers, and to require, for rendering them active, the general urging impulse furnished by ambition to reach the highest standard of the beau ideal which the individual is capable of appreciating. So that in the arts, as we have already seen to be the case in morals, raising the standard offered to our admiration is the most effectual means of exciting to greatness. Greatness, however, cannot be attained without efficient instruments, therefore the special faculties or instruments should be cultivated, and are found apt and powerful in those who excel. But the instruments are also found well developed, though less active, in many who have done very little, because in them the *urging principle was wanting*. Such persons are said to have talents, that is, facilities, for certain specialities, but to be idle. Why are they idle? Because, though they could easily have reached the goal they had *no ambition*—"no spur to prick the sides of their intent."

It must be admitted that the consciousness of facility is calculated to awaken ambition, and that it generally does so. But the ambition must exist, and be awakened, or nothing great will be achieved; so that *ambition is still the motive power, the special faculties but the instruments it uses*.

It must be remembered that the goal of the ambition which is defined throughout this essay as the elevating principle is *always positive, never comparative*, greatness. If this important distinction were for a moment lost sight of, *competition*, the urging principle to so much *evil*, might be confounded with that ennobling ambition of the soul which is the urging principle to so much good.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### Limited sphere of the strictly Intellectual Faculties.

Thus the sphere of the strictly intellectual faculties is limited indeed. The province of the understanding is to compare the merits of objects and the consequences of actions, and to show us the connection between causes and their effects, or how to adapt means to ends to obtain what we wish. But without the wish this

speculative knowledge would remain to all eternity unproductive, it being the wish which propels the will and causes action; for it is self-evident, that the mere knowledge how to obtain an object will not urge us to take the necessary steps to possess ourselves of the object unless the object be desired. Now to desire is necessarily the function of some affection; therefore, though the understanding, by pointing out and comparing consequences, shows us what causes are to be desired or feared with reference to their effects in gratifying or mortifying the affections, yet unless these deductions of the understanding succeed in interesting some of the said affections, exciting them to wish or to fear, and sending them to intercede with the will, no act is induced. Nor could comparison even judge between good and evil consequences without tests, which tests must be sought for among the sympathies of the moral affections.

If various affections solicit the will at the same time and in contrary directions, if there be not one authority somewhere in the mind, it will necessarily depend on the relative forces of the various affections, and the development and activity given to each by each by education or by circumstances which shall, on each occasion, obtain a decision of the will in its favour, and so control the conduct (for the hour) till some other impulse gain the day. The virtue of such a being must necessarily be unstable indeed.

Now, therefore, if we can find one affection which the experience of ages shows to be by nature gifted with sovereignty over all the others, by nature possessed of an authority which can silence the solicitations of every propensity, and the murmurs of every other affection, and act directly on the will in all varieties of cases, even when its own object is a mistaken one, but which, when its aim is worthy, is necessarily supported by the assent of the understanding and by the sympathies of all the other moral instincts, and therefore irresistible, is not this the affection to secure on the side of virtue, by directing its aspirations, from earliest infancy to the noblest objects, and furnishing it with apt and efficient instruments? And this can only be done by directing veneration aright, and developing and rendering habitually active, by practical training, all the other moral faculties.

The soul's instinctive ambition, or desire to respect herself and to be respected, and for this purpose to rise to the highest standard of excellence which the *whole mind* knows how to appreciate, commonly called desire of approbation, is, we have seen, this *sovereign affection*.

When this instinct is enlightened, it becomes, as we have also seen, the propelling force of conscience, and that in its most religious sense—namely, the desire to deserve the approbation of, and be admitted to, communion with the great moral principle of the universe, or God, and with every emanation from that principle in the hearts of our fellow-beings.



When the natural energy of this instinct is great, or that it has been developed and rendered habitually active by circumstances, the being, if the whole mind has been enlightened by the right direction of veneration, is capable of the noblest virtues; or if, on the other hand, the whole mind has been left in darkness, or its veneration falsely directed, the being may be carried away by this powerful instinct into the commission of the greatest crimes.

Whether, therefore, virtue or vice shall predominate in the conduct depends thus on the means which the individual has, by education, circumstances, or the strength of the other moral faculties, been induced to take to obtain the end which this affection always has in view—namely, approbation under some form.

Now, the means we are likely to take to obtain approbation will, as we have seen, depend on the direction given to our *veneration*—that is, on the qualities which we have been led to appreciate as admirable; for the soul's ambition never stops short at low acquirements but in ignorance or non-appreciation of higher. This, therefore, in moral training, becomes decidedly the most important of considerations; for every surrounding circumstance has a certain influence in directing veneration; every sentiment and opinion expressed in the hearing of children and young persons, especially by those to whom they look up, tells on the future character, while every indication of the generally prevailing standard of public opinion as to what is right or wrong, admirable or contemptible, has an irresistible power. And if a sentiment of an exciting nature govern the public opinion of the day, whether that sentiment be a true one or a false one, desire of approbation, in the minds of the young, will take fire, and no sacrifice, even to that of life itself, will be withheld—so eager is the undying, irrepressible instinct, which urges the soul to avoid its own contempt and secure its own respect; in short, to seek the approbation of the moral principle wherever found, by striving to resemble what it deems admirable, and rise to the highest standard of excellence it happens to know how to appreciate; and such the soul's instinctive loathing of its position, while it feels itself to be the mere daily drudge of the body's animal wants and gratifications. No doubt whenever public opinion is in favour of a true sentiment, the enthusiasm it excites is necessarily stronger than when in favour of a false one, as in the latter case the moral sympathies have to be stifled, while in the former they rally round the soul's ambition.

But the affection or instinct which acts directly on the will to induce assimilation with goodness or greatness, is *still* the desire of approbation; for though the sentiment of veneration, which it is so important to excite and direct is also an affection or instinct, and therefore can act on the will, yet its legitimate function being only to admire or worship, the soul would remain in the attitude



of speculative admiration to all eternity, satisfied with the delight of admiring, if not *further urged* by instinctive desire of approbation to endeavour to resemble what it thus admired or worshipped. While, in like manner, the understanding would in vain show us the most effectual means of assimilating ourselves to what we worshipped, and we might speculatively acknowledge the efficacy of such means; but still, if we were not urged by desire of approbation to wish to be perfect, we should not use those means, however effectual we might believe them to be, because we should have no motive for wishing to be perfect; unless, indeed, as has been so often repeated, we return to the demeaning incentives of slavish fear of punishment or covetous hope of reward; for we never act without believing that some desired consequence will follow the action.

It has, then, been shown, by arguments which it is hoped are unanswerable, that the instinctive desire of approbation is identical with the voice of conscience or natural appetite for goodness, and that the legitimate function of this instinct is to urge the being on continually towards perfection, not suffering the spirit to find anywhere fulness of satisfaction till the sacred mission of this its *elevating principle* be fulfilled. Hence the constant restlessness (that infallible mark of an unsatisfied instinct), the eager pursuit of nothings, the endless change of purpose, the perpetual sense of disappointment, in all but the admirable few who make it the delight and object of their lives to worship goodness practically by being and doing good.

In vain the soul wings her way over the waves of little ambitions and selfish hopes; till these subside and the truth appear (like the dove of the ark) she finds no resting-place.

To conclude. Intense admiration, amounting to adoration, of perfection or God, is *real* worship, and the practical advantages of such worship are these:—The soul which has contemplated perfection till its love and admiration of goodness amounts to worship, no longer strives to rise by mistaken means. Its ambition quits all the Protean shapes of error, and becomes the force which irresistibly urges obedience to the dictates of a thus enlightened conscience; while the authority of a conscience so enlightened—being, as we have seen, necessarily supported by the assent of the understanding and the consenting sympathies of all the other moral sentiments—such a conscience becomes the one governing affection which acts on the will in every case by furnishing one uniform motive—namely, the desire of the approbation of the moral principle (as God's representative) wherever found, for the performance or non-performance of every action, the indulgence or suppression of every feeling, the permission or rejection of every train of thought.

The virtue of such a being is no longer unstable.

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For this purpose, then, it is that God, who has no need of our worship, demands that worship by revealing his attributes to our minds through the sympathies of our own moral and intellectual faculties. And to this principle of natural religion, which by admiring is urged to imitate perfection, the Christian revelation is clearly addressed. A life devoted to doing good, and death endured to complete a mission of benevolence, are presented to the veneration of the whole world, to excite in our souls that intense admiration of goodness, which is thus linked by the mental laws with ultimate assimilation of our own natures with the qualities so worshipped.

The foregoing theory of conscience, showing that desire of approbation, or the instinct which propels us towards unknown perfection, is a natural impulse, furnishing the power of conscience, distinct from her lights, answers fully the objection of those who would argue that conscience has no natural authority because they observe various persons and nations differ in their opinions of right and wrong. Conscience is an instinctive preference of whatever we believe to be right to whatever we believe to be wrong.

The light of conscience is a just appreciation of perfection or of the attributes of God recognized by cultivated moral and intellectual faculties; while false ideas of those attributes induced by neglect or wrong directions of those faculties, are the errors of faith which exert a mischievous influence on practice. A thoroughly enlightened conscience will always have the will on its side.

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### THE UNHOLY RITE.

In a lone, savage, barren spot,  
On Egypt's sultry shore,  
Where vegetation long has ceas'd  
To bloom again no more;  
There, on a gentle eminence,  
A ruin'd temple stands,  
Whose time-worn pillars seem to be  
Rear'd by no human hands—  
So vast their size, and so profound  
The stillness reigning all around.  
No song of birds to hail the spring,  
No streamlet's gentle murmuring;  
Perchance the far-off sullen roar  
Of ocean on the rocky shore,  
With naught to cheer, naught there to bless,  
This scene of utter loneliness.

The weary trav'ler on his way  
Will hasten on while yet 'tis day,  
And cross himself with whisper'd prayer,  
'Gainst powers of darkness lurking there,  
Or cease the chant of other lays  
Which cheer'd his lonely pilgrimage.

'Tis night, and o'er the sandy waste  
The moonbeams softly play,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the sky  
With tributary ray.  
But what that light whose fitful gleam  
Illumes yon crumbling wall?  
Fancy might paint a goblin troop,  
Keeping their festival.  
And, lo! a form slow paces by,  
Alone it is, or seems to be,  
In that drear gloomy hall.  
Approach yet nearer. Hark! he speaks,  
In accents sad and low;  
Remorse and ever-restless fear  
Are stamp'd upon his brow.  
His unshorn beard and matted hair,  
And the deep lines of with'ring care,  
Mark him a man of woe.

"Alas for the land my fathers trod!  
Outcast from my country and my God,  
Accurs'd like Cain, the earth's broad face  
May not afford a resting-place.  
The tree is wither'd whence I sprung,  
Ere yet its name was done foul wrong;  
Each branch is faded one by one,  
My brethren *all* to rest are gone.  
Could I recall my early days,  
The pleasant path of childhood's ways,  
When spring's first flowers bright and fair  
Were scatter'd round me everywhere—  
But vain the wish—ay, doubly vain,  
Such scenes can ne'er return again.  
And now forbidden help I court,  
All human aid is nothing worth;  
So let me calmly meet my fate,  
For I am all heart-desolate.  
The charm works well; and this the clime  
Where seers existed in old time;  
Perchance these very walls have been  
Of acts and magic spells the scene.  
And on this lone and barren hill  
Their memory may linger still.



And this the hour, and this the night—  
 If I have read the stars aright—  
 When, grief forgotten, vigils past,  
 My labours shall be crown'd at last.  
 Long years of suffering and pain  
 Have not all been spent in vain.  
 Hemlock pluck'd at the evening hour,  
 When clouds o'er the horizon low'r,  
 Ere yet the stars shine brightly forth,  
 To cheer the sunless desert earth.  
 And here the slimy mandrake root,  
 Snatch'd where has trod no human foot.  
 Each plant is here, and all are met  
 To make the wizard charm complete.  
 Then brightly burn with ruddy glow,  
 Herald of future bliss below."

Hush ! hark, a voice so thrilling clear,  
 The strong man stands all trembling there.  
 "'Tis time," it said ; "thy wish make known,"  
 But answer straightway came their none.  
 And now a shadowy form is seen,  
 The entrance-porch and flame between.  
 "Come, tell me quickly," and the while  
 O'er its dark lineaments gloom'd a smile.  
 One moment more he thus began,  
 Low cowering there, the outcast man :—

"Oh ! give me back my promis'd bride,  
 My prayer, my wish, is naught beside ;  
 Oh ! give me back that dear lov'd one,  
 For *her* I summon'd thee alone ;  
 Restore her life, and let her be,  
 All in all, as heretofore, to me.  
 Long dreary years are number'd now,  
 Since her once angel form laid low ;  
 Ay, years of grief and sleepless care,  
 But still her form is present here.  
 I ask not wealth, 'twere vain to me  
 O'er many lands the sovereignty ;  
 I ask but her, this all my boon,  
 The risk be mine, and mine alone."

"'Tis well ; 'tis granted. Sign this scroll,  
 And let the past all backward roll ;  
 Be hers in life—in death to me  
 Swear fealty for eternity.  
 Here bare thy arm ; thy life-blood's tide  
 Shall seal the ransom for thy bride.

Pause not ; already mine thou art,  
A few short years we ne'er shall part,  
When claim'd by the cold and silent tomb,  
That night shall be thy night of doom ;  
Thy lot in *life*, be it good or ill,  
In *death* my pow'r hangs o'er thee still.  
'Tis thy own deed, so sign, and bless  
Thy *earthly* days with happiness."

The lone man rais'd his head on high ;  
His gaze seem'd fix'd on vacancy ;  
His hands his temples press'd, and then  
He bow'd him to the earth again.

" Oh, God ! thy wretched servant hear ;  
Reject not thou a sinner's prayer ;  
My Saviour's voice was rais'd for all—  
Oh ! let it prove *all-merciful* !"

The fiend was dumb. The name of God  
Hallow'd the ground on which it stood.  
All pow'rless there, it dar'd not stay,  
So, fading slowly, pass'd away.

The morning breaks—with rosy light  
Illumes the scene of yesternight,  
But sunny skies no more may cheer  
The heart of the lonely wanderer.  
A lifeless mass—his spirit fled—  
At length he's number'd with the dead.  
A broken urn, its ashes strewn,  
Or on the summer breezes borne,  
Tells life is past—can ne'er return.

His bones will whiten on the sand,  
Far away from his native land ;  
No pillow'd couch supports his head,  
No friends lov'd living mourn him dead,  
No passing bell his knell to toll—  
May God have mercy on his soul !

C. E. N.

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## LES ANGLAIS POUR RIRE ;

OR,

## PARISIAN ADVENTURES.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

## CHAPTER I.

The Bif-tek à l'Anglaise.

IT is well known to all who profess to know anything, that Paris is the finest, the richest, the grandest, the liveliest, and the loveliest city that ever existed, or that ever can exist on the face of the terrestrial globe. Indeed, whether any of the celestial cities can vie with it in beauty and magnificence is a point which its happy inhabitants do not seem anxious to discuss, so long as they can enjoy undisturbed the delights of their own Elysian Fields.

Into this superb city did the hero of our tale, attended by his faithful squire, enter one fine sunny morning some five-and-twenty years ago, the former seated in the *voiture* of the Diligence, and the latter in the *cabriolet* (*coupé's* not being then in fashion), where he sat with open mouth and eyes, swallowing dense volumes of dust, and devouring the wonders of the busy scene. In this order they proceeded down the *Rue Montmartre*—not rattling hurry-skurry over the pavement as they do in the rantipole English capital, to the manifest hazard of the queen's lieges, but soberly, leisurely, and with the dignity becoming so great a nation. The postillion did, however, to the utmost extent of his physical ability, crack his short whip, and flourish it about his head; yet were not the horses thereby induced to quicken their steady pace, nor did it appear that in this they disappointed the expectations of their vivacious driver. In good time, however, the *Diligence* (a word, by the way, which has a different meaning in France and England) arrived at that grand central mart of foreign curiosities, the *Messagerie Royale, rue Notre Dame des Victoires*.

On descending from their moving mountain, Captain Blake and his valet, Larry Delany, were immediately surrounded by special ambassadors from numerous hotels, who, with the very quintessence of politeness, besought the honour of their company, to partake of the good things set forth in the printed cards which they tendered for their acceptance. Larry, who made a shrewd



guess at the meaning of this ceremony, stepped up to his master when he was about to decide, and drawing him apart from the rest, earnestly entreated him to be cautious in what he did, and on no account to enter a house with a bill in the window.

"Why not?" demanded Blake.

"Because," replied Larry, "not far from this very spot I saw a house with a bill stuck up, and what do you think was printed upon it?"

"I cannot imagine," said Blake.

"Then, devil burn me!" cried Larry, with an energetic slap on his doeskin smalls, "if I didn't read these very words upon it—'Here they spike the English.'"

Blake having promised his cautious attendant to be duly circumspect in his choice of a lodging, took up his abode for the present at the neighbouring *Hotel de Bourgoigne*, the modest appearance of which, he thought, would best suit the object of his visit to Paris, which was, in short, to discover the abode of a fair and wealthy *inamorata*, who had been suddenly whisked away by her unconsenting parents from his ardent addresses. Having taken up his quarters, our hero sat down to discuss the merits of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, and to deliberate with himself on the best mode of proceeding for the discovery of the Carltons. An application at the *Hotel de Ville* would, he knew, be the readiest mode of obtaining the desired information; but he thought it would be both impolitic and indelicate to excite observation by so public an inquiry, and he hoped that by constantly frequenting all the exhibitions and places of amusement he should accomplish his object before long in a more satisfactory manner.

After breakfast our hero dressed and sallied forth to prosecute his search, having first recommended Larry to be very prudent in his conduct, and carefully to avoid getting into any disturbance, which, however trifling it might be, would very much retard the important object he had in view. He also desired him, in his walks about town, to keep a sharp look out for Mr. Carlton's family; and should he be successful in his search, on no account to let them know that he was in Paris. Larry, having promised faithfully to observe his master's orders, they separated, and commenced their tour of inspections in different directions. The somewhat bewildered valet, however, took the precaution of enlisting into his service the stable *gargon* of the hotel, who spoke a few words of English, and who, for the valuable consideration of a *quinze-sous* piece, undertook to show him everything in Paris worth looking at.

The superb city of Paris possessed little novelty for Blake, for he had known it well in the days of its tribulation, when the conquering hordes of the north rioted in its luxuries and trampled on its humble inhabitants. When the savages of the Dori and the

Wolga withheld with difficulty their barbarian hands from destroying the monuments of vanished greatness, and defiling the unintelligible labours of heaven-born genius; when the beardless schoolboy, vain of his burnished steel and his gaudy plumes, sneered at the fallen veteran, whose cheek was bronzed with the suns of many climates, and whose hair was blanched with the disasters of campaigns more numerous than the years which had passed over the head of the military fribble. Then, as now, its inhabitants were gay, volatile, and obliging, yet shrewd, and full of finesse. Then, as now, the pageant of the day was hailed by the fickle multitude with shouts of applause, while the glitter of tinsel won their inconstant gaze, and kept them blind to the trickery of the charlatan, whose ascendant star constituted him for the moment the god of their idolatry.

For the whole morning Blake continued wandering about from one exhibition, or place of amusement, to another, in the hope of meeting his beloved Ellen. The libraries, the cabinets of natural history, the galleries of pictures and statues, the botanical garden, &c., &c., by turns underwent his inspection, but not as a virtuoso eager in his search for knowledge. His incurious eye beheld with indifference the united science and wisdom of ages, the most curious specimens of mineralogy, the most beautiful paintings, the most exquisite statuary, the most rare and extraordinary members of the brute creation, but the real object of his search was nowhere to be seen, and the world contained nothing else, at that moment, which could attract his attention.

Vexed and fatigued with his fruitless inquiry, our hero, towards evening, entered a *restaurant* in the neighbourhood of the *Palais Royale*, as he felt his appetite becoming rather importunate. Here, seating himself at one of the small tables, and spreading his snow-white napkin on his knees, he soon found himself surrounded with all the delicacies of which Epicurus is erroneously supposed to have been the original inventor. Blake was, fortunately, not difficult of choice, otherwise he might have shared the fate of the ass in the fable, and starved in the midst of plenty. Prompted, however, by an excellent appetite he gave abundant employment to the pretty, smiling, *vierge*, who liberally supplied him with plate after plate, which he successively emptied with a *gusto* that would entitle him to distinguished notice in the *Almanack des Gourmands*.

While our hero was thus beneficially employed, improving the condition of his inward man, and curiously inspecting the numerous contents of a bill of fare at least two yards long, two gentlemen, glaringly English, entered the room. In one of these, a tall, stout young man, with a florid complexion, attired in the most ultra fox-hunting costume, Blake recognized Mr. Giles Muggins, a *ci-devant* cornet of the 4th Dragoon Guards, which



regiment he had been obliged to quit from his quarrelsome disposition and fighting propensities. His companion was a little pale-faced dandy from the purlieus of Puddle-dock, with grey Wellington trousers, a scarlet waistcoat edged with silver lace, and a blue frogged surtout, which appeared from the texture to have more than once occupied a prominent position in Monmouth Street. In him Blake recognized an old acquaintance, Captain, or as he was generally designated, Beau Tibbins, late of the Tower Hamlet's Local Militia.

The lively curiosity displayed by Mr. Muggins proved that he was a fresh importation from that land whose character, in the opinion of a Frenchman, is essentially *bizarri*, and his demeanour and actions did not by any means invalidate this estimate of our national characteristic. With open mouth he stared around him; his eyes wandered with insatiable restlessness from the magnificent pier-glasses to the handsome marble pillars, the elegant *comptoir*, and the highly-dressed and decorated *déesse* seated behind it, partially concealed by beautiful porcelain vases, filled with all the gayest productions of the floral kingdom. He gazed with unrestrained freedom at the smart and pretty little female waiters, flitting about with all the gracefulness of Hebes, whose smiling looks and light airy movements might lead one to imagine himself transported to the Mahomedan paradise, reposing on beds of immortal amaranths, and served by the musky hands of unfading hours.

Giles Muggins, however, did not possess that poetical temperament essential to so lofty a flight. With a perversity of intellect too common amongst his countrymen, he decided on condemning everything that was not downright English, and endeavoured to conceal his involuntary admiration of all he saw under an affected veil of indifference and contempt. Fortunately he could not speak a word of French, and the company did not understand (or appeared not to notice) the impertinence of his remarks, which were addressed to his companion in the following strain:—

"Now, Tibbins, did you ever see anything like this? Did you ever see such gilding and whitewashing? 'Tis all ——— French frippery, and there's nothing solid in it, is there, Tibbins?"

"'Tis nefarious, peculating gingerbread," responded the beau, with a peculiar phraseology quite original and expressive.

"I say, Tibbins," continued Muggins, "did you ever see such a set of ricketty spindleshanks in all your life, bowing and wriggling to one another like so many jingling-johnnies?"

"They're a set of he-hulking, two-fisted pickpockets," replied Tibbins, with one of his favourite set phrases.

"That they are," readily assented Mr. Muggins, "and no doubt we shall be prettily fleeced before we leave this gew-gaw



shop. Just look at that brazen-faced jade behind the flower-pots, with her yellow cheeks daubed over with brick-dust. I'll stake my life she's calculating how much she can make of us ; and so are all the rest of these *soup-maigre* thieves, who would starve in ten days if they hadn't John Bull to live upon."

"The nefarious frog-eaters !" exclaimed Tibbins, blowing himself out to the magnitude of a cucumber ; "when they stand beside us English they remind me of Pharaoh's lean kine coming to eat up the fat and well-favoured ones."

A horse-laugh from the two friends at this happy effort shook the whole room, and excited a stare of astonishment from the rest of the company, who were altogether unused to such boisterous expressions of mirth.

"I wonder now," said Muggins, when his outrageous cachination had in some measure subsided ; "I wonder what these cripples are going to give us for dinner."

"Peculating frogs, I suppose," said Tibbins, "or nefarious dock-leaves cooked in a dozen different fashions."

"It seems to me," continued Muggins, "that there's nothing but kickshaws and syllabubs in this trumpery cook-shop."

"You mustn't call it a cook-shop, my dear fellow," said Tibbins ; "tis a peculating *rustywrong*."

"Rustyright or rustywrong," rejoined Muggins, "it matters little what you call things in a country where they haven't an atom of solid food ; for even their ——— eggs won't boil like English eggs."

"Indeed," cried Tibbins, "I wasn't aware of that."

"'Tis a fact, I assure you," replied Muggins. "I tried it myself, and found that the cursed shells are so thin they crack the moment the water begins to boil."

"Perhaps," suggested Tibbins, "those were cocks' eggs you tried."

"Cocks' eggs !" cried Muggins, with a stare.

"Don't you know," said Tibbins, "that one of their famous dishes is made of cocks' eggs, or as the peculating frog-eaters call it, '*Oaf-ally-cock*.' "

"Never heard of it before," replied Muggins. "By the Lord Harry I'll have some for the fun of the thing. Hulloo, waiter !"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Tibbins, "you must never call 'waiter' in this nefarious country, but *garson* ;" then elevating his voice he called out, with the self-satisfied air of a man who considered himself perfectly *au fait* in the matter, "*Garson ! garson !*"

The singularity of calling for the *garçon* where there were none but female attendants seemed highly to amuse the company, but they were too polite to give audible expression to their merriment.

A delay of a few seconds having taken place, however, Muggins cried out impatiently to his friend,

"By the Lord Harry, Tibbins, they seem to understand you as little as they did me."

"My dear fellow," said Tibbins, "'tis an absolute fact that these peculating French rascals do not always understand their own nefarious language."

"At 'em again, then, Ginger," exclaimed Muggins.

"*Deedo*, I say, *garson*!" cried Tibbins, in a more authoritative voice, and laying immense emphasis on the last syllable.

"*Plait-il massieu?*" said Fanchette, in a pretty little Parisian accent, as she tripped up towards the strangers; "*Massieu veut-il la carte?*"

"No, nor the horse neither," roared Muggins. "Zounds! do you think I have the digestion of an ostrich, to offer me a cart for dinner?"

"My dear fellow," interposed Tibbins, with a smile, less at his friend's mistake than at the opportunity it afforded him of displaying his own superior knowledge, "she doesn't mean a cart, but a bill of fare."

"Oh, that's another af-fair," said Muggins, laughing at his own *bon-mot*.

"*Mun sheer fil*," said Beau Tibbins to Fanchette, with a killing ogle; "*donny maw le carte*."

"*Oui, massieu*," said Fanchette; "*tenex, massieu, la voila*."

"*Mercy, mercy!*" cried Tibbins, as he cast his eyes with a look of profound sagacity over the enormous sheet, and thus recapitulated its contents for the edification of his impatient friend, "*Soupe à la Julienne, soupe au lait, soupe au chou*."

"Soup o' shoe!" roared Muggins. "What the deuce will they make soup of next?"

"*Chou* does not mean a shoe in French, my dear fellow," said Tibbins.

"Does it mean a stocking, then?" demanded Muggins.

"No, no," replied Tibbins, laughing heartily at his friend; "*chou*, my dear fellow, is cabbage."

"Leave that for the tailors, then," said Muggins, "and pass on to something else."

"*Soupe à l'Avignon*," continued Tibbins, "*vermicelli*."

"Keep the jellies for after dinner," said Muggins.

"*Soupe à la graisse*," continued Tibbins, "*soupe maigre*."

"—— the *soupe maigre*," exclaimed Muggins; "I'll have none of your soups; give me something substantial, something solid, I say."

"*Fricandeau*," resumed Tibbins, "*huitres de cancale, ragout de mouton, fricaut à la Russe, cotelette à la Turque, omelette à l'Espagnolle, bif-tek à l'Anglaise . . .*"

"Stop there," cried Muggins, "that will do ; let us have the honest old English beef steak, for 'tis worth the whole of your rigmarole fillagree, and I'm dying with hunger."

Fanchette accordingly tripped away to get the *bif-tek*, and left Muggins rejoicing in the prospect of at length having something substantial to eat.

"After all," he exclaimed, while his imagination luxuriated on the pleasures of the promised treat, "these French fellows have more sense than one would expect from them, Tibbins."

"They are like a nefarious singed cat," said Tibbins, "a great deal better than they look."

"For my part," said Muggins, "I begin to like the country, though they are the natural-born enemies of old England."

"We must in candour acknowledge," responded Tibbins, "that the peculating frog-eaters have some good things amongst them."

"For instance," said Muggins, "the glorious treat we are just going to enjoy. Who would have expected to find, amongst all their wishy-washy, fantastical trumpery, so excellent a thing as an English beef-steak?"

"The very peculating prince of good dishes, in my opinion," chimed in Tibbins.

"Oh, the jolly dog !" resumed Muggins, rubbing his hands in high glee ; "so plump and juicy, just cooked with that critical nicety that the natural red begins to mingle harmoniously with the artificial brown, while a broad selvage of fat glistens to the eye, and the whole swims in pure delicious gravy, with a delicate onion sliced . . . ."

"Here the panegyric of Mr. Muggins on that glory of old England was interrupted by the arrival of Fanchette, who placed before him a plate containing two or three black lumps of something apparently burnt to a cinder, and totally without fat, gravy, or onion."

"What the devil's that?" demanded Giles Muggins, with a yell of astonishment.

"*Bif-tek, massieu*," replied Fanchette, with a pretty little simper.

"*Bif-tek !*" roared Muggins, mimicking the affrighted girl ; "the devil *tek* you and your rascally country ! I wish you were all sunk to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean."

"Patience, my dear fellow," interposed Beau Tibbins ; "don't be in such a peculating passion."

"Patience be ——— !" cried Muggins, stamping with fury at his disappointment. "You may do as you like, Tibbins, but curse me if I stand this infernal humbug any longer."

Up he jumped, bestowing upon the unoffending table such a blow of his brawny fist as sent the plates and dishes dancing off in all directions ; but, regardless of the smash he had made, our



indignant John Bull seized his hat and strutted out of the room, followed by Captain Tibbins, trying to look big and ferocious; while the horror-struck *restaurateur* hurried after them to demand indemnification for his broken crockeryware.

Blake, who had witnessed this strange scene with mingled feelings of amusement and chagrin, did not wait to hear the comments of the company on the conduct of Mr. Muggins. Just as the English character was about to be discussed by the angry Parisians, who could not quietly digest so gross a breach of *la bienséance*, he quitted the room and strolled quietly towards the Tuileries. The dogged disposition of his countrymen, which prevents their mingling harmoniously with the natives of other countries, afforded our hero abundant food for rumination; and the thoughts and speculations which occurred to him in the course of his ramble, if put together by some literary veteran well versed in the science of book-making, might compose a very handsome quarto on national idiosyncrasy. But having arrived at the Tuileries Gardens, just as he was coming to the ergo of a most conclusive syllogism, the whole argument, major, minor, and consequence, vanished as a dream; for as he went in at one door he beheld at a distance the adored object of his search going out at another.

On the wings of hope our hero instantly flew to the spot, and arrived just in time to perceive his long and anxiously-sought mistress step into a carriage with her mother, and drive off with considerable rapidity, without having seen him. Blake immediately followed the carriage that contained his treasure at full speed, but his efforts to overtake it were vain. The coachman seemed to understand the peril of his mistress, and exercised his whip to escape from the dangerous man that was in hot pursuit of her—nay, the very horses, as if inspired with the spirit of their driver, rattled and scampered through the streets, tearing up almost the very stones of the pavement. As it always happens in this perverse world, there wasn't a single *fiacre* to be seen to assist in the pursuit of the too-lovely fugitive and her inauspicious mother; but still the panting Blake toiled after them in vain; up the *Rue Neuve de Luxembourg*, down *Rue St. Honore*, through the *Place Vendome*, up *Rue de la Paix*, along the *Boulevard des Capucines*, down *Rue de Grammont*, *Rue Neuve St. Augustin*, and *Rue Richelieu*. By the time our hero had arrived at the bottom of the last mentioned street, he found that he had lost every trace of the carriage, but he was so heated and fatigued with his race that he did not regret his proximity to the *Palais Royale*, into which emporium of wonders he immediately proceeded, to obtain some refreshment. Having traced the carriage to the *Rue Richelieu*, he naturally concluded that Miss Carlton must have gone either to the opera or the *Théâtre Français*, he consequently resolved, as soon as he had rested himself, to go to

one or other, or both, in search her ; and having thus arranged his plan of proceedings, he entered the *Café des Milles Colonnes*, where, making the customary obeisance to "*la déesse*," he took his seat and called for coffee.

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## CHAPTER II.

### The Café des Milles Colonnes.

This celebrated *Café*, as all the world knows, is the most fashionable one in Paris, and displays in its well-known title a tolerable specimen of that figure of speech called hyperbole, of which the French so freely avail themselves. It contains in its whole extent no more than a dozen pillars of alabaster, which are very ingeniously multiplied four-fold, by means of mirrors so placed as to produce a very pleasing deception ; a sort of quackery at which the Badands were then very expert, and in which they are now more than rivalled nearer home. It contained, however, at the period we treat of a greater attraction than its thousand pillars, in the person of *la belle limonadière*, who sat enthroned behind its splendid *comptoir*, to receive the willing homage of her Parisian subjects.

Blake had not been long seated at his "*petite tasse and verre*" when two more visitors appeared in the persons of Giles Muggins and Captain Tibbins, who, having succeeded at length in procuring something like a beefsteak, had so far conformed to the custom of the country in which they were sojourners as to wash it down with a bottle of Champagne, and two of Burgundy. They were, consequently, in pretty fair spirits when they entered the *Milles Colonnes*, whither they came to close the evening with coffee and liqueurs, inflamed with a most violent contempt for France and its inhabitants, and fully determined, particularly Muggins, to insult in every possible way both one and the other.

In pursuance of this laudable resolution, their language and manners were boisterous in the extreme, and calculated to annoy and offend the rest of the company, some of whom were quietly chatting, and others playing a sober game of dominos. Not content with these oblique modes of insult, our British heroes now pursued a more direct plan of attack, and Mr. Muggins having called the *garçon* with a stentorian voice, ordered him, through the medium of his interpreter, Captain Tibbins, to bring their coffee in cups which had never been contaminated by touching the lips of a Frenchman.

"*Plait-il, massieu ?*" said the astonished *garçon*.

"Plates be —— !" cried Muggins ; "cups, I say, you dog ;

and, mark me well, cups that have never been contaminated by the lips of a Frenchman."

The poor waiter was terribly embarrassed by this order; he bowed and stammered, and was about to expostulate, but Muggins threatened with an oath to fling him out of the window if he did not instantly obey his commands. Alarmed by this menace, which he knew too much of the English character to look upon as an empty sound, the *garçon* at length promised acquiescence, and made a speedy retreat.

This scene had not passed unnoticed by the rest of the company, amongst whom symptoms began to appear of an inclination to chastise the insolent strangers. At the table next to the one occupied by our hero were seated two officers of the *Garde Royale*, *anciens militaires* who had long served under Buonaparte, and whose souls were still burning with hatred of those enemies who had caused the downfall of their idol. They had witnessed with ill-concealed disgust the violent conduct of Muggins and his friend, and were anxiously looking out for an opportunity to check or chastise it. The detested language of the insolent strangers was of itself sufficient to excite their bile, but the insufferable insult relative to the coffee cups roused them to immediate action, and one of the officers having whispered a few words to the waiter, quietly resumed his place.

"I say, Muggins, my boy," cried Tibbins, in a tone of exultation, "you have frightened that peculating *garson* out of a year's growth."

"By the Lord Harry!" said Muggins, "if he hadn't cut his lucky I'd have flung him out of the window like an orange peel."

"Tis the only way to serve the nefarious frog eaters," exclaimed Tibbins; "and they know well enough what they have to expect when they dare to oppose us brawny Englishmen. I would undertake myself to double up half-a-dozen of such rat-catchers."

These were bold words to come of the stomach of such a shrimp as Captain Tibbins, and the air of defiance with which he uttered them was never surpassed on the tragic boards of the Coburg Theatre; but a change came over the spirit of his dream, and a sickly hue overspread his already sallow features when he saw the waiter return—not with bran-new coffee cups, as he expected, but with two large utensils of a certain description, evidently the worse for wear. Placing them on the table before Mr. Muggins, the *garçon* very pertly told that gentleman that these were the only cups which never touched the lips of a Frenchman.

A general burst of applause resounded through the room at this cutting and well-merited rebuke, and "Bravo! bravo!" was shouted by the company on every side.

Burning with rage and fury, up jumped the bold Muggins, and



one or other, or both, in search her ; and having thus arranged his plan of proceedings, he entered the *Café des Milles Colonnes*, where, making the customary obeisance to "*la déesse*," he took his seat and called for coffee.

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## CHAPTER II.

### The Café des Milles Colonnes.

This celebrated *Café*, as all the world knows, is the most fashionable one in Paris, and displays in its well-known title a tolerable specimen of that figure of speech called hyperbole, of which the French so freely avail themselves. It contains in its whole extent no more than a dozen pillars of alabaster, which are very ingeniously multiplied four-fold, by means of mirrors so placed as to produce a very pleasing deception ; a sort of quackery at which the Badands were then very expert, and in which they are now more than rivalled nearer home. It contained, however, at the period we treat of a greater attraction than its thousand pillars, in the person of *la belle limonadière*, who sat enthroned behind its splendid *comptoir*, to receive the willing homage of her Parisian subjects.

Blake had not been long seated at his "*petite tasse and verre*" when two more visitors appeared in the persons of Giles Muggins and Captain Tibbins, who, having succeeded at length in procuring something like a beefsteak, had so far conformed to the custom of the country in which they were sojourners as to wash it down with a bottle of Champagne, and two of Burgundy. They were, consequently, in pretty fair spirits when they entered the *Milles Colonnes*, whither they came to close the evening with coffee and liqueurs, inflamed with a most violent contempt for France and its inhabitants, and fully determined, particularly Muggins, to insult in every possible way both one and the other.

In pursuance of this laudable resolution, their language and manners were boisterous in the extreme, and calculated to annoy and offend the rest of the company, some of whom were quietly chatting, and others playing a sober game of dominos. Not content with these oblique modes of insult, our British heroes now pursued a more direct plan of attack, and Mr. Muggins having called the *garçon* with a stentorian voice, ordered him, through the medium of his interpreter, Captain Tibbins, to bring their coffee in cups which had never been contaminated by touching the lips of a Frenchman.

"*Plait-il, massieu ?*" said the astonished *garçon*.

"Plates be —— !" cried Muggins ; "cups, I say, you dog ;

and, mark me well, cups that have never been contaminated by the lips of a Frenchman."

The poor waiter was terribly embarrassed by this order; he bowed and stammered, and was about to expostulate, but Muggins threatened with an oath to fling him out of the window if he did not instantly obey his commands. Alarmed by this menace, which he knew too much of the English character to look upon as an empty sound, the *garçon* at length promised acquiescence, and made a speedy retreat.

This scene had not passed unnoticed by the rest of the company, amongst whom symptoms began to appear of an inclination to chastise the insolent strangers. At the table next to the one occupied by our hero were seated two officers of the *Garde Royale, anciens militaires* who had long served under Buonaparte, and whose souls were still burning with hatred of those enemies who had caused the downfall of their idol. They had witnessed with ill-concealed disgust the violent conduct of Muggins and his friend, and were anxiously looking out for an opportunity to check or chastise it. The detested language of the insolent strangers was of itself sufficient to excite their bile, but the insufferable insult relative to the coffee cups roused them to immediate action, and one of the officers having whispered a few words to the waiter, quietly resumed his place.

"I say, Muggins, my boy," cried Tibbins, in a tone of exultation, "you have frightened that peculating *garsong* out of a year's growth."

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A general burst of applause resounded through the room at this cutting and well-merited rebuke, and "Bravo! bravo!" was shouted by the company on every side.

Burning with rage and fury, up jumped the bold Muggins, and



seizing the waiter by the throat, he swore with a horrible oath that he would that instant annihilate him if he did not discover the rascal who had instigated him to offer so gross an insult to an Englishman.

The trembling and terror-struck garçon was spared the trouble of answering by the two officers of the *Garde Royale*, who approaching the scene of action, declared that it was by their directions the waiter had acted. This, they said, was intended as a retort on the *Messieurs Anglais*, for the insolent and ill-mannered conduct of which they had been guilty.

"Nay, more," said Monsieur de St. Germain, one of the officers, who spoke very good English, "the waiter has not only provided you with drinking cups which never touch the lips of Frenchmen, but I swear by the majesty of Heaven you shall drink out of them also."

This decision was highly applauded by the rest of the company, and the officers drew their swords to enforce its execution. Poor Beau Tibbins became absolutely cadaverous, and stammered out something between threat and apology; but Muggins stamped and raved, and swore he would die a thousand deaths rather than submit to such a degradation.

"You cowardly poltroons," he exclaimed, in a fury, "put by your swords, and meet me on equal terms with pistols; curse me if I don't fight you both, one down another come on."

"Sir," replied one of the officers, with great *sang-froid*, "when we have first chastised the insolent insulters of our country, in the manner best suited to their gross conduct, we shall then be ready to meet you *au champ clas*."

"Provided they can prove themselves entitled as gentlemen to that honour," added St. Germain; "but in the meantime they must either drink or die."

"Then I'll die, by St. George!" exclaimed Muggins, folding his arms and doggedly awaiting the fatal thrust, which St. Germain seemed determined to give him; for he also was blinded by passion, and urged on by the encouraging cries of the company.

"Pink the *sacre Jean Foutre*!" exclaimed several voices; "let us see the colour of his ugly English blood." |

Blake had so far witnessed unmoved the whole of this singular proceeding, for he was disgusted with the unprovoked insolence of his countrymen, and had heartily joined in the laugh against them on the introduction of the new-fashioned drinking-cups. So far he thought the joke was a good one; but his native spirit and his national feeling revolted against the unreasonable cruelty of carrying it any farther; particularly against two unarmed men, one of whom had evinced a degree of bravery worthy of a better cause. He resolved, therefore, not to sit by tamely to witness the catastrophe that was evidently impending; and just as the Frenchmen



were proceeding to extremities, he sprang forward towards St. Germain, who was evidently bent on drawing blood, wrenched the sword out of his hand, and called aloud in French for honourable conduct and fair play.

This unexpected diversion, which was interposed with the rapidity of lightning, caused a great and general sensation. Muggins uttered a shout of joy which made the mirrored walls ring again, and swore a tremendous oath that Blake was the finest fellow in the world, and he would gladly die by his side; while Captain Tibbins, happily relieved from a dreadful state of tribulation, shook our hero by the hand and expressed his delight at seeing his old friend at such a critical moment.

"My dear fellow," cried the beau, who was almost shedding tears of joy at his unlooked-for delivery, "the nefarious, he-hulking coal-heavers were on the point of spitting us with their peculating small-swords. Muggins, this is my dear friend Captain Blake, of the Connaught Rangers."

"There is my hand, sir," said Muggins, "and my heart in it. John Bull and Paddy Bull against all the world in arms."

Unfavourable symptoms now, however, began to manifest themselves amongst the French gentlemen present, and looks of mischievous import were interchanged, amidst cries of "*A bas les Anglais! A bas les foutres Anglais!*"

"Gentlemen," said Blake, "hear me for a moment. We are all three officers in the British service, and can never submit to the proposed indignity. But as this gentleman has insulted your country, I feel assured he is ready to give all proper satisfaction."

"I'll fight them both, by the Lord Harry!" said Muggins, when the matter was explained to him by his interpreter.

This proposition seemed to cause a diversity of opinion amongst the company; some cried out, "*Il a raison, laissez le faire;*" but others, and by far the majority, continued to shout, "*A bas les Anglais; A bas les foutres Anglais, sans phrase!*"

"Gentlemen," said Blake, "I recommend you all to keep your seats; whoever presumes to interfere between these officers and us will do it at the hazard of his life."

This threat, however, did not produce the desired effect; for a general and hostile movement was about to take place, when St. Germain very properly requested that the arrangement of the business should be left to him alone; then borrowing his companion's sword he haughtily exclaimed,

"The first affair is national, if you will, but this is my quarrel; and I call upon the gentleman to defend himself who has so unwarrantably taken possession of my sword. I must acknowledge," he added with a sneer, "that he seems to hold it as if he really knew what he had in his hand."

"By the courtesy of nations," responded Blake, "as I am the  
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person challenged, I have a right to choose the weapon of my country ; but as time presses, and the police may be upon us, I waive that right, and will meet you on your own terms."

"Bravo ! Bravo !" cried several voices. "*Il est bon enfant, ce garçon la !*" St. Germain said nothing, but a smile of undoubting confidence mingled with a grim smile on his handsome features ; while his brother officer, turning towards a group of the spectators, significantly shrugged his shoulders as he exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "*Pauvre Anglais ! c'en est fait de lui !*"

"I now beg to know," resumed our hero, "the conditions of the combat, whether *au premier sang* or *à la mort*."

"*A la mort ! foudre ! à la mort !*" cried St. Germain, with a grin truly sardonic.

"*A la bonne heure !*" exclaimed Blake, with the most perfect good humour ; "St. George for merrie England ?"

"*St. Denis et la France !*" shouted the opposite party.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

### No. IX.

#### THE AMPHITHEATRES AT POLA AND VERONA.

GIANT ! that didst bestride the ancient world !  
 Whose finger lifted, thrones to dust were hurled ;  
 Whose proud majestic eye, o'er land and main,  
 Where'er it gazed, beheld thine iron reign ;  
 From Alpine peaks to Libya's burning sand,  
 From Tiber's banks to Jordan's hallowed strand ;  
 From Egypt's pyramids and mouldering tombs,  
 To where, 'mid Grecia's fanes, the olive blooms ;  
 E'en to barbarian Briton's distant isle,  
 Where art and science had not shed their smile ;  
 Still gleamed that eye, so fixed and fiercely bright,  
 While trembling nations cower'd beneath its light.  
 Yes, Rome ! thou wert, in truth, of Titan birth,  
 Thy arms enclosed, thy footsteps shook the earth ;  
 But where are now the proud colossal frame,  
 The glance of lightning, and the sword of flame ?  
 Prostrate is laid the mighty ; Time more strong  
 Than war, storm, earthquake, sparing nothing long ;

The eye in death's dull socket burns no more,  
Shivered the steel that awed the world of yore.  
A mighty skeleton thou liest entombed,  
All but thy dry and crumbling bones consumed.  
Fame by thy grave her pompous watch may keep,  
And cypress-shadowed Glory sit and weep ;  
But save those bones, we never more shall see  
Aught that reminds us of thy power and thee.  
What are they ? Ruins, scattered far and wide,  
Bones that the earth of ages fails to hide.  
Each land thou didst subdue in other days,  
Those dark mementos of thy strength displays ;  
Towers on the hill, and columns on the plain,  
That storms assault, and lightnings strike in vain ;  
Old theatres, gray aqueducts, and shrines,  
Where builds the owl, and creeping ivy twines—  
These are the bones thine ancient life that tell,  
On which the gaze of centuries yet shall dwell ;  
These northern snows and southern suns survey,  
These charm the pensive pilgrim on his way,  
Wake in his breast a thrill half awe, half fear,  
And for thy doom of darkness prompt a tear.

Where, like wild steeds that never knew the rein,  
Sweeping with flying manes the desert plain,  
Hadria's blue bounding waves, with sullen roar,  
Race with the winds, and break on Istria's shore,  
A relic of the Giant meets me now,  
Crowning the rocky steep's unshelter'd brow.  
Yes, Pola there her far-famed ruin rears,  
Half veiled in mist, and gray with circling years,  
Towering o'er Cæsar's temple, Sergius' tomb,  
Proud in decay, magnificent in gloom.\*  
Deserted monument ! when storms are high,  
And o'er thy dark walls sounds the sea-bird's cry ;  
When lashed to foam the midnight billows rave,  
And the pale moon just gleams along the wave,  
Now turns the pilot tow'ards the rugged steep,  
Where frowns thy form, the beacon of the deep !  
And as the lightning's forked lines of blue,  
High arch and mouldering wall reveal to view ;

\* The great external cincture of the amphitheatre at Pola remains almost entire. Inferior in size to the coliseum, and the edifice at Verona, it scarcely yields to either in architectural magnificence. The building, which is of Istrian stone, consists of three stories ; each story is pierced by seventy-two arches, rusticated, the pilasters being of the Tuscan order. Situated on a rocky declivity, and the western front reaching to an elevation of no less than 101 feet, it affords a grand and imposing spectacle from the sea. In addition to the amphitheatre, the ancient town of Pola boasts the remains of two temples originally dedicated to Augustus Cæsar and Diana, with the triumphal arch, or sepulchral monument of Sergius.



And thunders, pealing from the hovering cloud,  
 Echo through thy dim area long and loud ;  
 Haply he deems, in superstition nursed,  
 The souls of ancients from their graves have burst,  
 Haunting those walls, or demons of the air,  
 On lightnings borne, have come to revel there.

Cross Hadria's gulf, sweet Venice on thy right,  
 Before thee Adigé soon rolls in light ;  
 Still westward hold thy way, till Alps look down  
 On old Verona's walled and classic town.  
 Fair is the prospect—palace, tower and spire,  
 And blossom'd grove, the eye might well admire.  
 Heaven-piercing mountains, capped with endless snow,  
 Where winter reigns, and frowns on earth below ;  
 Old castles crowning many a craggy steep,  
 From which in silver sounding torrents leap ;  
 Southward the plain where summer builds her bowers,  
 And floats on downy gales the soul of flowers ;  
 Where orange blossoms woo the honied bee,  
 And vines in festoons wave from tree to tree ;  
 While like a streak of sky from Heaven let fall,  
 The deep blue river glittering winds through all ;  
 The woods that whisper to the zephyr's kiss,  
 Where nymphs might taste again Arcadian bliss ;  
 The sun-bright hills that bound the distant view,  
 And melt like dreams in skies of tenderest blue ;  
 All charm the ravished sense, and dull is he  
 Whose heart bounds not to nature's witchery.  
 Here did the famed Catullus rove and dream,  
 And god-like Pliny drink of wisdom's stream ;\*  
 Wronged by his friends, and exiled by his foes,  
 Amid these scenes did Dante breathe his woes,†  
 Raise demons up, call seraphs from the sky,  
 And frame the dazzling verse that ne'er shall die.  
 Here, too, hath fiction breathed her loveliest spell ;  
 Visions of beauty float o'er crag and dell ;  
 But chief we seem to hear, at evening hour,  
 The sigh of Juliet in her star-lit bower,  
 Follow her white form, gliding through the gloom,  
 And drop a tear above her mouldering tomb.‡

\* The Roman poet, Catullus, and Pliny the elder, were natives of Verona.

† In 1302, Dante, proscribed by his enemies at Florence, and under sentence of banishment, commenced his wanderings. He repaired first to Verona, then under the rule of the La Scala family, and is said to have composed there a portion of his *Purgatorio*.

‡ The tomb of Juliet is still shown at Verona to the credulous traveller ; and though, perhaps, the small sepulchre never contained the dust either of a Montaigne or a Capulet, the admirer of Shakspeare will half forgive the modern cicerone his harmless invention.

Sweet are these dreams, and in this favour'd scene  
 Methinks life's stormiest skies might grow serene,  
 Care smooth her brow, the troubled heart find rest,  
 And, spite of crime and passion, man be blest.  
 But old Verona calls us here to trace  
 Her ancient relics, not fair nature's face.  
 Be still, chase lightsome fancies, ere thou dare  
 Approach yon pile so grand yet darkly fair;  
 The mighty fabric, breathing beauty, seems  
 Upreared by genii in immortal dreams;  
 So firm the mass, it looks as built to vie  
 With the eternal mountains towering nigh.  
 Its graceful strength each lofty portal keeps,  
 Unbroken round the stately circle sweeps;  
 The marble benches, tier on tier, ascend,  
 The winding galleries seem to know no end.  
 Glistening and pure the summer sunbeams fall,  
 Softening each sculptured arch and rugged wall.  
 Ye tread th' arena; blood no longer flows,  
 But in the sand the sweet-breath'd violet blows,  
 While ivy, covering many a bench, is seen,  
 Staining its white with lines of liveliest green—  
 Age-honouring plant! that weds not buildings gay,  
 But clings with constant love to stern decay.\*

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### A LEAF.

A LEAF falls softly at my feet,  
 Sated with rain and summer heat;  
 What time this leaf was green and new,  
 I still had parents dear and true.

A leaf—how soon it fades away!  
 Child of the spring, the autumn's prey;  
 Yet has this leaf outlived, I see,  
 So much that was most dear to me.

\* Of all existing structures of its class, after the Coliseum at Rome, the amphitheatre at Verona takes the precedence. Unlike, however, the edifice at Pola, the great external band is gone, if we except a portion of wall containing three stories of four arches; but the inner cincture with its bank of benches, consisting of forty-five ranges of seats, all of the purest marble, remains entire; the two great portals, also, the passages and staircases, and the numerous arches with which the wall is pierced, are in a state of high preservation. The circumference of this building, as it appears without the external band, is 1,300 feet; the length of the arena is 242 feet, and its breadth 140 feet. The benches will accommodate twenty-two thousand spectators.

## DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

## No. VIII.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

Canova's marble statue of Napoleon in Apsley House, to Wyatt's statue of the Duke of Wellington on the archway, at the top of Constitution Hill.

CANOVA's beautiful statue of the fallen emperor had long shared Apsley House with his great antagonist at Waterloo; and, considering the animosities of earlier life, it should seem that they had uniformly continued to cultivate a remarkably amicable proximity, although in daily contact under the same roof. Whether any uneasiness at this contiguity had ever been experienced by the heretofore king-maker and king-destroyer, it is hard to say, as no syllable had escaped to that effect; but no sooner was there a talk of putting the duke all up there on that high gateway, than Napoleon seemed to brace himself up more firmly on his pedestal. When the scaffolding was brought to the top of Constitution Hill, and set up, preparatory to mounting the statue on high, this satisfaction seemed to increase; but when the walls of Parliament began to resound with objections to the proceeding, so that some thought they would be stopped, then the marble emperor murmured within itself, "This is enough to vex a heart of stone. It was a relief when Lord Francis Egerton gave in, and any heart of stone would have rejoiced when Sir Frederic Trench argued for the work to go forward. The yearly Waterloo banquet was an ever-returning misery; and the after-dinner speeches were anniversary discords. As each hero delivered himself of his martial reminiscences and sat down, the applauses that succeeded, as they rang through the corridors, grated upon the marble ten times more roughly than the scratching of sculptors' files. It was a moment of satisfaction when the bronze duke was mounted on high upon that massive pedestal.

"*Je pense bien, Vilainton ;*" but recollecting he was not in the Tuileries, he brought in play the English which he had had opportunities of cultivating at St. Helena. "I think, Wellington, I have nicely got the laugh against you now."

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments, and begs to say that the Emperor Napoleon is welcome to think just what he pleases on any subject he chooses."

"Ah, now, that answer is so like you."

"We are quits, however," answered his grace, "for I have had



the laugh against you before now when we were on the other side of the channel."

"That is not what I was going to say," returned the marble figure, somewhat nettled. "I was merely chuckling at the idea of having so comfortable a domicile under your roof, whilst you are perched up there, a prey to all the storms of heaven. I would lay a louis they will beat all the storms of state in this pluvius country of yours, violent as your storms of state sometimes are, as I have witnessed of late."

"That would not be your first bet," was the reply. "You laid a Louis in France when you stepped into his throne."

"Your grace is pleased to be facetious," rejoined the Corsican, again nettled. "You infer that I usurped his throne. I deny it. I have fifty times had to defend myself against this charge, for the world persists in saying that I was a usurper. Read Montholon's book, he knew all about it. I say I did not usurp the crown. I picked it out of the gutter. The people placed it on my head."

"The divine people do many pious things. They lauded me to the skies one day, and the next they smashed all my windows, so that I was obliged to have iron window-shutters to my house, as you may see; then I was a god again; then I was petted; and now I am said to be the most popular man in the country. The divine people had no right to exercise their divinity so far as to put the crown on your head whilst the true heirs were alive."

"That is another question."

"And a very material one. If you set about justifying what the divine people did in one case, you will take that as a base on which to justify all the horrors of the French revolution. There were demons in those days in the shapes of men."

"I could have been the happiest man alive with my wife and son and twelve thousand francs a-year in the old house at Ajaccio, only Fate ordered it otherwise."

"Ha!" ejaculated the duke's bronze, "what between Fate and the divine people it seems that you were thrust into a throne whether you would or not. The Count Montholon records this humble sentiment of you as one you had given vent to at St. Helena. But when ambitious men hurl themselves from their high estate by overstraining their too much inordinate aspirations, then they draw in, and say, forsooth, how happy they could have been in their original obscurity, only Fate would not let them. Montholon was doubtless a very devoted servant, though some of the wicked do say that his attachment to your fallen fortunes was not so much a disinterested personal love to yourself, as a wish to link his name with that of one which he thought the world would not willingly let die."

"Then some of the wicked do Montholon injustice," said Na-

poleon. "But it seems to me, Wellington," he added, "that we need scarcely discuss subjects that are out at elbows already. Who is there that has not been crammed, like turkeys to make *patés-de-foie-gras*, with anecdotes of Napoleon Bonaparte? Who is ignorant of my campaigns in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, Austria, Germany, or Russia? And who is there that is not sickened with tales and details of Waterloo?"

"Certainly," observed the other speaker, drily, "some of us have doubtless had enough of Waterloo."

"Three causes lost me that battle—if it can be said that I really lost it. But the truth is, I had beaten the English over and over again, only they wouldn't believe it and wouldn't run away. The one cause of my ill luck in the event was the fact that Ney delayed coming up for a day by giving his attention to some Nassau troops; another cause was Grouchy's suffering Bulow and Blucher to escape him; and the last was that infernal rain during the night, which prevented the action commencing at daybreak. All this threw me back, and gave time for the Prussians to come up."

"I am a matter-of-fact statue," was the reply, "and care little about such speculations. What I go by is how matters *do end*, and not how they *might have ended*."

"So I have heard. But if I had not lost twenty-four hours that field would have been mine, and England itself would have been mine soon after."

"Oh, what a fuss there would have been amongst the shopkeepers!"

"Ay, your whole nation would have been fortifying yourselves behind your counters. My descent, before then, was baulked by Villeneuve. But if Fox had lived things would have been placed on a very different footing between us. France and England would then have been hand and glove; but the administration of Pitt made us take to the crossing of swords."

"You settle the politics of England with great facility," said his grace.

"I would I could have settled yourselves," was the rejoinder. "Where you got your strength from I never could imagine, especially after a thirty years' war; and how you baffled the man who had humbled all the old monarchies of Europe, is a matter of wonder to my statue even in the present day. However, you have a national debt to show for it. *Plaise à Dieu que ça ne vous enfonce pas!*"

"We get on very lightly under the load," was the indifferent answer, "and there is no lack of money in the country, if money is wanted."

"Especially if it is wanted for statues to the Duke of Wellington. But it must be a disheartening thing to your grace to

remark that every new statue which is erected to your honour is sure to get abused when it is first put up. Doesn't it annoy you?"

"Not in the least. People are welcome to think just what they please on any subject they choose."

"That is exactly like you again."

"It is the genius of the people to abuse. It is meat and drink to John Bull. He likes it; it does him good; he means no harm."

"Nevertheless," said Napoleon, "it is a very discourteous sort of meat and drink, however cheap it may be. Food got at this market ought to undersell even the new influx of foreign corn. Myself, I would sooner be a stone-cracker by the road side than a sculptor in your country. They do things differently in France."

"True. In France you praise your sculptors, but pay them slenderly; in England we pay them well, but abuse them like pickpockets."

"*Etrange état de choses!* I remember your statue at the Royal Exchange. One would have sworn that a pickpocket made it by what he got from the public. George the Third, in Pall Mall East fared even worse; and yet there is not a more symmetrical or more spirited work in London. I only wonder every English sculptor is not given in charge at every inauguration of a new production, and dragged off by the collar to the nearest police court to be accused of having committed a gross outrage on the public, or of having exposed his statue to some respectable females in the Park. Such reports would read amusingly in the papers. We should have Wyatt introduced to Bow Street by C 72, 'just as the worthy magistrate was about to quit the bench,' and just as that rum Irish reporter, with his sandy wig, was ready to fold up his notes. Then Mr. Hall, Mr. Jardine, or Mr. Henry—whosever day it might be—would divide the tails of his coat, and again take his place in order to listen to the complaints against the prisoner, 'well known to the police.' It might be set forth as an 'obstruction,' so that people couldn't 'move on;' or that the defendant had been guilty of some insult 'calculated to cause a breach of the peace.' Heaven help him when he would be called on for his defence. It might, possibly be heldailable, 'himself in fifty million pounds, and two respectable householders in twenty-five million each.' Deliver me from sculpture!"

"You do not seem very grateful for what the art has done for you."

"*Au contraire*," added the former speaker. "No man is more indebted to sculpture than I am. I mean, deliver me from the practice of it. I am proud of being the subject of it, especially in the hands of Canova, as I am here. My statue on the column in the Place Vendôme is not bad, and they will put me up a good



one in the Invalides. You are aware they have just procured a ship-load of marble from Carara, which is to be devoted to the purpose, barring what they threw overboard in a gale of wind. But there is no end to my statues, good, bad, and indifferent; and in the log-huts of North America there are figures in grey-coats, cocked-hats, military-boots, and with arms folded behind them. There are some good sculptors in France; *à propos*, there is a good female sculptor there, though this is not generally a feminine art, notwithstanding that it might be. I mean the Princess Marie, daughter of Louis Philippe. Her figure of Joan of Arc is excellent. It has no ultra-Grecian classicality about it, which is often above nature; but it is plain, downright human truth, such as touches every body the moment they look at it. Her 'Angel Suppliant' is a superior work of art too. I like to see a woman do these things. There is that wicked dog D'Orsay, you have stolen him from France altogether. He had always plenty of talent in him, but he was too lazy to call it forth. His creditors have at last become his best friends; they have taught him to draw and to model. His small group of your grace on horseback is very praiseworthy, and the electrotype from it has been well taken. His model of me was good too, and he has several recent productions most creditable. My statue here, by Canova, is one of his best works, and I am not a little proud of it. Canova was remarkable for the femininity of his faces. One would have supposed he was always sculpturing women, or that he thought he was. He has given me as smooth a chin as Diana's. I was never insensible to works of art when they were good. Witness how I enriched France with all the best painting and sculpture which my victories brought into my possession. I collected these even amid the smoke of my cannon."

"Some phrase it differently," was the rejoinder. "Some say you robbed all the galleries and museums of Europe, and carted away their contents to Paris. I say nothing."

"These things," said the emperor, with more warmth than is usually found in stone, "became mine by right of conquest; and I had power to remove them to what part of my dominions I chose. And they should have remained there, too, if the present fortifications had existed then. The allies, in that case, should never have approached the Tuileries. However, as the proverb says—'*Paris n'a pas été fait tout en un jour*'—which is giving it a literal signification. But great things have been achieved at last."

"Poo, poo," cried the figure on the archway, carelessly; "all France, and Paris too, were at our feet before we got near the Tuileries, and therefore, in spite of the '*enceinte continue*,' as you call it, and the '*forts détachés*,' the capital must have fallen."

"*Oh, que non !*" persisted the Corsican.

"F. M. the Duke of Wellington's statue presents its compliments to Napoleon Bonaparte's statue, and begs to give it free permission to hold just what opinion it chooses on this point—or any other."

"*Filex doux*—draw it mild," was the reply. "I might then have never seen that cursed rock, St. Helena, or been persecuted by Sir Hudson Lowe."

"Or bullied by Betsey Balcombe."

"The romping young jade once chased me into a corner with a drawn sword till I almost began to doubt what she meant by her vagaries. I did not know what she might have been set on to do by others, for I had no confidence in anybody. I feared everything—I doubted everything—I mistrusted everything. I was treated like a felon—watched—suspected—guarded—dogged—dodged—stinted of money till I was obliged to break open my own silver plate and sell it, and after my death my heart was gnawed by the rats."

"Oh !"

"Ay, oh," continued the emperor's effigies. "My heart was taken out after my death by Mr. Sawbones, and put into a basin of spirit to preserve it for awhile, until further disposed of. It stood on a table in the room where he was sleeping. But he was strangely aroused from his slumbers by an unaccountable noise as of splashing and pulling about. On rising with some precipitancy to ascertain what this could possibly mean, he discovered a large rat making off with my heart, after having fished it out of the basin."

"Oh, oh !"

"You may 'oh, oh,' as much as you please, but it's true. It is miserable to think that the mighty heart of Napoleon should have come to this. *Mais passons tout ça. Il m'ennui de parler toujours de moi-même. De plus, qui ne sait pas les details, les plus minutieux, de l'histoire de Napoleon et du Duc de Vilainton ?* Let us talk of something else—how do you like frogs?"


"Indeed, I never tasted any."

"They are delicious with white sauce. Talking of frogs reminds me of France again. There will be a pretty row over there when Louis Philippe goes—mark my words. My mad-brained nephew was too precipitate. He blindly spurred over an unmade road before he had first paved the way. My statue has been chuckling with delight ever since he so dexterously gave them the slip out of his prison at Ham. Henry the Fifth has a strong party, though they keep quiet till the moment arrives. As for the pretended Duke of Normandy, he will soon be forgotten, unless he gets some friend to shoot at him again, by which



the penny-a-liners will advertise his name. Those fortifications were not made for nothing. It is amusing to think that, if they turn their guns inwards, they can batter all Paris to pieces—except the Tuileries."

"A curious coincidence," said the bronze. "Quite accidental, no doubt."

"Oh, yes," returned the former, trying to wink its eye significantly, only it couldn't, because the marble was so stiff. "Louis Philippe knew what he was about. There is a troublesome life in store for the young Count de Paris. Minorities are bad things; 'tis a pity Orleans was killed. They have erected a good statue to him in the court of the Louvre, and there is a double exemplaire of this, by Marchetti, at Algiers. But the egregious yet common mistake of putting the horse only upon two legs is very conspicuous in this group, as the raised hoofs are so high from the ground.  It is a remarkable thing that the best sculptors and painters of all countries, ancient and modern, have fallen into the error of making their quadrupeds in motion stand upon no more than two legs. This is for want of sufficient observation. Painters, until recently, practised the absurdity, when they depicted moonlight scenes at sea, of making the bright path of the moon's reflection upon the water, broad near the foreground, and narrower as it receded towards the luminary, instead of just the contrary. They bungled between the laws of perspective and the laws of the reflection of light from a polished surface. They were ignorant of optics; and yet this gross ignorance is betrayed on the canvass of some of the finest masters. When a horse is walking, or trotting, he has the *appearance*, to the superficial observer, of having but two legs down at the same moment; but this is *only* an appearance. The fact is, he never takes one hoof up until the precise instant in which he puts another down; so that he has always three on the ground at once. He could not stand firm if it were otherwise. There would be no base. He would stand on a line instead of an area. He may prance, like the statue of Peter the Great in Russia, so as to rear up on his two hind legs; and in doing this he will not be so awkwardly placed, nor be so likely to lose his equilibrium, because the centre of gravity is better preserved. He stands on his two legs somewhat as a human being does. But to make him support his weight diagonally, as I may say, by putting him on his near fore leg and off hind leg, or the contrary, so contorts his body, that no living horse could stand so; and yet many of the best painters and sculptors, who pretend to copy nature with truth, are continually falling into this error. Just watch a squadron of cavalry—or, to simplify the experiment, take a single horse. Observe him closely as he walks by you. It is puzzling at first; but minute observation will convince you that he has



always three feet on the ground together. Sculptors, unmindful of this fact, find great difficulty in balancing their horses, and hence they resort to the monstrous expedient of putting a stone or clod of earth under one of the lifted feet, so as still to connect it with the pedestal. Some prolong the misformed hoof downwards till it reaches the ground, while others make the animal stumbling over a molehill, because they must get a support upon three legs somehow. Men of talent ought to be ashamed of such expedients, and the betrayal of such a lamentable want of observation. In witness of what I say, turn to Charles the First at Charing Cross, or to the statue of George the First in Leicester Square, or to that of William the Third in St. James's Square, or to those of fifty others, where the same thing occurs. And now let me point to George the Third in Pall Mall East, whose horse has three legs on the ground. Just remark that horse; see how firm he stands. Compare the others, stepping on stones, or tripping over molehills, with this one, and then tell me where the advantage lies. I speak not as a sculptor or a painter, but as one who knows something of horses, and how horses use their feet."

"I have known something of horses myself in my day," returned the hero on his bronze charger, "and there seems to be some truth in your remarks. I like the firmness with which George the Fourth's horse in Trafalgar Square stands on his pedestal; and I can say the same thing of the intelligent-looking animal that bears me in front of the Royal Exchange. Some would-be critics denounced these, alleging that they wanted life because they were not rearing up or running away. If this argument were valid, of course all the statues of our great men, standing as single figures, ought to be capering in some manner. Yet most of them are modelled perfectly motionless, with their feet still, and their bodies preserving a dignified composure. People have already begun to carp at me up here on the gateway, only, I believe, because I am a new statue."

"Of course they have begun," rejoined the other. "It is meat and drink to them, as you said just now. They began by objecting to your situation. But why did they not cry out years ago? No, they must wait till the scaffolding was put up. Lord Palmerston was the first to question the desirableness of your site. Lord William Bentinck is in fits. William the Fourth permitted it, the queen gave her consent, and £30,000 was subscribed; and goodness knows that *I* have no objection that you should be there, whilst I am so comfortably lodged in Apsley House. Some say you stand the wrong way, and some that the arch won't support you. Fifty tons is no trifling weight, certainly, to which the cannon taken at Water——"

"Speak out—at Waterloo."

Suddenly the statue of Napoleon turned stubborn, and though his grace twitted him to go on, by prompting him with a few leading words, still it availed nothing. No, he would *not* speak. He persisted in his silence, and in that persistency the marble stood as firm as a rock.

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## FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, innocent flowers !  
 I love ye for your gentle, mystic birth ;  
 I love ye for your calm and holy meanings ;  
 Fairer ye are than aught that's left to earth,  
 From fields of Paradise man's purest gleanings.  
 Flowers, heavenly flowers !

Flowers, childhood's flowers !  
 There are few things we loved in other years  
 That have not yet been chilled by death's pain,  
 But these still weep for us the same fond tears,  
 Nor checked by time, unspoiled by worldly stain.  
 Flowers, changeless flowers !

Flowers, solemn flowers !  
 When death has closed the lids we love in sleep,  
 We place ye in the clasp of that cold hand,  
 As though we fain would your bright eyes keep  
 Watch, till the sleeper reach his father-land.  
 Flowers, mournful flowers !

Flowers, tender flowers !  
 Ye have deep words within those nectar'd bells,  
 And when we greet ye from a heart that errs  
 We feel the penitence that soft speech tells,  
 And kiss the little peaceful messengers.  
 Flowers, kindly flowers !

Flowers, faded flowers !  
 Amidst the struggles of this cold world kept,  
 For those dear hours ye but record too well,  
 How I have turned from crowds and lonely wept  
 O'er all that's lost for ever, ye can tell.  
 Flowers, hoarded flowers !

Flowers, innocent flowers !  
 I love ye in your springing or your death ;  
 Ye ever are to me a beauteous token  
 Of youth's hopes ; and wooing your soft breath  
 I half forget that all these ties are broken.  
 Flowers, blessed flowers !

*Jersey.*

ANNIE.

## LITERATURE.

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Studies of Public Men. No. 1.—Peel—O'Connell—Brougham—Cobden—D'Israeli. To which is added, an Essay on some points in the Political and Social System of England and France.*

AT no era of our national history have the principles of public men been more powerfully marked by their effects than in the present. It would be a proof of moral blindness to deny that society is in our day undergoing a vast revolution; that its changes are no longer the silent and gradual developments of times and seasons, but rather resemble some reorganization of the elements of our formation. Mind, instead of making slow advances, appears to have burst its bondage with a mighty effort, and to have asserted its right to rule rather than be ruled. The watchword of political liberty has sounded like a tocsin throughout Europe, and much that was once held sacred and venerable has been consigned to the charnel house of antiquity. *Consistency* has been supplanted by *expediency*, and though this last be a word of doubtful reputation, yet let it not be altogether repudiated with disgrace. Expediency has a twofold interpretation; one may suggest a debasing truckling to arbitrary power, the other conveys the impression of the powerful ability of adapting measures to contingencies as they arise, of seizing on adverse circumstances as they present themselves, of re-moulding and throwing their weight, into the right scale. In other words, expediency is the skill of the pilot changing his course so as to escape the dangers of those shifting sands which, pursuing the old track, he must infallibly suffer shipwreck in encountering.

That the steersman at the great helm of state has acted on this policy is undeniable. Doubtless he has held it wiser to submit to reform rather than revolution, and the great agitations of society like the rumblings of the earthquake, might seem to him as its inevitable precursors. The party spirit which has possessed us has not been one to be exorcised by a few muttered words. It has made men passionate, energetic, clamorous. It has made men seek right even through wrong. It has made men buckle on armour and take to their weapons, and it has enlisted and marshalled whole armies of politicians. There are causes of contention which have the faculty of inspiring the partizans on either



side with the firm conviction that they are battling for conscience sake, and in none more powerfully than in the field of politics. Hence we have the greatest power the most highly stimulated, and next we wonder that from a host thus energized we should have such men standing boldly forward as our author has here selected.

The value of this work is not to be estimated at a casual glance. In the warmth of energetic debate, in the heat of party spirit, and in the lash of conflicting sentiments, it is difficult to arrive at a clear and decisive judgment. When men who have once been so embroiled look back on their own past opinions, they blush for the prejudices on which those opinions have been formed. How important at the existing moment is a calm, dispassionate, philosophic estimate of the actions which are being performed around us, and on which we may safely found our confidence in the actors. Just such shall we find in these "Studies of Public Men." Here we have mind measuring mind. Not seeking to realize utopian visions of patriotic perfection, but giving just weight to those interests and influences by which the statesman is necessarily surrounded and assailed. It is not the *now* but the *hereafter* by which a ruler must be judged, and he who can but carry on his thoughts from the *present* to the *future* is the wisest Solomon of his age. Consequences are more to be weighed than causes. Political results mark the really great statesman rather than oratorical triumphs. Posterity reads the one in indelible records, while the speech of the other dies on the listening ear. Such men live in their public actions rather than in their private doings, and such are the selected subjects of these "Studies." Undoubtedly these men are leaders, we will not say of parties, for the very term has grown obsolete, factions having fallen into fragments, but they are those whose prowess has impelled them into the front ranks of political championship. The features of mental and moral character have been carefully portrayed, motives fairly weighed, influences candidly admitted. The pressure of circumstances without, and the power of impulses within, have been treated with just allowance. Nothing has been extenuated, nothing set down in malice. Here are no traces of the serpent-like slime of detraction, seeking to throw odium on a cause by calumniating its advocates. These "Studies" present us with an able, comprehensive, uncompromising, and honest chronicle of five of the great men of our own great day; and ours is a great day, let people murmur or declaim as best pleases their own fancy. It matters not whether great men make great events or great events make great men, for in either case ours is a marked era. In the chronology of intellect the nineteenth century must stand high, even though succeeding ages should advance still higher; and these are the men who have had, and are having, the most pow-

erful influences upon the destiny of their country. Let then the estimate which our author has supplied be duly valued, and let us be thankful for the light which his calm, lucid, and dispassionate mind has thrown upon these political biographies.

*The Astrologer.* A Legend of the Black Forest. By A LADY.

INDEPENDENTLY of all subordinate divisions, imaginative writing may be divided into two classes: the one is of the life we live; the other is the life of which we dream, but in which we live not. These are the *real* and the *ideal*. The first possesses all that allotment of human interests, human actions, human worldliness, human passions, everything, in short, which abounds in the vast varieties of daily life; the other has the *sesame* of a world in which all is fanciful, figurative, replete with wonders. The one author paints things as he sees them; the other as he feels them. In short, the one is our every-day, and the other our holiday, world.

For our own part, an excursion into these fairy lands of fancy in which so many beautiful castles are built in the air, is a delightful transition from the dusty and fatiguing highroads of life, and we are always willing to surrender our matter-of-fact incredulity and enjoy a ramble in those realms of pure, unmitigated romance, where an author does not take the trouble to demonstrate an impossibility, but is content to cast himself upon an amicable understanding, established beforehand between himself and his reader. We are sufficiently well pleased, we say, to escape from the logics of life, and to exchange them for the company of an author whose imagination has given him a license and dispensation to will and do according to his own good pleasure.

The "*Astrologer*" belongs to the class of the ideal. We have here a romance in its genuine character, in which the art of magic and the science of astrology are assumed as truths, and the fullest liberty given to the most lively imagination. Reading is something like travelling. It may be that we journey through a delicious scenery, or it may be that we drag our way through regions of sterile tediousness; yet when we have finished our journey, we pause and look back over the way we have traversed. Just so have we done with this romance. Having read to the end, we take a retrospective view of the path through which we have been led, and though it may have been covered with poetical flowers, yet we discern features of a marked character. Our authoress has the power of arranging her plot and keeping its bearings constantly in view. Romantic as are the incidents, there is under them a strict coherence of design. Although eminently imaginative, she possesses a clear judgment, evidenced by a distinct purpose being



distinctly carried through every part of a work which possesses novelty as well as consecutiveness, and is full of powerful dramatic effects.

Here we have a fond and doting father living in unwavering belief in astrology with a son whose life is menaced by malignant aspects throughout his youth, and threatened with a death of violence; and based upon this belief we find the parent surrounding his beloved son with so many and such varied restrictions and coercions, as to render existence itself almost a curse. Such a position as this possesses a dramatic interest of great originality; while in the development of the tale we trace results of previous events traced out with extraordinary skill. In our critical capacity we usually find that the execution of a work is better than its conception; but here we are bound to say that the conception surpasses the execution, which is a far higher degree of merit.

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*The Confessions of an Etonian.* By J. E. M.

PLACES, like people, have character; not, indeed, every place nor every person, for it may be said of numbers as Pope said of women, that they have no character at all. Insipidity has few lineaments, either of beauty or deformity. We visit many localities, and we converse with many individuals, and when they have passed away from our vision their memory has also departed. The record of our acquaintanceship is written on sand or in water, and the next wind of Heaven or wave of ocean obliterates them for ever. Not so, however, with the place or the individual whose character is positive and not negative. The slightest acquaintanceship engraves such on mind and memory, and that too indelibly.

Eton is one of those haunts around which linger a host of undying recollections. The youth of numbers, whose ripened years have signalized them to the world, have been spent within its shades. Now, indeed, the refinements of the age may be smoothing down its obsolete customs, but how tardy has been the reformation. How quaint, how marked with all the rugged lines of gone-by times, are all its peculiar customs. Even now the relics of barbarism may be said still to exist time-honoured. The master of a parochial charity school would be dismissed with clamour from his office for a hundredth part of the severity of discipline practised upon pauper children which the scions of our proud nobility have been trained up in receiving, and the peasant mother would rain tumults of indignation for the tithe of that chastisement which many a duchess mother has heard of with *nonchalance*. Undoubtedly the intellectuality of the nineteenth century must soon soften down more of the Gothic barbarisms, chartered in



these institutions of olden times, and therefore it is that such a work as the present one is stamped with additional value.

These "Confessions" of a boy at Eton give us a most faithful picture of the daily routine of life in that great seminary of learning, as it is yet fresh in the memory of many amongst us. Those who have occupied any, or all, of its half-dozen forms will know the accuracy of its details; those who have not will be amused by their freshness. It is well that the system of *fagging* should be exposed, slavery being the best preparation for tyranny, and the one as much requiring abolition as the other. The volume is cheerful, being full of the fun, the frolic, the tricks, the daring, the shuffling of a community in which these qualities are considered as proofs of rare spirit; but it is also marked by an occasional dash of sentiment, the emotion of genuine feeling, more touching from contrast with its general tone. Altogether these "Confessions" will be read with an interest not to be divided from their subject matter, and greatly enhanced by the mode in which it is conveyed.

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*Locrine, and other Poems.* By THOMAS HOLMES.

WHEN we open a volume of rhyme and find it to be poetry, true, real, and heaven-born poetry, our pleasure, like all sunshiny things, is always accompanied with the shadow of real regret that it should be so difficult to convince the world of its merit. We are sorry that that world should be deprived of a real gratification through its own incredulity, and that the feelings of the most susceptible class of our race should be wounded by disregard and neglect. Nevertheless the true poet is not without his compensation in the deep and unutterable joy and rejoicing of his spirit. He knows that he has a heritage greater than principalities, for all that is sublime and beautiful in the whole creation is his, and he knows that every throb of his own heart is one of sympathy with the best feelings of his entire race.

Our poet will have this enjoyment which the world can neither give nor take away, yet for their own sakes, as many as are susceptible of so much pure pleasure, we would have to share it. Let not railroads and corn-laws entirely supersede the refined and the poetical. It is the spirit which breathes in such volumes as this which raises, purifies, and ennobles. A man's daily occupations will have a certain influence upon the character of his mind and the tone of his manners, and we think that such things as commerce, statistics, and mechanics may well be relieved by the perfume of such poetry as we have found in Mr. Holmes' pages.

*The Pleasures of Home ; or, Domestic Scenes and Affections of the Circle round the Hearth.* By STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L. Grant and Griffith.

CAMPBELL has sung the "Pleasures of Hope," and Mr. Rogers "The Pleasures of Memory;" and now we have Mr. Farquharson singing the "Pleasures of Home." The latter is not to be compared to either of the two former works, and yet it is a work of merit. It is the production of a cultivated mind, and of a kindly heart. The author has evidently enjoyed those domestic pleasures which he describes with so much feeling. As a specimen of his poetry we give the first seven stanzas.

## I.

Ah ! who the pleasures of his Home can tell ?  
 The hopes, and smiles, and joys, that breathe of heaven ?  
 Or who can paint the sighs the bosom swell,  
 When from our home the mourning heart is riven ?  
 Be mine the theme !—for in the crimson even,  
 I've stood upon a distant foreign shore,  
 While memory o'er the wild waves fondly driven,  
 Recalls in tears the scenes which then were o'er,  
 And oft the frequent pang, that they should be no more.

## II.

Fair tho' the spot, and lovely is the view,  
 Where genial nature smiles on all around,  
 And glowing skies are tinged with radiant hue,  
 And many a flower bedecks the richer ground,  
 Yet still no hope, or joy may there be found—  
 But tears alone, that shadow forth the tale,  
 As echo softly may these words resound,  
 "Bright is the scene, and perfumes scent the gale,  
 "Yet ah ! 'tis not our own, our much-loved native vale."

## III.

Why turns the lonely traveller on his way,  
 And backwards casts a melancholy look ?  
 'Tis that his footsteps now must wand'ring stray,  
 Nor hear the words of love so often spoke,  
 His hearth, his friends, and Home, all—all forsook ;  
 Hope from his bosom flutter'd in farewell  
 To his dear cottage near the rippling brook—  
 And fled, alas ! what he hath loved so well,  
 His own sweet cherished Home, his own wild fragrant dell.

IV.

Thro' flowery groves, of many verdant hues,  
Where spicy perfumes float upon the gale,  
The thoughtless heart, as pleasure it pursues,  
Will often sigh, and sad'ning thoughts prevail,  
If haply to our view, a distant sail  
Is seen careering o'er the pathless main,  
With streaming pennant pointing to the vale,  
Which every pulse, awakened to regain,  
Beats for the Home we love, without which all is vain.

V.

How sad the heart, when we must quit the scene,  
Of happy childhood's ever pleasing days,  
When from our Home, upon the village green,  
We wander forth upon the world's wide ways,  
And bid adieu to those, where every praise,  
For virtue, health, and love, is fondly due ;  
Oh ! what emotions must that parting raise !  
When from our sight, sad, mournful, fades the view,  
And we have breathed a long, perhaps a last adieu.

VI.

Oh, bitter is the cup which he must quaff,  
Who roams a stranger, desolate and drear,  
No joy to glad his thoughts, or merry laugh ;  
But on the pallid cheek a trickling tear,  
Bespeaks the breast which pleasures cannot cheer,  
No Home hath he ! for ever sadly flown  
Its joys and smiles, which to the heart more dear,  
Than all the pomp and glitter of a crown,  
The pageant of a court, or splendour of a throne !

VII.

Such are the thoughts and feelings I would sing,  
And picture scenes of joy, and some of care :  
Aimed with no shaft but such as Virtues bring  
To the mind's eye, serene, and sweetly fair ;  
Such be thy theme, such ever be my care,  
Nor stain a page with aught that would deface  
The Poet's noblest aim ; 'tis his to share,  
Religion's glow, and Nature's varying grace,  
As o'er each page and line the eye with beauties trace.

To the poem is added "The Echo," with which we conclude our brief notice.



## THE ECHO.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme  
Has died into an echo.

*Childe Harold.*

“Ah! who the pleasures of his Home can tell?”—  
Thus Echo softly will the wild-notes swell,  
A fitful musing o’er the closing page,  
One fleeting tone the dying strains engage—  
“Oh! heart of man, dispel the blighting shade,  
By worldly cares and earth-born visions made,  
Look to your God, there place the wished-for prize,  
Let Heaven shine bright before your longing eyes,  
Turn from the sickening weight of sin’s despair,  
And live to God, for peace alone is there;  
Then to your breast the hope in death be given  
To leave a Home on Earth, to gain a Home in Heaven.”

But now no more the harp resounds on high,  
Hushed is the strain, the fading echoes die  
In gentle murmurs o’er the word “farewell,”  
Ah! who the pleasures of his Home can tell?

The volume is got up in the very best style of typographical taste, and will be found very appropriate on the drawing-room table.

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*Mr. Moxon's Publications.*

WE have so often noticed the cheap and elegant editions of standard works brought out by Mr. Moxon that a detailed reference to his recent issues is not necessary. Those now on our table are Hood’s Poems, Miss Martineau’s Forest and Game Law Tales, and the Poems of John Keats. The admirers of Hood and Keats will be much gratified at seeing this republication of their poetical productions. Miss Martineau’s tales, illustrative of the evils of the game laws, are worthy of her high reputation.

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## THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.\*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY MRS. MACKESY.

## CHAPTER XI.

AFTER a considerable length of way, Rogiero, following the steps of his trusty guide, arrived at his lodging; for, as Homer relates of the ships of Achilles and Ajax, the huts of Drengotto and Ghino were far distant from each other, and situated, in token of the intrepidity of their masters, at the extremity of the habitations of the troop. For these two men despised danger above all their comrades; the first, from indifference to good or evil, the principal characteristic of his disposition; the latter, from a certain tranquil security which accompanies the truly great soul. They entered; Ghino, after he had rekindled the embers of the fire, approached Rogiero to help him to take off his armour: the latter modestly refused; but the courteous host insisting, he gave way. Ghino, as he unlaced the pieces of the armour, attentively considered them, and praised some parts as good, and blamed some defect in others, showing himself to be a skilful judge in such matters, and well experienced in them.

Rogiero, casting his eyes round the hut, saw a lance of exceeding great length, which, being much longer than the walls were high, was placed transversely from corner to corner. Being greatly astonished at its size, and inquisitive about it, Rogiero asked,

"Courteous host, tell me, I pray you, is it the lance of King Arthur that you preserve on that side?"

"There was once a man in Italy who used to manage it in his youth as the shepherd manages his crook. With it he conquered in more than one tournament, and with it he overthrew more than one cavalier in battle. This alone remains to me of the inheritance of my ancestors; this was the lance of my father: even I was once able to brandish it, but now it is becoming too heavy for my weakening limbs."

"Weakening limbs! Heaven help you! You do not appear to be more than forty years old."

"Do years alone weaken the body?"

\* Continued from page 260.

"True ; but tell me, of your courtesy, what means that white pennon covering the point ?"

"In order to preserve the colour of the blood which for many years has been congealed there."

At this moment they heard the melancholy sound of a distant bell, which rang for the prayer which Christians were wont in the night time to recite for the souls of their deceased kindred. Ghino, in a state of concentrated thought, listened to the strokes of the bell as the announcement of some disaster just occurred, and then said to Rogiero,

"Fair cavalier, I pray your pardon if I leave you alone for a moment. I must recite my orisons."

"What ! is there anything which you need ask from Heaven, or for which you would thank Heaven ?"

"I ask nothing for myself. Whatever be my lot, whether grievous or prosperous, I bow my head resigned. But I pray for the peace of my dead."

"And do you believe that the prayer of the living can avail them ?"

"I do ; and even though it might not profit them, yet it avails to remind me of them. A father treacherously slain ought to be remembered at least once a day."

"Right. I will pray with you, although I do not deem prayer necessary to remember the death of *my* father."

"Do you mourn him deceased ?"

"Yes, and slain by greater tortures than can be conceived by an infernal mind."

"*De profundis elamari*," said Ghino, kneeling before an image, and praying for a long time fervently, hiding his face in his hands. When he rose his eyes appeared full of tears, but the passion which had impelled the drops had passed suddenly away, as if the prayer had been a parenthesis ; and resuming the late discourse he said to Rogiero, "Have you revenged him ?"

"No."

"I am sorry for it."

"In the ensuing year, if ever we meet again on earth, I hope to answer you in a different manner."

"So be it, fair cavalier."

Though our heroes were not so hungry as those of Homer,\* to require supper to be laid for them three times in one evening, as he has represented, nevertheless it is necessary that ours should sup. When the meal was ready, Ghino presented water to Rogiero, and when he had himself washed his hands, he sat down opposite to his guest. The comestibles were neither various nor

\* Ulysses and Diomedes are the Homeric heroes who display so much appetite in the 9th and 10th books of the *Iliad*.



*recherchés*: a crane roasted in the morning was sufficient to satisfy both. If our readers disapprove of the meat, let them blame the times of which we treat; since that time the world has greatly changed in all things, both small and great; falcons, sparrowhawks, peacocks, &c., were held in high esteem, and served on the tables of the greatest lords; now they would be loathed by the poorest beggar that ever asked an alms for the love of Heaven. But it is worthy of remark, that all generations have agreed in the pleasure of quaffing wine—a circumstance which redounds less to the praise of wine than of men, who have always loved from foolish to become intoxicated, and *vice versâ*, in all ages.

Whilst they were sitting at table a reflection occurred to Rogiero which absorbed him so much that, forgetting to eat, he sat motionless. Ghino looked at him for some time, then broke silence and spoke,

“Fair cavalier, if my inquiry be not indiscreet, will you tell me of what you are thinking so intently?”

“Messer Ghino,” replied Rogiero, with some hesitation, “I would willingly comply with your request, if I did not fear to offend you.”

“Do not hesitate on that account; speak frankly, for nothing can emanate from you which would be otherwise than pleasing to me.”

“I was thinking, how can a gentleman, such as you appear to me, delight in such a profession, which all people agree to term infamous? And it seems to me that you were not born for it.”

“You have conjectured rightly; I was not born for it; nor do I dissent from those who call my profession infamous; though I know that if to such it were said, let him who is without sin cast the first stone, none amongst them would be so imprudent as to hazard it. I abhor the banditti who surround me, with whom I have found myself compelled to associate. Fortune had endowed me largely with possessions, and with an illustrious name; my wealth is turned into poverty, and my name into a reproach. You behold in me the sport of fortune, and still more, a wreck of persecution; for I am Ghino di Tacco, of the nobility of Sienna.”

“You Ghino di Tacco,\* the famous brigand!” exclaimed Rogiero, rising up.

“Ghino di Tacco Monaceschi dei Pecorai of Torrita,” replied Ghino, without moving. “You have heard strange things of me. I know that the foolish populace depict me as a giant of a

\* Ghino di Tacco is not a fictitious character, but a personage strictly historical. He is mentioned in the *Commentaries* of Benvenuto da Imola, of Landino, on the 6th book of the *Purgatory* of Dante; in the 2d novel of the tenth day of Boccaccio; and in the *History of Girolamo Gigli*.

terrible aspect, and of a heart without pity ; I know that women use my name to terrify their children and make them quiet, as if I were a Raw-head-and-bloody-bones ; for it is an old saying, that when men persecute, they are not satisfied with making their fellow man wretched, they also want to make him infamous at the least. Do I seem to you one who cares for blame or praise ?”

“ I have often heard you remembered as a valiant knight in arms, and more than one person has lamented in my presence the necessity that has forced you to things which you certainly cannot love.”

“ I thank those discreet people. In the state of war against society in which I am, I study to follow as much as possible the rule of doing as little evil as I can. If I meet on the road some worthy but poor man, I succour him ; if a scholar, I give him money to buy books, or I recommend him application ; for I love my country. But the rich ecclesiastic, the proud noble, must pay their ransoms ; they have stripped me of everything, and therefore some of them must maintain me ; they all strive to slay me, and they do their duty ; I do not slay *them*, but I take their money, and make my own of it. If they desire peace, I shall be the first to lay down my arms. Meanwhile, if it be true that the riches of a few cause the misery of many, I am of benefit to society even while I make war upon it.”

“ Certainly, Sienna lost much when you abandoned it.”

“ I did not abandon it, Sir Knight ; I was banished thence.”

“ Then there is no hope that you will return, a good and loyal citizen ?”

“ None. The injury is too great for pardon. Would you like to hear the story of my adventures ? It is not long, but as terrible as any that ever happened in the world.”

“ I shall hold it, Messer Ghino, as the greatest favour with which you have honoured me.”

“ On the banks of the Arbia (where Farinata degli Uberto,\* that magnanimous cavalier, conquered his enemies, and distinguished their cause from that of his country, for he loved the former dead, and the latter powerful) my castle of Torrita reared its humble turrets. Not far distant lay the rich fiefs and superb castles of the Counts of Santa Fiora. Proud men ! inflated with human riches, they thought that virtue could not dwell in a lowly state ; and they displayed all their power in doing evil, for this they considered lordly, and to be gracious and courteous they termed weakness. Tacco, my father, the man who used to

\* Farinata was the famous general of the Ghibelline party, who, in 1260, defeated the Guelphs at Monteperto on the Arbia : when his triumphant army wished to destroy Florence for its attachment to the Guelphs, he opposed it, and saved his native city.—Translator's note.



play with that lance, intent upon following the fame of a virtuous cavalier, although much less wealthy than the counts of Santa Fiora, took great pains to succour the poor in his neighbourhood, to repair wrongs, and to restore peace wherever it had disappeared. Whenever he passed through the little town, the cry ran from mouth to mouth, '*Come and see the cavalier*;' and then the women ran to the windows, and men came out bareheaded on the penthouses over the shops, and the youths crowded round him to kiss his hand; and he, instead of being displeased at such a scene, was gratified by it; and he patted the cheek of one child, and spread over the head of another his awful hand, like the paw of the lion guarding his young ones. He was often seen to weep with emotion, and often said to his esquires—'Why do you drive away these people from me? Are you sorry that they wish me well?' Often at sunset he put on a leathern *just-au corps*, and, mounting on a sorry nag, placed himself on the road, and whoever passed by he invited, in the name of Tacco di Torrita, his master, to accept for that night a lodging in the castle; then he took pleasure in discovering himself to be the lord of the castle, and dismissed the guest, if he was poor, well pleased with his liberality.

"It often happened that the counts of Santa Fiora kept public days, and published them in the vicinity; but, irreparable affront, *their* tables were empty, while in the same days guests were not wanting at Torrita; for you must know, fair sir, that in liberality a delicate art is necessary, which cannot be learned, but comes by nature, like personal beauty. In giving to another you show yourself more powerful than him (and here Ghino raised his finger to call Rogiero's attention), and men can but ill pardon any species of superiority. Gifts often spring from the ostentation of the giver, and is founded on the inferiority of the receiver. Hence do not wonder if you often hear ingratitude spoken of with an unjust judgment, for the present of the proud is rather an insult than a benefit to the lowly; and the former deems that he can buy the soul of the latter, from being more wealthy than he. That grace, that smiling affability through which we forget, or do not feel, our own inferiority; which easily persuades us that by accepting we give pleasure to him who offers, and by refusing we should grieve him, whence, from a courteous feeling, we are induced to accept the courtesy of others; these are things which, as I have told you, are to be admired, but cannot be taught. These were the civil virtues of my father; for his military virtues—you have taken his lance for that of the fabulous husband of Queen Ginevra. Let this suffice you, that once at the joust of lances in the close lists, at the tournament of Natale, customarily held in Sienna, he won twenty suits of armour, and as many horses, which he would not return without



ransom to the knights ; but he brought the latter with him to Torrita, where he magnificently entertained them many days, sending them back to their castles amazed at the excellences of the baron. The counts of Santa Fiora, never being able to conquer in these chivalrous exercises, endeavoured anxiously with the Commons of Sienna to get them abolished ; but the Siennese are valiant and strong-handed, and too much addicted to these kinds of combats.

“ In the corrupt times in which we live, emulation, instead of being the parent of virtues, begets hate ; and my father, who was so gracious with all others, did not preserve equal courtesy with the counts of Santa Fiora ; but, on the contrary, every time they met in a passage of arms, he took the contrary side, and overwhelmed them with such blows that he often sent them home to their castles bleeding copiously from mouth and nose. Most serious and terrible occurrences often arise from small causes ; the hatred of the lords soon transfused itself into the vassals, who, frequently meeting in the fields, came first to menaces, then to blows, and at last to homicides. The barons thought their honour required that they should support their vassals with their own arms, and thus they broke out into open war in the heart of a country which boasts of its liberty and its republican government. My father, although much inferior to his ancestors in men and money, defended himself so well by his valour and abilities, that the counts, thinking open force useless, had recourse to treachery. I cannot remember, for I was only four years old, that terrible night on which a perfidious vassal on guard at the castle-gate admitted the people of the counts of Santa Fiora. I only preserve a confused recollection of dishevelled and discomposed women running frantically to and fro ; and of a very pale lady who took me in her arms, and carried me along many dark paths into the presence of a man all clad in armour, who lavished many caresses on both her and me. My poor mother ! Think with what feelings a high-born lady fled, barefoot and half-naked, with her son in her arms, from the plundered dwelling of her noble consort, uncertain whether he yet lived ; for at the sudden alarm he had hastened to arm himself and to fight. The oldest among my vassals have related to me a thousand times that my father during that night performed incredible feats, which cast into the shade the fabulous enterprises of the Knights of the Round Table ; and if the enemy had not been overpowering in numbers, Heaven only knows what the end might have been. But though hard pressed by the whole party, he would not withdraw till he had learned that his wife and children, and his most faithful vassals, had reached a place of security. He was the armed man who received me in the open country, and whom, though accustomed to see him every day, I could not recognize,

so much was he changed by bodily fatigue and mental anxiety. They have also told me that though he had received no mortal wound, so numerous were the stabs and gashes, that it was long ere he could again wear his armour. Here a gap intervenes in my memory ; and I only remember being conducted by the lady who had saved me into a castle, where we found a beautiful female dressed in black, and a priest, whom I soon learned to be the chaplain of the castle. These received us courteously ; and after my mother had spoken with them in secret, they wept more than I would have believed any beings in the world would have wept for the misfortunes of another. My mother led me every evening into a darkened place, where one single lamp was burning before an image of the Redeemer, and here we prayed, together with the lady of the castle and the chaplain, and then they laid me in my bed, and before I fell asleep they narrated to me many things achieved by the knights of the old times by powerful arm and wise counsel. One evening I did not see my mother, nor the next. I inquired of the lady, but she made me no answer. Without knowing why I began to weep ; the chaplain dried my tears behind the chair of the lady, who appeared more grieved at them than at the death of her unhappy sister-in-law.

“ ‘ Whose is that long stick ? ’ said I one day to the lady, seeing my paternal lance hung up in the court-yard.

“ ‘ It is your father’s lance.’

“ ‘ And that bloody vest ? ’

“ ‘ It is your father’s.’

“ ‘ Why does he not come to see me ? Is he angry with me ? ’

“ ‘ Poor orphan ! he loved you more than life, but his enemies have slain him.’

“ ‘ O Heaven ! where are those traitors ? What are their names ? ’

“ ‘ Son of the betrayed ! you shall know when you are able to avenge him.’

“ ‘ O lady, when will that be ? ’

“ ‘ When you are able to manage that lance as you now do that switch that you have in your hand.’

“ Thus the ideas of vengeance and of death entered into my heart before I knew how a man could be injured. From that moment no other desire ever crossed my mind but that of rendering myself robust enough to wield that lance. The morning found me in the forest, the sun left me there. In a short time I became a strong hunter. Whenever, faint with fatigue, I reached the castle, bearing on my shoulders the boar slain by my lance, the lady met me with a joyful countenance, and embraced me ; if I found no prey, the country seemed a desert to me, and I hid myself in some solitary part to chafe over my vexation.



Often at night, when all around was silent, I stole warily, like a thief, to the place where the lance stood, and taking it by the end I laboured to raise it. Incredible were the exertions that I made; I handled it in all ways; I grasped it; I shook it; but all in vain. Its immobility seemed to mock my weakness. At last, moved from its balance, it fell with a loud crash, and I quickly hid myself in the darkness, that I should not be discovered, and overwhelmed with confusion at my failure. In the morning it presented itself to me again in the same situation, as if to challenge me. The moment came at last when, contracting my muscles, with set teeth and starting eyes, I grasped it with both hands, and succeeded in lifting it.

“ ‘You have raised it,’ cried the lady, who suddenly touched me on the shoulder. ‘Orphan, in a year and a day you shall know what is required of you.’

“A splendid banquet was set out, the banners waved on the towers of the castle, and the trumpets sounded from morning to evening to celebrate the feast of the lifted lance.

“The days passed—the months, the year was accomplished; at midnight I heard some one strike on the door of my chamber, and a voice cried, ‘Why sleeps the son of the betrayed? The hour of revelation has arrived.’ The lady of the castle took me by the hand; she was trembling like a leaf, and she led me to the chapel. On the altar lay an open book and the bloody vest; the lance was in my right hand.

“ ‘That is the vest your father wore on the day of his death; the blood with which it is stained is *his* blood, drawn from his veins by the treachery of his enemies. Swear, son of the betrayed! swear to avenge him!’

“I rested the lance against the altar, and, striking both hands on the book, I cried aloud, ‘I swear!’

“The lady threw herself on my neck, and laughed, and wept, and embraced me like one deranged. ‘Brave spirit! true son of my betrayed brother! now learn who you are.’ Then she related to me a great part of those particulars which you already know, and added,

“ ‘The lady who used to lead you into the chapel in the evenings was your mother; she lived with me, as best might the wife of the outlaw on whose head a price is set. One evening a vassal, dressed in a mourning garb, came to my castle and asked to see me. “What news, vassal?” I asked him, the moment he crossed the threshold.’

“ ‘Madonna, I bear you the words of your brother; but they are his last words.’

“ ‘Repeat them.’

“ ‘My lord and master, Tacco, before the axe had smitten off his head, called me to him and said, “When I am dead take off



my vest, stain it with my blood; then take my lance and carry these things to Radicofani, to my sister, Madonna Gualdrada—understand me clearly, to my sister, for my wife would die at the intelligence—and tell her, ‘Madonna, this is the inheritance which your brother sends to his son Ghino, and he entreats you, by the love you bore him when living, and as you value the peace of his soul in death, that you will not suffer the child to learn aught of his circumstances till he shall have arrived at a fitting age to wield this lance, then you shall reveal to him who he is, and make him swear to avenge his father.’” Of his wife he says nothing to you. This hope has rendered the hour of his murder less bitter to him.

“‘The intelligence could not be kept so secret but that it reached your mother’s ears. She came to my chamber to learn the truth. I neither confirmed it nor denied it. She sank down, and now she lies buried here under your feet. Your father, banished from the country of Sienna, had become an outlaw. During his sleep he was taken and fettered; his speeches moved the citizens, and perhaps he would have been saved, but that Benincasa of Arezzo, the criminal judge of Sienna, sold his life, and the counts of Santa Fiora paid the price of blood. He died upon the scaffold—upon the scaffold, I say. Nourish your hate for the counts of Santa Fiora; but if you have a feeling in your soul more deadly than hate, let *that* be for Benincasa. The counts were the ancient enemies of your father, but Benincasa was the dastard who trafficked in the blood of the innocent for florins. He is now the senator of Rome. Fortune offers a splendid scene for your vengeance. From this moment you cannot continue in my castle. It is now an hour past midnight, the sky is stormy, but arm yourself and depart: the only token at which the drawbridge of Radicofani shall be lowered for you is the head of Benincasa.’

“The tempest howled, but I did not hear it. Accompanied only by my own thoughts I rode through my usurped lands. They saw the bloody vest, and the son of the good cavalier who was bearing his paternal lance, and all my vassals proffered me aid. I chose four hundred of them, and quickly as my impatience willed me reached Rome—Rome the great skeleton.

“We were at the foot of the capitol. I thought I heard the shades of the ancient Romans moaning among its magnificent ruins. For a moment I forgot my vengeance—but only for a moment. I left my companions and ascended the stairs alone. A man of low stature, of cadaverous complexion, meagre and wrinkled, was turning over the leaves of a large book with a paralytic hand. At the first sight of him I felt a shock of aversion like that produced by some loathsome object from which you shrink that its touch might not pollute you. I approached

the seat of this wretch : he raised his head and contracted his eyes, weakened by reading, that he might see me the better.

“ ‘ Who are you ? What do you want,’ said he, in a shrill voice. ‘ You must be quick, for I have much business to despatch this morning.’ ”

“ ‘ Magnificent senator !’ said I, drawing nearer and nearer to him, ‘ my affair is but trifling, and can be despatched in a moment.’ ”

“ ‘ Do not approach : no one is permitted to come so near the senator.’ ”

“ ‘ I did not heed him, but continued my approaches and my words. ‘ You owe me a debt.’ ”

“ ‘ What debt ! You are mad. Take away this maniac ; thrust him out ; put him in prison.’ ”

“ ‘ You are the madman, if you think to be safe while you sell the innocent. You owe me the life of my father.’ ”

“ ‘ At that moment I sprang upon him and compressed his throat with such fury that his eyes were starting from their sockets, and his stammering lips murmured, ‘ *Salvum fac spiritum meum,*’ and I whispered in his ear, ‘ Perdition !’ Then I drew out my hunting-knife, and following the deep impression of my fingers, I cut off his head, and clutched it by the few hairs on the forehead with all the joy of a lover who clasps the hand of his long-sighed-for mistress. Meanwhile many people had hurried together ; without appearing at all disconcerted I extended my arm and showed them the bloody knife, and cried to them, ‘ Hear me ! I solemnly swear that whoever opposes my way shall receive this knife in the centre of his heart.’ My looks must have corresponded with my words, for they retired on all sides, murmuring like the sea when the wind ceases. My vassals received me with loud cries of joy. I fixed the head of Benincasa on my father’s lance, and ordering the trumpets to be sounded in a cheerful strain, I departed from Rome, passing through an immense crowd of people terrified at such an act of dreadful daring. ”

“ ‘ Sentinel ! lower the drawbridge.’ ”

“ ‘ Who is that below at the moat who seeks to enter at this hour ?’ ”

“ ‘ Lower the bridge ; I am Ghino.’ ”

“ ‘ Sir, you know our lady’s order ; have you the token ?’ ”

“ ‘ Wretch ! do you think I would care to appear without it ?’ ”

“ ‘ I passed the bridge ; I flew to the apartment of Madonna Gualdrada ; she was not there. I ran towards the chapel ; her voice chanting in psalmody announced her to me yet afar. I entered by a small door beside the altar. I saw the lady kneeling at the rails intent on her devotions ; the feeble ray of a single taper gave her its light. At the grating of the door upon its

hinges, and at the sound of my footsteps, she raised her eyes, which, accustomed to the light, could not penetrate the darkness. I came slowly onwards without uttering a word, extending my arm with the head of Benincasa. In proportion as I advanced to the light the lady saw an indistinct object—the head of a man suspended as it were in the air—the face of Benincasa. Then I exclaimed,

“ ‘The token was brought, and the drawbridge was let down.’

“ ‘For good cause was it let down,’ said the lady; and tranquilly closing her book she took the candle, and raising it to my face began to look steadily at me. When she became certain I was her nephew, she became first crimson, then pale, and tried to support herself by the rails; but her strength failed, and she fell unconscious into my arms.

“ From that day all have declared war against me, and I have cheerfully defended myself against all. The discreet lady died, and left me her heir. She held Radicofani of the church, and I hold it of no one, for I yield neither homage nor vassalage. The counts of Santa Fiora have more than once sustained bodily injury, have had their castles burned, and their estates laid waste. In the end they have left the country, and taken refuge within the walls of Sienna. I have confined them within limits; if they dare to break through them the penalty is death. My exploits need not be recounted; what can a poor brigand do? But if they have not been illustrious, at least they have not been cruel. Good has been contested with me, and glory forbidden; all that is permitted me to hope is to be abhorred in the less degree. I have now been seized with a desire to approach the capitol, for I love Manfred; and, though he does not know it, he has in me a friend who will stand by him while life remains in me.”

“ Santa Maria! you love Manfred!” said Rogiero.

“ Why should I not love him? Are not his qualities such as envy itself cannot carp at?”

“ How ill are you informed? He is the worst man upon whom the sun ever shone—the slayer of his brother, and my mortal enemy.” Here Rogiero related to Ghino the circumstances which had taken place, and the designs he meditated, and at the conclusion asked him, “ Is that a man to be loved?”

“ You have reason to hate him, if what has been testified to you is true. But I, as an Italian, see in Manfred a valiant and a wise brother, who loves Italy, and who desires to make her great; and I neither do nor can hate him.”

“ Ought I, then, to renounce my revenge because Manfred’s interests are united with those of Italy? Let *him* die; then we will provide against foreign arms.”

“ To root out the foreigners is not so easy a matter as to call them in among us; and with an uncertain hope you would bring to your country a certain evil.”



"Shall the soul of my father despair? Cavalier, would *you* act thus?"

"Cavalier, I will not pronounce myself either virtuous or wicked; I know not what I would have done in your case. I thank my fortune that in avenging myself I have injured no other man."

"Your reply is like the repulse given to the shipwrecked sailor when he reaches the shore."

"But," replied Ghino, hiding his face "I would give you my life, but not my advice."

"You hate me?"

"I pity you. In every case remember that I rejoice in owing you my life."

He rose, and they went to their rest. In the morning Rogiero, taking leave of his host, who parted from him sorrowfully, pursued his journey.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Behold the Alps! How many are the ages which have crowned their summits! Time confounds them in its mysteries. Of those ages which are known to the world, some appear luminous as the gem in the diadem of the mighty; some are dusky, with a sanguineous light, like the last ray of the declining sun; others are dark, with a terrible obscurity. From these rocks, scorched with the lightning, the Roman eagle looked down upon the nations of the earth, and spreading his wings to his fatal flight, from province to province, from realm to realm, was the fear-inspiring precursor of the victory of the immortal legions. The high destinies of Hannibal taught it the painful knowledge that it might be conquered; yet whilst national virtues composed its nest, it stood with the Alps the terror of all people. When the empire of the Cæsars, worn out by years and vices, fell under the weight of its own grandeur, the proud eagle abandoned that carcass of glory, leaving it to the swarm of northern crows to regale themselves on the dead remains. Charlemagne came; but the eagle had flown, the nest was cold, and he destroyed it. The genius of a valiant chief wanders unquiet among these fearful rocks. Now his virtues, his vices, his bones are in the tomb, let us not lay a heavy hand on the great man who is no more. When his ashes shall have become quite cold, posterity will pronounce its awful judgment.

What did Nature seek to do when she surrounded the Alps with the horror of snows, the ruin of the avalanches, the fury of the whirlwind, the terrors of solitude, and with torrents and rocks? Did she think these sufficient defence against the rage of men? Would it not have been better to instil into their hearts a thought of peace? Would the perversity of the clay have overcome the foresight of Nature? These snows, these rocks, have been overcome by men, who, caring not to abandon their parents and their dear consorts, inundated our country like fiery floods of lava. Here they tyrannized; here the prey was snatched from their blood-stained hands; here they fell. Now their bones, unburied, without honour, and without lamentation, are washed by the rains and shaken by the winds. Deluded wretches! who flocked exulting to the standard of the fierce leader who allured you there with glory, because loathing should have deterred you from it, come and behold what glory is yours! Shameful slaves of one man! betrayed in life and despised in death, ye fell victims before the idol of the sword which ye worshipped. Thus they oppressed, thus they ate among us the bread of the wicked, and drank the wine of the violent. Now they are dead shall we execrate them? No; the ancient injuries are avenged. Is the smile of scorn on the lip of the conqueror bitter? Our fathers long made others feel it so, and we feel it ourselves. Time is the just repairer of all wrongs; we were evil long enough. If we had always continued powerful we should be so still; our soul and our strength have failed; others have prevailed against us. But of what benefit is lamentation? In the name of Heaven, let us blame no one; or let us blame ourselves, who, the first to offend, were sleeping securely in the bed of our fame. But the offence slept not; it passed the nights in watching with revenge, and sleep fled lamenting from these too implacable ones. At our awaking chains rattled on all our limbs; shame to the ill-advised who slept amid danger. What avails it to display our tattered garment? Every one derides, and no one aids, us. Even oppression has its grandeur; respect abides with the vanquished, as fear with the vanquishers. Lift up thy head, and walk securely; if thou livest without honour, thou shalt die without infamy, and thou shalt be worthy that the Eternal shall design, in the secrets of ages, a new mantle of glory to thy tardy posterity.

On the declivity of the Alps, at the French side, there was ascending, with infinite labour, a multitude of people desirous to gain the top. The broken and precipitous paths, the danger to the footsteps, the narrowness of the passes, did not permit them to preserve order. The host of Charles of Anjou was moving on, broken up into small bands of about twenty or more persons, who were intent in providing for their own, rather than the

universal, safety. Guy de Montford, Lieutenant-General, Robert Count of Flanders, the Count de Vaudamme, Pierre de Belmont, the Constable Giles Le Brun, Mérepoix the Mareschal, Guillaume the Standard Bearer, and other captains, having abandoned their colours, were surrounding a litter in which the Countess Beatrice was carried by two robust mountaineers, who, from time to time, as they were exhausted by fatigue, gave it up to others, who instantly replaced them. The air was frosty, the path wild and craggy; every step marked by a drop of perspiration, forced by weariness, from the brows of the travellers; they often halted, and looked up to see when they should reach the summit of the mountain; but concealing its proud head among the gray clouds which ever rest there, as on a throne of glory, shows itself inaccessible to mortal foot, and mocks at human impotence. Once they shouted; but the shout resounded so wildly, and the echo issued so fearfully, from those terrible and unknown places, that they dared not repeat it; the birds of prey flew screaming from their nests; the wolves collected in troops, but seeing the bands more numerous and more ferocious than themselves, hid themselves quickly again among the shrubs of the dark valley. The soldiers climbed rocks, forded torrents, made their way through snows, bushes, stones, and every other obstacle, with a rare constancy of courage. From time to time one might be seen panting, and drawing his breath with difficulty, to cast himself on the ground as quite worn out, and suffer his comrades to pass forward, and move on as far as his eyes could follow them; but when he began to lose sight of them in the windings of the mountain path, and his ear no longer caught the sounds of human beings, and his glance roved through the terrors of the wastes, he sprang trembling to his feet, running, as best he could, to rejoin his companions. Here a horse, slipping on the edge of a precipice, drew along with him his rider, who, intent upon his own footsteps, was leading him with the reins twisted round his arm; not knowing how to save himself he clung to another man, and he to a third: all together in a group plunge down the abyss. There is one piercing shriek, followed by a death-like silence, for the place where they are dashed to pieces is beyond the hearing of mortal ear.

Soldiers of iron, protected by the genius of a valiant leader, passed Mount St. Bernard and the Spluga in more recent days, and with much greater risk; in vain did artillery delay their march, and all the encumbrances required by modern warfare; in vain were the Alpine storms, the shifting beds of snow, the fury of the unchained elements: they conquered, and left behind them the example of such an exploit as never can be surpassed while man is made of flesh and blood, whence the worthy historian has to say, "*These were the deeds of giants, not of men.*" But



if neither tempest nor artillery hindered the army of the Count of Anjou, yet were the snows perilous, the paths slippery, the rocks, the precipices, the crags dangerous; and as some soldier, holding fast by his comrade, had a desire to look down into the hell of the ruinous abyss, such panic seized his spirit that, hastily retreating, he made the sign of the Cross, and recommended himself to God. Many a one, turning towards his beloved France, felt the thought of his darling children awaken in his soul, and sighed, cursing the ambition of men who lead human beings from one land to die in another. They proceeded in a mournful silence, looking warily round that they might perceive in time if any heedless person had fallen. Their thoughts were savage, unfeeling, as is naturally the case when man is compelled by a stringent necessity to think of himself alone. Now they had arrived at a part where the mountain, cleft perpendicularly, affords no pass to anything without wings. The foremost, pressed upon by those behind, stopped short in a disorderly manner, and pushed against from behind in vain, they communicate from one to another, even to the most remote, an involuntary immobility.

"Were there no graves in France, that we have been led here to die on these naked mountains? Where is the Count de Montford? Let the Count come and lead us home again," cried the mutinous multitude.

"Let us return," replied the Count, sorely chafed. "Since such is your pleasure, let us return. For three days we have travelled these paths, and now we are near the termination of our march, where our friends of Monferrat had prepared quarters for us to repose in, and food to refresh us. The provisions that remain to us will hardly suffice for another day; we shall die upon the road with cold and hunger. What matters it? Let us return. Perhaps already Monseigneur Charles is awaiting us amid the applauses of Rome; the holy Pontiff awaits us; the Italians await us; but let their hope be disappointed by us; let us make our baseness manifest to all people. Formerly our forefathers were led by Charlemagne over these same Alps, then fortified by men and defended by an entire nation: yet our forefathers conquered. Happy he! whom Providence called to lead valiant men. We, their not degenerate sons, we will fly though no one contends with us. Let us return into France to our brethren, who, with unheard-of constancy, overcame so many dangers in Palestine, and obtained a palm of the highest glory. Let us return to restore the favours given us by our lady-loves, and honoured by such a high enterprise. But *I* certainly will not return, for I should fear that every man I met on the road would point me out, and say, 'There is the brave soldier who was not able to cross the mountains.' Thus we shall imitate

the example of our virtuous lord, who has put to sea with twenty gallies, encountering the risk of meeting the eighty gallies of the heretic Manfred; thus we shall keep our plighted faith. This is the way that leads to immortality: this is the mode of acquiring the blessed indulgence so liberally imparted by the Pontiff: this is the fulfilment of the vow made in the presence of his legates when you took the Cross. Remember that you are now standing in the presence of God and man. Our name will become for ever disgraceful, for infamy will take care to preserve it as an example of shame; the golden lily is soiled, our honour is lost. I will break my sword here, and swear, on the faith of a knight, never again to bear arms. Let us go to meet shame and despair, since ye abhor glory and security."

So said Montford, adding many other arguments and persuasions, part of which were not listened to, as fruitless, and part were lost among the murmurs of the wind and of the multitude. They were now on the point of turning back, when the Countess Beatrice, a woman of high spirit, raising herself in her litter, ordered the mountaineers to climb upon the saddles of the horses, and then to raise her litter as high as possible. In this manner she was got to the top of the mass of rock, which was about ten feet high; and there, as on a throne, she took the veil from her head and waved it in the winds in a manner of joy and triumph.

"Long live the countess! long live the lady!" shouted the throng, beside themselves with pleasure. "Long live the Countess Beatrice!" and they hastened with wonderful impetuosity to attempt following her. The stronger of the men, taking the weaker on their backs, and making use of both hands and feet, climbed up; many slipped, and finding no place to stay themselves, were seen to roll upon the heads of their comrades closely thronged together; those who had climbed up held out their hands, their belts, their lances, to those who were behind; and thus, after the lapse of an hour, about two hundred persons had succeeded in scaling the opposing rock; but the clamour, the confusion, the frenzy, was greater than can be imagined. Those who had lent their backs to one, soon found themselves oppressed by a number, and tried to get rid of the intruders, but could not. Furious at the resistance, they began to strike with their hands, seeing they could not use the sword. The nearest tried to get away from the *melée*; and the blows and thrusts against those who crushed on them were infinite; but, crowded upon by those who did not see what was the matter, some fell down. Those who were coming up to their places stumbled over the fallen; and thus lay in a heap, one above another. Some rose again with their heads cut and their faces bruised, and many never rose, but lay corpses on the earth.

The Count Guy de Montford, seeing that as much harm as



good accrued from this manner of scaling the rock, shouted to the men to desist ; but finding this in vain, he commanded the officers to repel the maddened soldiers at the sword's point. Thus a little quiet was purchased by some deaths and wounds. Then the Count ordered that stones and earth should be collected at the foot of the opposing rock, and animating the troops by his voice and his example, in four hours' time a passage was made over which horses, knights, carriages, carts, and whatever had remained behind, were transported, though with no small difficulty. Then the night fell ; and fear, which had hitherto divided them, now drew them together, and they remained motionless on the spot they had reached. Though the place they now occupied was not dangerous, their imagination was so full of the idea of broken crags and of precipices, that in the darkness they dared not stir a step, nor even turn round. The morning rose ; no fragrance of flowers nor song of birds saluted them amid those desert steeps ; and yet the summits of the Alps, tinged with a vivid orange hue, and shown in relief against an azure horizon, now wholly free from clouds, were a majestic and beautiful sight. With the eagerness of those who are near attaining a desired object, the French set forward. At first their steps were slow, like those of men numbed with cold ; but, in a short time, motion warming their limbs, rendered them more able to climb. It was a pleasant sight to see the moving of these masses of people, the flashing of the lances, helmets, and armour of the knights, the banners floating on the breezes, and the splendid apparel. Still more pleasant was it to hear the trumpets sounding from time to time, the spirited war-songs, and the joyous voices ; it appeared like an assembly of knights celebrating some solemn day ; a festival more easy to imagine than to describe. They came to the declivity ; eyes, sparkling with the eager thought of acquisition, looked hastily over the countries spread below, and stretched their sight as far as possible in the distant hemisphere. In truth, it was only a glimpse of Italy that could be caught from thence ; but such were the horrors the troops had passed through, such were the hopes and the fantasies in imaginations excited by the recitals of others, that they thought they beheld the terrestrial paradise, such as the Eternal had made it for his creature without sin, and raising their arms to Heaven they cried, "Italy, Italy !" This cry multiplied itself along the vallies, and even the most distant of them echoed "Italy !" And now there was a busy haste in earnest ; the voices of the captains were not attended to ; crushings and thrustings were unheeded ; pushing and wrestling, they contended with hands and feet which should get foremost. In truth, the descent was not less difficult than the ascent ; but who is he, that delighting in the prospect of pleasant things, saddens himself by reflecting on painful ones ? They saw



blossomed fields, meads blessed by Heaven. That was the goal of their journey : they heeded not the road that led to it ; there they expected food and repose for the present necessities ; there, lands, riches, all that can make life glad. Now they considered themselves as masters there : they had overcome nature, and now they thought nothing of men. Unhappy wretches ! they would have found their tomb in Italy if Heaven had committed its defence to men either more valiant, more united, or less infamous.

As we are persuaded that no one reads our pages, however good or bad they be, in order to learn geography, so we shall pray the reader not to be surprised if, by a sudden leap, we transport Rogiero from a forest in the Terra di Lavoro to Mirandola, at one time a strong castle in Romagna, which is a distance of some hundreds of miles. The reason of his repairing thither was that from thence he could proceed in a short space of time to Parma, through which it was reported the army of Charles would pass. In proportion as it approached our hero felt a repugnance, a dislike to proceeding farther in his designs ; so that every day he lingered longer on the road. The word "Traitor" often sounded in his ears like a fearful cry ; the words of Ghino also troubled him deeply. He thought within himself, "With the high design of overcoming perils of earth and Heaven, of avenging a parent, and regaining that which black perfidy has taken from me, I have prepared myself from afar to sustain cares and troubles under which the greater part of mankind would have succumbed. I thought to obtain glory, and my hope turns not merely into an insignificant thing, but even into an infamous one." This was the anguish of a soul condemned to feel nobly, and to find in external objects only imbecility or crime. Ghino, whose life he had saved, and who, from his situation, must necessarily hold precepts far from scrupulous, had pitied him. What would those do who owed him no obligation, who make a profession of loving their country, and of practising the precepts of integrity ? An insupportable weight oppressed his heart. Thus a hundred times saddling his horse, then putting him back into the stable, he spent two days at Mirandola. Shut up in his chamber, with his head resting on his knees, he lamented his cruel destiny ; and like all of us, good and evil, in our need, he implored the aid of Heaven. On the second night of his abode at Mirandola, while turning from one side to the other, and wearied out—he was in vain endeavouring to court sleep to visit his eye-lids—he heard the sound of something moving lightly in the room. He listened, fearful of being deceived ; and discovering that it was no trick of his fancy, he asked with a firm voice, "Who is there ?"

A feeble voice, as if it came from some incorporeal thing, replied, "Remember your father."

"Who art thou that knowest my secret?" cried Rogiero, springing up in his bed. "Come, angel or demon, thou shalt be welcome; give me counsel, whether it be of perdition or salvation; give me counsel, my soul cannot counsel itself."

There was no reply; no other sound. Rogiero threw himself upon his bed, and the series of the past occurrences arrayed themselves before his mind like a terrific scene. When about the end of the night a stupor closed his heavy eyes, his dreams were of vengeance.

In the morning he rose, pale and altered, and with haggard eyes, and having paid the innkeeper, and as anxious to depart as he had been to remain on the preceding day, he saddled his horse, and left Mirandola. He learned on his route that the French, instead of coming by Asti to Parma, which was the direct road, had advanced by Cremona; wherefore, anxious to proceed, he rode towards the banks of the Po. When he arrived at Luzara, although the sun was still high, and the boat was ready to ferry him over the stream, he was overcome by the same hesitation that had caused him to loiter at Mirandola; the image of his father had become weakened; and the fear of undertaking an abominable act, and that word, "Traitor," again returned to discompose his mind. In the silence of the night, on his solitary bed, he sought in vain for composing thoughts, and he felt like one groping about in a dark place, wherein the more he wandered round and round, the more he lost himself. When he awoke in the morning, he discovered that he had in his hand a scroll; wondering at the occurrence he approached the window, and read by the faint gleam of the twilight,—*"Remember your father."*

This remembrance produced on his mind an effect similar to the tearing of a bandage off a wound on which the blood had congealed. Passion overcame reason, and his former intentions returned with more violence than ever. He passed the Po, he arrived at Casal Maggiore, at Rovara, and, without once slackening his speed, he approached Cremona. He had almost reached it; the end of his journey appeared near, and yet he would have wished that it were farther. He inquired the distance from every one he met; those who stated it to be but short, he quitted without saluting, and cursed them in his heart; those who affirmed it to be still great, he bade God speed, with a cheerful countenance. Thus doubtful whether to proceed or to return, and dragged along, as it were, by fatality, he found himself one evening, before the hour of vespers, between St. Daniels and Cicognolo Bourgs, not far distant from Cremona. Absorbed in his thoughts, he left his horse to make his own way; but suddenly, when raising his eyes to observe the handsome villas that presented themselves through the branches of the trees, he perceived himself to be surrounded by a troop of about twenty



horsemen, the leader of whom commanded him to follow them.

"Learn," cried Rogiero, drawing his sword, for he could not use his lance, the horsemen being too close to him; "learn that no one shall turn me from my path without force, and *that* will cost him blood."

"Cavalier," replied the captain, "Heaven forbid that we should use violence to you. Our master, Buoso da Duera, has sent us to meet you, that we might escort you to him; be pleased, then, to follow us, for we shall in no wise offend you."

"And how does your master know anything of me?"

"This you can learn from him. Are you not a Neapolitan, cavalier? and are you not the bearer of letters for him?"

"Certainly I am."

Rogiero had a peculiar manner of thinking; both from his natural character and from the adventures that had befallen him, he felt persuaded that there was a destiny that overruled all his actions, and that however he might contend with it for a time, yet in the end he must, *nolens volens*, yield to it. Governed by this opinion he suffered himself to be led along without resistance by the horsemen, who, riding quietly, not to incommode him, brought him, when the night was somewhat advanced, to a castle, which, as well as he could perceive through the darkness, appeared to be of great strength. Around the castle were pitched many tents, whence were issuing a great number of soldiers, all hastening to one given point; a bell was ringing without ceasing to collect them; and at no great distance might be heard the calling of watchwords, the assigning of posts, and the issuing of orders. They reached a gate; a sentinel, who was walking before it with his halbert on his shoulder, stopped and hastily demanded the watchword.

"Long live the Ghibellines!" replied the captain.

"Approach for the counter-sign."

The captain advanced, whispered a word in his ear, then turning to his troop, said "Proceed!"

After passing through a long vault they came out into an ancient court-yard. Here, under the colonnades, they saw many cavaliers amusing themselves at play, some at chess, some at hazard; others drinking large goblets of wine, and talking and gesticulating in a ferocious manner. There three or four were tuning their voices to sing together, but at the first words some one got out of tune, and they had to begin again; there some closing their eyes, let their heads sink by little and little on their bosoms, then suddenly recovering themselves, raised their heads again, only to let them droop down once more; others, wholly overcome by drowsiness, hid their faces upon their arms crossed on the table, and snored loud enough to be heard at a distance;



in fine, those vaults and colonnades, half lighted by a ruddy glare, those different and menacing faces and gestures, would have furnished a Flemish painter with a marvellous picture.

Hardly was the captain perceived by those groups, when there arose in all directions a clamour of voices:—"Good night!—Welcome!—Have you been on the hunt?—Have you taken your man?—Tell us about it, Piero!—Come here, I will give you my place!—Piero, you will make the fourth, we will not begin our quartette without you.—Hold, Piero; drink a goblet of wine; you must need it."

"Thanks, Maltolita; thanks, Prendiparte;\* thanks, gentlemen all, I am at your service," cried the guide of our hero, distinguishing at the first each by his name and surname, and concluding by saluting them all in the aggregate, in contradiction to the philosopher† who affirmed that external objects are represented in the human mind at first indistinctly, then by degrees separately, and that thus the analytic examination is formed which is the opposite of the synthetic; with a hundred other pleasant triflings, which have been set in our brain at school like gems in a ring.

The captain, dismounting from his horse, hastened with Rogiero (who strongly recommended his Ali to his care) to a part of the castle opposite from that to which they had entered, and, with the manner of one who wanted to get free as soon as possible, he raised his eyes, observed the upper windows, and perceived a light. "Now he may go on by himself," he muttered, and as they reached the threshold of a small door he said aloud,

"Fair sir, Messer Buoso is certainly in his cabinet, as you may perceive by that light; and you can easily find him without my guidance. Ascend those stairs; they will lead you to a lobby where three corridors meet; take the first on the left hand, and at the end of it turn to your right, and you will see six steps; go up, taking heed that you slip not, and Heaven be with you. Then you will see a vestibule with five doors, and the one facing you is the door of Messer Buoso's cabinet. Good night!"

Hardly had he ended his directions, which he uttered with a portentous celerity, when he sped away to rejoin his comrades, who received him with shouts, laughter, and other signs of intemperate gladness.

Rogiero ascended the staircase; it was built of bricks set on edge; time had worn in it holes in which the foot was often half buried. A thousand times in danger of falling on his face, groping and helping himself more by his hands than by his feet,

\* These names—Maltolita and Prendiparte—are equivalent to "Ill-grabbed," and "Snatch-a-part."—Translator.

† Condillac, the logician.

he reached the lobby with the three corridors, lighted by a taper, which seemed just going out. Here he was seized with a sudden tremour: he strove to proceed, but could not; neither could he retreat: he leaned against the wall like one turned to stone. New doubts, new hesitation; yet one step farther, and all was irreparably lost; his intention was good, but he based it upon means partly vile, partly infamous, and all wrong; if he did not succeed who would believe him that his design had been a generous one? and he could not be always in obscurity, as in this place; the treason could not be always concealed. Whilst he stood there, pondering over these things, he felt a hand press lightly on his head, and a low voice whispered in his ear, "Remember your father!"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Rogiero; and turning quickly round he saw, or thought he saw, a spectre in the corridore opposite to that in which he stood, gliding away over the pavement. Seized with the desire to know what it was, he pursued it with all his speed; he traversed that corridore, then another: the spectre fled at a short distance before him, yet he heard no sound of steps. Although that circumstance was enough to convince a person in those times, and perhaps, also, in ours, that the apparition was supernatural, Rogiero would not allow fear to overcome him; in truth, he knew not how to explain it, but he did not ascribe it to the higher powers. Thus, the spectre flying, and Rogiero pursuing, they came to a place which was utterly dark: there the spectre could disappear at its ease; and Rogiero, groping about, and anxious to follow, notwithstanding the darkness, stumbled and fell across a bed. Then, hearing and seeing nothing farther, he resolved to return; and thinking he was taking the same route as before, he traversed two or three apartments, in the last of which he saw a ray of light gleam through the fissures of a door: he approached it at once, judging that it came from the lamp on the principal staircase. He reached the door, opened it, and found himself in a spacious apartment, a small part of which was lighted; the remainder was lost in a profound obscurity. As well as he could see, it was adorned with handsome Flemish tapestry, representing the chase, or renowned deeds of arms of the Paladins of Charlemagne and the knight errants of King Arthur. It appeared to him that all along the apartment (as he saw was the case one side) suits of ancient armour were arranged at equal distances, on lances fitted into plinths of stone. The windows, rendered transparent by the lights in the court without, represented scenes from the New Testament, figured in many coloured glass. All these things, which it has taken so long to describe, Rogiero saw with a glance, nor did he stop to consider them, for they were sufficiently common in those times. His attention, however, was particularly



attracted to two persons who were in the room. One was evidently, by his dress and countenance, not an Italian, but a French courier; he wore a yellow doublet, confined at the waist by a broad black leathern girdle, in which hung his horn, and from which peeped the handle of a dagger: his hose were of the same stuff as the doublet, and, like that, were tightly fitting; on his legs were red boots, with spurs long enough to embowel rather than to excite a horse: his head was bare, the hair, divided on the forehead, fell at each temple over the ears, becoming gradually longer behind, till from the nape of the neck it covered part of the back; the face was wholly without expression—a mere whited wall. Far otherwise was the face of the second person: he was seated before a table, whereon lay letters and a sword; his head was resting on his hand, and he was meditating over a letter which appeared to have just reached him. His forehead was bald, with the skin tightly drawn over it, but with two or three very deep furrows; his face was broad at the cheeks, but terminated in a meagre point, and the beard so disordered that it presented a slovenly appearance. He was completely armed, with the exception of his gauntlets. After he had spent some time in reading and considering the letter, he exclaimed “Eight thousand gold florins! I would sell my soul for that sum.”

After this shocking impiety he lifted up his head and raised his eyes,—such eyes! deep sunk, and sparkling like those of the fox when he seizes his prey,—and he saw Rogiero.

“Who are you? Who brought you here? How have you penetrated into my apartment?”

“Sir, I was conducted hither by the orders of one Buoso da Duera.”

“By *my* orders then. But why did you not come in at the chief entrance? Why have you made such a sudden appearance in my chamber?”

“What can I know of all this? I have been left without a guide, and I find myself here in this strange place, merely because I did not make my way elsewhere.”

“Some one has transgressed my orders. Perhaps you are the Neapolitan cavalier?”

“I am. Your people stopped me on the road, compelling me——”

“It was necessary that you should be compelled, for you have letters for me which, probably, you would never otherwise have delivered.”

“Who told you so, Sir?”

“Whoever told it might say it without fear of lying. Was Piero the name of the captain who escorted you?”

“Yes; Piero.”

“And he remained?”



"If I do not mistake he is below in the court-yard, playing and drinking with his comrades."

"He ought to be punished. For great crimes the memory serves as a book; for little ones it is needful to take notes, lest they might be forgotten." And here Buoso took out of his bosom some tablets, on one of which he wrote "To Captain Piero is due a penalty for having transgressed my orders;" and, putting up the tablets again, he added, "Before the month is out I will pay him, either secretly or openly. Signor Cavalier, will you give me the letters you have for me?"

"Here they are."

"Cavalier," said Buoso, after having read them, "I learn from these that a great number of Neapolitan barons, disgusted with the tyranny of Manfred, have despatched you with their credentials, to offer homage to the Count of Anjou and Provence. Heaven forbid that any impediment should be offered by *me* to the just desires of those worthy nobles. To-morrow you may pursue your way to the French army, which you will find encamped on the plain. But I ought to inform you, that the Count has not accompanied the army; but you will find in his stead the Countess Beatrice, and the Lieutenant-General Guy de Montford."

"I crave your pardon, Messer Buoso; but will you, of your courtesy, answer me one question?"

"Say on."

"Are you not a Ghibelline?"

"What means Guelph or Ghibelline? I am for myself. I care no more for names than for the colour of a garment. In whatever guise, it is my own advantage I seek."

"But, Messer, have you not hitherto fought for the Ghibelline faction?"

"I repeat to you, that I have always fought for myself. True it is, that last year I lent my aid to the Count Giordano, who came here into Lombardy on Manfred's behalf, with five hundred lances. All the guerdon I received from him were words; sometimes courteous, sometimes menacing. It is permitted to every man to err once in his life, and happy is he who can boast of having erred only once. Now I am weary of feeding on promises alone; and I am advancing in years, and need to think of preparing for a pious death; and though others may not care about it, *I* care for the pardon of the Holy Church, and am most anxious to be freed from the excommunication,\* that, whenever it pleases God to call me, I may be buried in consecrated ground."

"Messer, I pray you, if the question be not displeasing to you, does your heart say nothing to you?"

\* The Pope had excommunicated all the Ghibellines and adherents of Manfred, in favour of the French invaders of Italy.—Translator.

"Whereabouts is the heart? I do not know that I have one. The head does everything, calculates everything; the heart is a superfluity. Cool calculation is necessary in order to carry one's self well through life; the heart makes love songs, not good plans for passing through the world."

"But Italy——"

"Italy is here," replied Buoso, touching his forehead. "They say there were times when it was elsewhere, but *I* never saw them, and I do not believe they ever were. Nevertheless, if such times *may* be, while we are awaiting them, let every man lay his finger on his forehead, and say, 'Italy is here.'"

"And fame?"

"Oh, fame! it is the shadow of success. If you can manage to be fortunate, all men will manage to call you glorious."

"To this moment I never found mortal tongue that did not condemn treason."

"Whose treason? and how? Treason, if I mistake not, signifies breach of faith. Now, there can be no faith more strong, or more reasonable, than that which a man owes to himself; because nature has drawn up the covenant with conditions which cannot be infringed; therefore, when you injure yourself, you commit treason, and irreparable treason. I have never done any evil to another which, by drinking over and sleeping over, I have not been able wholly to forget. Besides, the evil done to another touches our soul merely as a remembrance; but the good we do to ourselves abides in it as a sentiment."

"And is this sentiment substantially a happy one?"

"Signor cavalier, I have something else to do besides resolving your questions. If you have proposed them in order to gain a knowledge of me, I have told you enough whereby you may comprehend me, if you are wise; but if it be to quiet your own doubts, I ought to blame my friends in Naples for selecting such a scrupulous messenger. Be ready against to-morrow: at daybreak I will send you, along with this Frenchman, to the camp of the count, to deliver your letters; and, if it be not inconvenient to you, also a letter of mine, which I will prepare before I sleep."

"At your pleasure."

"Sergio, Gilberto!" cried Buoso; and immediately two vassals appeared, to whom he gave his orders. "Take care that these my guests be well lodged; let them want nothing that they may wish. Adieu, cavalier. Before you set out, I hope to see you again."

Rogiero and the French courier followed the officious valets, who, with candles in their hands, lighted them along; but they had scarcely left the room when the voice of Buoso was heard anew, calling out, "Signor cavalier!"

Rogiero retraced his steps, and asked, "What do you desire?"

"Signor cavalier, are you acquainted with gold florins?"

Rogiero blushed a little, and replied in the negative.

Buoso smiled, and, taking out a purse, said, "It is a great shame for a cavalier like you not to know florins, which are the handsomest coins struck in all Christendom. Some prefer the agostari of Frederic, and the schisati of the Normans; but for me I hold to the gold florin coined in Florence. Look here," he added, taking one out, and showing it to Rogiero, "on one side the lily, on the other St. John the Baptist; whence the infallible proverb, 'Our friends are those that have the Saint seated, and the golden lily.' It is now twelve years since the Florentine merchants began to coin them; the gold is of twenty-four carats; they are reckoned at twenty soldi, and eight weigh an ounce. Will you do me a favour, fair cavalier?"

"Speak."

"To-morrow you will see, in the camp of Charles, a certain quantity entrusted to a courier to be brought to me. It is a present made to me by the virtuous Countess Beatrice, and which I am not in a situation to refuse. Now, I pray you to see that the number be eight thousand; if more, well; let it be so: but if they do not number eight thousand, warn the countess of the deficiency. Do you promise me to do this?"

"I promise it."

"Many thanks, cavalier."

"Here is a soul that may be compared with Gano di Maganza; and I—" thought Rogiero to himself. That night no sleep descended upon his weary eyelids. \* \* \*

"Heaven send you a good day, fair cousin!" said the Countess Beatrice, when, on leaving her sleeping apartment, she met the Count Guy de Montford. She had come forth in haste, and her dress was more discomposed than was seeming in such a noble lady; her maidens were hastening behind her, arranging, by snatches, one her veil, one her girdle, and others other parts of her attire.

"May you be blest, lady, with all that you can desire. But what troubles you, that you have risen so discomposed from your bed?"

"Cousin, is the courier arrived?"

"We await him, lady."

"Ah, Guy, Guy! your slowness will ruin us. What do you fear?"

"What do I fear? I would that Charles had said to me, 'Lead, at all hazards, this army in your sole command;' and that he had not placed female fears by my side; then I would already have put Duera to flight, and have forded the Oglio;



for my years have passed in overthrowing my enemies with steel, and I have never learned to conquer them with gold. But since it has pleased Monseigneur Charles to set me on this road, full of perils and void of honour, I must take care of his money; for, if we double the bribe of Buoso, we shall not have enough to pay the soldiers as far as Rome."

The Countess was about to reply—and who knows in what her words would have ended?—had not an esquire, entering at the moment, announced that the courier, in company with another man, was perceived riding towards the house.

"Oh, Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the Countess, running to the window. "Yes, truly, it is he. Come, see, cousin. But are their nags restive, that they come so slowly? It would seem, Count, that even the beasts of the army partake of your sloth. Take heed in future to give the couriers the best war-horses. Tell me, Count, in how many days shall we reach Rome?"

"Countess, I pray you, receive good fortune more temperately, that you may meet the adverse with less pain. You do not know what the courier brings us."

"Oh, my heart predicts good tidings, and it has never deceived me. There is your insupportable smile of derision! What would you, cousin? I have been created thus. To receive good news with the same countenance as evil is impossible. What can you say of me? 'The Countess smiles when fortune is favourable to her, and weeps when it is adverse:' and do you do otherwise in your heart? And are you so wrath for a little disguise—a little effort? Ah! let the tears gush when they want to gush, and smile when you have a mind to smile. Perhaps by lamenting misfortunes I should nearly lose my spirit; and shall I not use all the sense and strength that Heaven has given me, to conquer them?"

"Countess, he who accompanies the courier is a cavalier; would it not be well if you went to arrange your dress more suitably?"

"Count de Montford, we request of you that you will not take greater care of our person than we take ourselves," said the Countess Beatrice, in a disdainful manner: then looking at herself, and perceiving that she was not decorously dressed, she blushed, then smiled, and added, "Fair cousin, I see that when you have lost your military roughness you will become a discreet major-domo for the most prudish lady of upwards of thirty years." Then the same ambition which had led her into that room in so discomposed a state made her retreat to array herself; for the passion of appearing adorned, if in some few women it hold not the first place, certainly does the second.

When the Countess re-appeared in the apartment, the courier

and Rogiero entered by the opposite door. The courier, dropping one knee on the ground, announced that his companion was charged with the answer. The Countess graciously desired him to rise, and with the usual promise that she would remember him, dismissed him. Then Rogiero, with a slight inclination to the lady, presented her the letter, which, as if she was unable to read it, she gave with a pleasant manner to Montford, saying to him, in a low voice, "Be quick, Count, for I am very anxious to know the news."

Montford began to read, but he had scarcely gone half through it before the Countess interrupted him two or three times, asking, "What does it say?"

"But, lady," said Montford impatiently, "if you do not let me read it I shall not be able to tell you in a hundred years."

And Montford himself was no great master in literature, and could only read with some difficulty on pressing occasions; therefore he murmured between his teeth, "Even in his writing this is but a sad fellow. Oh! that we had the chaplain here, who is so skilful to read all these scribblings." At last he read, in some sort of way; and, without waiting to be questioned, he said softly to the Countess, "The traitor accepts the conditions; though he writes that as he has taken the trouble of sending you a Neapolitan cavalier who will bring you better news than the safe passage of the Oglio, you may increase the sum. He prays you, when you reach Rome, to use your intercession to reconcile him with the Church, and render him a participator in the holy indulgences promised to whoever joins the crusade against Manfred."

"As to the first request, Count, you will reply that we would willingly manifest our liberality in a better manner, but that our present necessities do not permit it; add that the service he has rendered us is great, and the House of France makes it a point of honour to show itself grateful. For the second request, say that it shall be our care to influence Pope Clement to bestow on him his blessing once more, and to adopt him as his son; let him be at ease on this subject, for we will give heed to it as if for our own brother."

"Ah! Countess, the union between Buoso and the devil is so suitable that it is a great sin to interrupt it."

After these words the Countess, turning towards Rogiero, said to him with feminine grace, "Fair sir, we understand by these letters that you bring us glad intelligence: now we pray you, by the love of your lady, which may you always preserve, will you favour us with it."

"Madam, you will learn them from these letters."

Montford, to whom they were delivered, began to read with all his natural coldness; but by degrees, as he proceeded, he



became moved, and shook his head from side to side, muttering the words indistinctly as he read; and when he had ended he dropped the letters, and, raising his eyes and hands, exclaimed, "Holy saints! Then we have Italy without striking a blow. I thought this was a land of glory!"

How great was the shame of Rogiero on hearing this exclamation: feeling as though his brain were crushed, he leaned against the wall, lest he should drop upon the earth.

"What is it that you are muttering, Count?"

"That this land is for whoever will take it."

"How so, Count?"

"Because the traitors outnumber the faithful; and the noblest barons of Manfred call us their deliverers, *as usual*; because we go to deliver them from their tyrant, *as usual*; for thus they call him whom they want to betray."

"Ah! cousin, so great is the joy you occasion me that I am ready to faint under it. Shall I wear the crown, at last? Shall I be hailed as queen? No longer distinguished from my proud sisters by a mark of inferiority? I can raise my head exulting—even I! Count de Montford, you seem like one of my enemies; are you sorry for my joy?"

"Madam, *your* design was to obtain a crown, and you have it: you rejoice; it is well. *My* design was to lead some glorious enterprise to a joyful termination, or to die honourably. I perceive that I erred in indulging such a hope in this country, and I lament at it."

"Generous sorrow, and worthy of you," said the Countess, pressing Montford's hand; "but rejoice on my account, for you ought not to be grieved at anything that pleases me."

"Ah! lovely cousin, if I might instil into your cup of present sweets one bitter drop which you could not forget, I would tell you that the heart of the traitor does not change through the treason that he commits: he is like a wild beast in his den, awaiting the prey: the dominion of Charles will increase, as that of Manfred increased, and then——"

"Your observations are as unfitting now as a discourse on death at a banquet, or a mourning habit at a bridal. Happiness is so rare and so sweet that it does not deserve to be disturbed by your melancholy. It will be sad enough to think of disaster when it comes; let us be happy *now*, Count; for *hereafter* we will provide. And you, cavalier, learn that you could not have brought better news to the Countess Beatrice; henceforward you will remain with us, and I hope you will often pleasure us with your presence. Meantime, not as a recompense, but as a token of my gratitude, wear this chain for my sake." And taking off a rich chain, with her own hands she put it round the neck of Rogiero, who, on hearing its sound upon his armour, felt a cold



thrill, and murmured to himself, "The crime is consummated, the price of treason is received, my soul is stamped with infamy, and all eternity will not suffice to efface it."

Montford, beholding the immoderate vivacity of the Countess, smiled slightly, shaking his head, and saying in a low voice, "She is a fine-spirited woman—still but a woman."

Beatrice, diverted to other thoughts, unheeding whether she had thanked Rogiero or not, sent for the money, counted it, and gave it to the courier to be transmitted to Duera. Montford descended in order to put the army in motion; but wisely disposed it in such array as if the enemy were in front, ready to attack.

Buoso, having received the money, shut himself up in Cremona, artfully spreading a report that the French, having passed the river Serio, were returning on Milan to attempt the pass of Parma. The army of Charles crossed the Oglio without opposition, and following the course of the river reached Mantua, where being gladly received by Ludovico, Count of St. Boniface, they reposed awhile from their past fatigues. Setting forward anew, they passed the Po, over a bridge prepared for them by the Marquis Obizzo of Este, and arrived safely in the Romagna. Then commenced the series of prosperous events which in a few months enabled them to subvert the mighty kingdom of Manfred. It is recorded that the Marquis Oberto of Pavia, being informed of the route of the French, and suddenly quitting his post at Pavia, arrived at Soncino a few hours after the departure of the French, where, seeing that the prudent General Guy de Montford had defended and strengthened the opposite banks of the river, he considered it not advisable to follow him; and, filled with chagrin, joined Buoso at Cremona. The words which passed between these two Condottieri were full of bitterness. If ancient tradition may be credited, the Pavesan spoke to him prophetically:—

"Buoso, I am not surprised that you are endeavouring, by deceitful language and false reports, to cure the mischief you have done; for, having committed the greater treason, you may also commit the lesser; but if it be your part to deceive *me*, it is mine not to trust you. I could easily reveal your disloyalty to the people, excite the irritated populace against you, and cause you and all your lineage to be miserably slaughtered; but Heaven forbid that I should raise my sword against my brother-in-arms, with whom I have sworn amity from my tenderest years; yet, nevertheless, do you bear it always in mind, that, with the price of your country that you have sold, you have purchased for yourself ruin in this life, and perdition in the next."

A mind worthy of being immortal, which, in its prison of clay, has dared conceive the design of scrutinizing the secrets of

nature and Providence,\* has fixed this accursed soul congealed in the region of infernal ice. And as if the Divine wisdom had been pleased to fulfil the prediction of Oberto, the end of Buoso's life was no less terrible than had been foretold to him. The populace having learned his perfidy, inflamed with rage, ruined all his dwellings, destroyed his lineage, and granted him his life. Buoso, with a heavy weight of infamy and misery on his head, dragged himself along the streets of a city of which he had been lord. During the day he wandered about in his savage solitude, muttering hurriedly like a maniac, and not heeding the yells, the invectives, the blows with which he was incessantly persecuted. At night, when the rage of hunger tortured his vitals, he took his station in some obscure place, and there, covering his face, he stretched out his hand for alms, asking it for the love of Heaven, in a feigned voice. Useless precaution! there was no one who did not immediately recognize him. Some passed by, closing their hearts and purses against him, and saying, in a menacing tone, "Despair and die!" and these were the most compassionate. Those who possessed the diabolical science of degrading the soul—of repeatedly plunging and re-plunging the dagger into the heart, gave him an alms, and with it a curse, that the food it bought might be converted into poison in the inflamed blood of the sufferer, and that his drink should be vinegar and gall to the anguished soul. One night, trembling, and his teeth chattering in an ague-fit, he went to a monastery, hoping that the charity of the brethren would receive him. He descended the first and second steps, and raised his hand to knock. Suddenly he fell with his face against the door, and sliding along the wall, he fell on the steps. In the morning the porter found him as cold as the stone on which he lay. The friars saved the remains of human nature from the outrages of the vulgar, and buried them in the cloisters. The charity of religion was sufficient to check invectives on the lip, but it was not sufficient to recite prayers for him. Compassion itself breathed a sigh of pleasure at that miserable sepulture!

Shall we pray that such may be the end of all traitors? No! for to wish that the world should become a desert would be a sin.

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\* Dante, in his *Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise*, places the soul of Buoso among the traitors, in the icy division of hell.

## TO NATURE.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

I have heard thy soft voice calling  
 Through the gathering crowd of leaves,  
 From the fields where light is falling  
 On the track of Autumn sheaves;  
 Through the rushing sound of waves,  
 From the lone depths of the wildwood,  
 From the echo-haunted caves,  
 In tones that won my childhood  
 To the faith held firm and fast.  
 Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
 First, truest love, and last!

And my heart, through all the sadness,  
 From its sterner teachers won,  
 Has an answering glow of gladness  
 For the breeze and for the sun;  
 For the star-like meadow flowers,  
 For the rich germs that lie hidden  
 Till the genial Summer showers  
 Into life their bloom has bidden;  
 For all the wealth thou hast,  
 Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
 First, truest love, and last!

With thy fairy spells all present—  
 Each a wing to bear me far  
 'Mid the regions old and pleasant,  
 Where thy brightest wonders are;  
 Now I pace some Grecian shore,  
 With its ocean famed in story,  
 Whose shells, spray-frosted o'er—  
 Each linked with some by-gone glory—  
 At thy glancing feet are cast,  
 Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
 First, truest love, and last!

There, where thy light is shining  
 O'er the Moslem temples old,  
 And thy graceful tendrils twining  
 Round their shafts of green and gold—  
 Where thine own eternal bloom  
 To man's fruitless pride is preaching—  
 On some stern old warrior's tomb  
 I sit, and, to thy true teaching,  
 Give my heart as through the past.  
 Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
 First, truest love, and last!



Where the solemn palm trees quiver  
Amid Africa's wild, dull wastes,  
When thy breath, o'er plain and river,  
To the fainting verdure hastes—  
Where the hot sands darkly spread,  
Like some human passion wasting,  
Till, by thy free bounty fed,  
Gush founts all of Eden tasting—  
There I feel thy presence vast,  
Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
First, truest love, and last!

Where the myrtle groves yet flourish  
Round Italia's marble fanes,  
Thou hast stay'd thy course, to nourish  
What of brightness still remains;  
While from all the grandeur dead,  
And from all the beauty living,  
Goes a voice forth that hath said,  
That the glories of thy giving  
Shall alone survive the past—  
Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
First, truest love, and last!

I have found thee still unchanging,  
With the old kind look and tone;  
In a world where all are ranging,  
And where hearts may waste alone:  
I can turn to thee and know,  
By many a hallowing token,  
That the faith seal'd long ago  
Has by no rude chance been broken;  
That from thee I am not cast,  
Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
First, truest love, and last!

Oh, with all thy countless voices  
I would blend one tone of mine,  
That should live whilst earth rejoices  
In those melodies of thine.  
I would leave one cherish'd dream  
Of the heart to dust returning,  
On thy shrine, as now, to gleam—  
With the lights that cease not burning  
Till the trumpet's final blast—  
Dear Nature! friend unfailing,  
First, truest love, and last!

## LES ANGLAIS POUR RIRE ;

OR,

## PARISIAN ADVENTURES.\*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

A SPACE was now cleared for the encounter, while several of the company closed and barricaded the doors, to prevent unseasonable intrusion. *La belle Limonadiere*, seeing no chance of accommodation, requested permission to retire from the scene of action ; but as her exit would necessarily cause an alarm, her request was most politely refused, and she submitted to the necessity of the case with admirable *sangfroid* ; simply holding a handkerchief to her eyes that she might not witness the disagreeable occurrence. The combatants now laid by their coats, boots, and stocks, and, sternly viewing each other, prepared for the mortal arbitrament ; while Muggins raged and stormed that he could not assist his unknown friend, who had so generously risked his life in a quarrel not his own. He swore, with a tremendous oath, that he would give every farthing he possessed in the world, if he had but his hair-triggers with him at that moment, when he would undertake to make *Louis Dixhuit* himself cut a caper.

In the meantime, Blake and his adversary were engaged, and intense anxiety for the result was depicted on every countenance. St. Germain was a perfect swordsman ; long and intimately acquainted with all the capabilities of his weapon, in the management of which he had honourably divorced sundry souls from their respective bodies in the course of a long period of service. Bets were, therefore, decidedly in his favour at the commencement, and even the *belle Limonadiere* heaved a sigh at the anticipated fate of the *bel Anglais*. It was, however, a fortunate thing for the honour of the British arms on this occasion that Blake's old French master had been a *maitre d'escrime* of high reputation ; and from him, while yet a boy, he had imbibed notions of science which he had subsequently brought to much perfection. His management of the weapon was, therefore, such as to excite mingled surprise and admiration ; as, with excellent coolness and precision, he saluted his adversary, placed himself

\* Concluded from page 336.

*en garde*, gave the *appel*, and parried several deadly thrusts, to the especial delight of Muggins and Tibbins, who were happy to find their cause in so good a hand.

A few passes and parries were thus interchanged without much effect; Blake keeping himself principally on the defensive; a mode of proceeding which appeared to hurt the temper of his adversary, who began, at length, to be seriously annoyed at being so long foiled at his favourite weapon by an Englishman, over whom he had anticipated an easy victory. Combining, therefore, all his force and dexterity for a last effort, he made a feint *en quarte* at his adversary, and then lunged, with the rapidity of lightning, *en contre quarte*; the former succeeded so well that St. Germain's real push was unguarded, and his sword, to all appearance, penetrated our hero's neck, the point protruding several inches behind.

A shout of applause from the French, and a groan of horror from the English, immediately ensued; but an instant sufficed to reverse the aspect of affairs. Blake, though deceived by the feint of his adversary, with infinite promptitude evaded his point, which passed through his shirt-collar, and only raised a little the skin of his neck. For another piece of good fortune our hero was indebted to his *blanchisseuse*; who, having used an extra portion of starch in her last washing, had imparted unusual stiffness to his shirt collar. In this St. Germain's point became entangled, and before he could recover his guard, Blake, *à la revanche*, plunged his sword into the right arm of his astonished adversary, whose weapon instantly fell from his nerveless grasp upon the ground.

"Huzza!" shouted Muggins, as he seized the fallen sword, and flourished it over his head; "Huzza, for Old England! We have now the whip-hand of you; and, by all the glories of my country, you shall take a drink yourselves out of the chamber-organs, you rascally frog-eaters!"

"I wish to God I had a sword!" exclaimed Beau Tibbins, taking heart of grace at this happy change of affairs; "I'm sure I could spit a dozen of the nefarious, peculating *petit maitres*."

But a tremendous thundering at the door now announced the arrival of the police, and occasioned such consternation amongst the company, whose nerves were already shaken by the unexpected termination of the combat, that the defences were but feebly attended to. A breach was, therefore, speedily effected; and ten or twelve *gens d'armes*, rushing into the room, ordered *tout le monde* to surrender *au nom du Roi*.

Rout and confusion immediately ensued; to which the previous state of affairs, boisterous as it had been, was a perfect calm. Some attempted to rush out of the door; others dropped from the windows into the piazza; and two or three running behind the



comptoir, hid themselves at the feet of *la belle Limonadiere*. This heroine had maintained, through all the vicissitudes of the scene, the most admirable self-possession, and though she had evinced a very becoming *abattement de cœur* at the sight of her countryman's blood, she was now, with amusing consistency, congratulating *le bel Anglais* on having acquitted himself *en homme d'honneur, et parfaitement comme il faut*.

The appearance of the *gens d'armes*, though it acted as a sedative on the courage of others, seemed to inflame the rage of Muggins beyond all bounds. Setting up a shout of defiance, and brandishing his sword, he embraced Blake affectionately, exclaiming,—

“Now, my brave deliverer, you and I will make those *soup-maigre* rascals scamper before us.”

Very much to his astonishment, our hero assured him that, although he had no objection to a tilting match now and then, when it was absolutely necessary, he was not so mad as to oppose the officers of justice; he accordingly surrendered his sword to the *brigadier* in command, and strongly recommended Muggins to do the same.

This advice, however, Mr. Muggins disdained to follow, on the supposition that they would certainly all be guillotined if they allowed themselves to be made prisoners. He was also, it must be acknowledged, emulous of the fame just acquired by our hero, and determined to do something to distinguish himself. He, therefore, instantly attacked the whole body of the enemy single-handed; but as he was totally unacquainted with the use of the weapon he held, he was quickly disarmed by “a cunning, keen old sworder,” with a wrench that nearly dislocated his wrist. He then had recourse to the new-fashioned coffee-cups, the original cause of quarrel, which he broke to atoms on the heads of two of his assailants; and next to the chairs and tables, with which he defended himself for some time, with a strength and courage that astonished his adversaries, and was eminently worthy of a better cause. He was, however, at length overpowered by numbers, and as he was considered the maddest Englishman that had yet appeared in Paris, his hands were very properly tied behind his back.

The conquerors now mustered their prisoners, amounting to a round dozen; but the number was still further increased by Captain Tibbins and a little grocer of the rue St. Denis, who, to the general amusement, were dragged from under the petticoats of *la belle Limonadiere*, where they had taken refuge on the appearance of the police. The several delinquents having been placed in the centre of the *gens d'armes*, several of whom had been severely cut by Muggins, they were marched off, amidst wondering crowds, to the *dépôt de la Prefecture*; whence, after a

short examination, they were committed to *la Grande Force*, there to await the issue of their *proces verbal*.

When the prisoners arrived at their place of destination, the French and English were separated from each other, and put into different apartments, lest they should again come to blows, and disturb the peace of the prison. A surgeon attended to examine St. Germain's wound, which was happily not very severe: having dressed it he did the same kind office for Muggins, who had received several cuts and bruises in the scuffle, but who could with difficulty be prevailed upon to allow the hands of a Frenchman to touch him, even for his own benefit; so much had his natural antipathy to that people been inflamed by the recent adventure.

### CHAPTER III.

Like master like man.

The cell in which our English captives were disposed of was divided by a massy wall from that of their Gallic opponents. It was a low, arched, spacious room, two stories above the surface of the earth, with one small aperture at the end, which the turnkey facetiously called a window. This was furnished with bars and cross-bars, so numerous as to form no bad substitute for a prison, by the curious manner in which they divided and sub-divided the rays of the sun, when that luminary graciously deigned to visit this abode of sorrow and captivity.

The walls, composed of huge granite blocks, connected together with iron clamps, were totally unprovided with tapestry or ornaments of any description; their naked majesty being unencumbered even with a coating of mortar, which seemed to bear no part in the construction in this simple and unsophisticated edifice. The low-arched roof was decorated, here and there, with certain grotesque delineations of men and women, hatchets, racks, and guillotines, done in *chiaro-oscuro*, with the flame of a candle, by some of the former occupants, who had a taste for the *belle arti*. Eating and drinking did not seem to be much tolerated in this portion of the prison; there being neither chair nor table, nor utensil of any sort for the indulgence of these propensities, while the pleasures of the downy couch seemed equally forbidden; the only visible piece of furniture calculated for repose being a low guard-bed, the wakeful occupant of which might dissipate more serious thoughts by searching out the softest plank it contained for a pillow.

When Muggins perceived the sombre tenement he was about



to inhabit, he stamped and raved like a madman; swearing that the moment he was liberated he would destroy everything French—man, woman, and child—that came in his way, to revenge this unworthy treatment of an English gentleman. Fortunately his hands were still tied, otherwise he might have commenced operations on the spot; but he was happily forced to confine himself to oaths and menaces, in the midst of which the turnkey, fully convinced he was mad, pushed him into his cell, and retired exclaiming, “*Il est fou comme un Anglais, sacre Jean Foutre!*”

Poor Tibbins presented a different picture from his energetic friend; for, constitutionally timid and of a nervous temperament, the dangers he had encountered and the jeopardy in which he still appeared to be, had seriously disturbed the small portion of brains with which Nature had furnished him. His melancholy was also very much increased by the ferocious looks of the turnkey, and the gloomy aspect of the prison gave the finishing blow to the small remains of his discretion. Throwing himself on the guard-bed in a state of utter despondency, his imagination became a prey to the most frightful pictures of galleys, bastiles, and guillotines; and all the efforts of Muggins to laugh or swear him out of his terrors were fruitless, until they both fell asleep, and forgot for a season the horrors that surrounded them.

Our hero, in the meantime, felt equally disgusted with his fellow prisoners and himself, for allowing his hasty temper to involve him in the consequences of their folly and madness. He blamed himself greatly for having so heedlessly engaged in a sanguinary contest with a perfect stranger, in so very questionable a cause; and for having placed his own life and that of his unknown adversary in the most imminent jeopardy, in defence of two persons who, as far as he could perceive, were altogether unworthy of his interference. Considering his present situation in the most favourable point of view, it was full of difficulty; for even should his adversary recover from the effects of his wound, he, of course, must remain in prison until he was declared out of danger. Meanwhile the Carltons would, in all probability, have quitted Paris, for Italy or elsewhere, without a possibility of tracing them until it should be too late; for he feared that his adored Ellen might not, in his absence, be able to withstand the importunities of some more successful rival. These melancholy thoughts began to oppress the spirits of our hero; and he moved towards the little grated window, as well to catch the breeze as to dissipate thought in the contemplation of such passing objects as might still be visible.

Night had closed in, and the moon shone with occasional brilliancy, partially illuminating three sides of a quadrangle, or inner court of the prison, into which his window looked. The hapless inmates of this square had apparently retired to their



uneasy beds ; for there was not an object to be seen but the lofty walls and high-tiled roof of the edifice, dotted with numerous small grated windows ; nor was there a sound to be heard but the dull regular step of a sentinel, pacing backwards and forwards in the court below.

Absorbed in the melancholy of his own reflections, our hero had only one source of comfort, in the hope that his faithful Larry might have been more successful and more prudent than he himself had been. Perfectly satisfied of the energy and activity of his emissary, Blake was fondly anticipating a happy result to his inquiries after the Carltons, when suddenly a voice, which appeared to come from a window below his on the ground floor, gave vent to some expressions in a language he did not understand. The voice, however, seemed familiar to our hero, and he listened to catch the sound of it again ; while the person from whom it had proceeded, after clearing his throat, apparently for the purpose of singing, gave vent to the following ditty, with a power of lungs which made the whole quadrangle ring again :—

“ Arrah, Paddy, you gander,  
You’re like a Highlander,  
For want of a breeches—  
For want of a breeches.  
’Tis better go list,  
With a gun in your fist,  
Than be mending old ditches,  
Be mending old ditches.”

Here the lay of the captive was interrupted by the sentinel, who called out in a gruff voice,—

“ *Di donc, foutre ! Il ne faut pas chanter comme ça.*”

“ What’s that you say, honest man ?” demanded the voice.

“ *Faut pas chanter,*” cried the sentinel, sharply.

“ Oh, I shan’t, shan’t I ?” exclaimed the songster. “ But I shall though, Mr. Parleyvous, and no thanks to you. Tunther and turf ! is n’t it enough to be tied up here all alone by myself, and not a living sowl to spake to but the four walls, without having my mouth shut into the bargain ?”

“ *Taisez-vous, foutre !*” exclaimed the sentinel, in a passion.

“ Oh, I taise you, do I ?” rejoined the vocalist. “ Faith, thin, you return the compliment, *ma bouchal* ; but I’ll sing in spite of your teeth ; ay, and whistle, too, if you scould till you’re black in the face.” He accordingly resumed as follows :—

“ A shilling a day  
Is very good pay :  
’Tis double a taister,  
Double a taister.  
With candle and fire,  
And house without hire ;—  
The king’s a good maister,  
The king’s a good maister !”

"*Coquin Anglais!*" cried the sentinel. "*Retirez-vous toute suite!*"

"To be sure 'tis a sweet song," replied the other; "and I'll give you another stave, my boy, since you like it.

"Arrah, Paddy, you gander,  
You're like a Highlander,  
For want of a breech—"

"*Tais-toi, sacre bête!*" cried the sentinel, stamping with passion.

"Is it to bate me you're going?" demanded the songster. "Faith, if I had you in the country where bating is chape, I'd show you the differ, my ogawn,—

"Arrah, Paddy, you gan—"

"*Foutre Anglais!*" cried the sentinel, beside himself with passion. "*Je te donnerai un coup de fusil, parole d'honneur!*" and, suiting the action to the word, he presented his musket at the window where sat our Irish nightingale.

This hostile demonstration appeared to be attended with the desired effect, for the musical captive immediately vacated his position, exclaiming, with an Irish oath, as he went,—

"*Thonemus dhe hurp an dhou!* You want to tie up my tongue as well as my legs. Devil burn me, but I'll get so dumb in this ould rookery that I won't be able to hear myself spake at last."

The progress and conclusion of this original dialogue fully convinced our hero that the harmonious prisoner was no other than his faithful Larry, from whose discretion and activity he was, but the moment before, calculating on such happy results. How he came to be confined in *La Force* was, of course, inexplicable to Blake, but he naturally concluded that the unfortunate valet must have got into some scrape more serious than ordinary, in the course of his rambles.

Morning, however, brought an elucidation of the mystery. After breakfast, which was obtained from a neighbouring *café*, the prisoners were all taken before the *Commissaire de Police*; when great was the surprise of Larry to behold his master in the same bonds as himself. Nothing, indeed, could prevent him from giving audible vent to his astonishment and grief—not even the awful presence of the magistrate himself—but that, close at his elbow, stood the surly sentinel who had threatened to shoot him for singing the night before; and who, he thought, might now, perhaps, *spike* him with his bayonet if he presumed to utter a syllable.

Instead of an examination, it appeared that our prisoners were brought up for judgment; for such is the excellence of the French police, and so useful, in some cases, is that system of *espionage*, of which they are the agents, that the *Commissaire*

was not only in possession of all the facts upon which he was now going to decide, but he also appeared to know the name, country, and personal history of every individual who stood before him. He accordingly addressed each of the prisoners in a short speech, reprehensive of the offence he had committed. To the officers he said,—

“Messieurs de St. Germain and de Veau, you have been guilty of indecent and intemperate conduct. The impropriety of others should not have made you forget *la bienséance Française*, which inculcates an amiable consideration for strangers of all nations, and a mild forbearance towards their errors and prejudices. You have compromised by your *inconséquence* the character of your country; but as one of you has suffered for his rashness, the law will inflict no further punishment, and you may return to your quarters.”

He dismissed the citizens with a similar rebuke; and recommended them in future to pay more attention to the sale of their figs and huckaback, instead of meddling with idle disputes. He adjudged Muggins to a fine of 50 francs for an assault on the *gens d'armes*; and having submitted him and Tibbins to the *surveillance* of the police for one fortnight, he dismissed them without any further punishment for their gross behaviour.

Then turning to Blake, the *Commissaire* said he had to congratulate him that the wound of his adversary was so slight as not to require his further detention. He felt obliged to him for not following the example of his countryman in assaulting the police; and he should, in consideration thereof, do himself the pleasure of also releasing his servant, although the latter had been guilty of a serious breach of the peace. But he desired that Monsieur Larry should be cautioned against the *Bastringuers* in the *Champs Elysées* until he had become better acquainted with the language and manners of the French.

Our hero made a suitable acknowledgment to the magistrate for his attention and politeness, and left the office with Larry, who was quite astonished at his narrow escape; for he expected, he said, to be half-hanged for what he had done, they had made such a fuss and a racket about it.

“So, sir,” said Blake, with an austere and chilling look, “after all the cautions I gave you, you must take it into your head to get into prison the very first day of your arrival in Paris.”

“The devil a one of me could help it at all, at all,” replied Larry. “Sure, your honour, ’twas myself that wasn’t thinking of such a thing; and wouldn’t of my own head have gone into jail on no account; but they made me go in, the thieves, whether I would or no.”



"You must have been committing some terrible piece of folly," observed Blake, very sententiously.

"Thru for you, sir," said Larry; "that's the long and the short of the matter; but no man is wise at all hours, your honour. Sign's on it, there's yourself, Masther Anthony, with all your sinse and larning, could'nt keep out of the stone-jug no more than me, who am only a poor ignorant haythen of a fellow, as one may say."

"Well, sir," said Blake, who mentally acknowledged the justice of the retort, "what did they put you in prison for?"

"Faith, it wasn't for building churches, any how, your honour," replied Larry; "but I'll tell you all about it, Master Anthony, and divil a word of a lie, at all at all. Well, sir, I was walking down one of the streets that they call *Roo-dilly-Paise*, near the I-talian Bully's-yard, with little Parleyvous, the stable gorsoon, by the side o' me, explaining all about the big pillar, with Bony, the boy, on the top of it, that was right forenint us, and I looking about all the time, as sharp as a needle, after Miss Ellen in the crowd——"

"You saw Miss Carlton, then?" eagerly interrupted Blake.

"Who, I, sir?" said Larry. "Not I, sir; the divil a bit did I see her, your honour; only Billy Maguire."

"Oh, 'twas Billy Maguire, then, who saw her?" said Blake, impatiently.

"Who, he, sir?" said Larry; "not he, sir; the divil a bit did he see her any more than myself."

"Then, who did see her, sirrah?" demanded our hero, in an angry voice.

"Divil burn me if I know who saw her," replied Larry, "any more than the child unborn."

"Confound you for a lout!" exclaimed Blake; "who was it, then, you did see?"

"Billy Maguire, your honour," cried Larry. "Sure I'd told you so before, only you frighten the very sowl out o' me."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed our disappointed hero. "Go on with your story."

"Well, sir," resumed Larry, "who should I meet but Billy Maguire, a neighbour's son in the country, your honour. 'Arrah, Billy,' says I, 'is that you I see in the foreign parts?' 'Och, Larry, agrah,' says he, 'I'm mighty rejoiced to see you; what the divil are you doing among the Parleyvous?' Well, sir, to make a long story short, as we had a great deal to say to one another, we agreed to wet our whistles first; and little Parleyvous took us to a place they call the *Sham-Elizas*, which is nothing but a great big field, overgrown with trees, your honour. Well, sir, we then wint into a kind of a shebeen-house, that they call a *Badstring*, where the people were all dancing *wallets* and

*catreels* ; but myself never saw such reels in Ireland, any how. Well, sir, I was looking at the Parleyvous dancing a *catreel* (I suppose, sir, they call it by that name because all the people face one another, as Jeffrey faced the cat), whin who the divil should I see but the very lady I was looking for."

"What, in a *Bastringue*!" cried Blake. "Impossible! You're dreaming, man."

"Oh the divil a word of a lie am I telling you, Master Anthony," replied Larry. "There she was, sure enough, dancing a *wallet* wid a Parleyvous, wid long *mousetaichers*, and great jack boots that you might see to shave in, your honour."

"'Tis impossible, you villain," cried Blake, indignantly, "that Miss Carlton could be in such a place, and in such company."

"Miss Carlton!" exclaimed Larry, with a stare of amazement, "Who the dickins is talking about Miss Carlton at all, sir?"

"Why, who the devil are you talking about?" demanded Blake, in a voice of thunder.

"Sure, thin, 'tis the divil himself, saving his presence," said Larry, "that's betune you and me, any how, this morning; for I never saw you so crass wid me, since the day I leathered the gaugers for bating my mother."

"Once more," cried Blake, "who was it you saw at that cursed *Bastringue*?"

"Mary Burke, to be sure, sir," replied Larry, "the little girl I have a '*come-hither*' for. Who else should I see but her own four bones?"

"Pshaw!" said Blake; "go on with your foolish story. I think you'll never have done with it."

"Oh, by the powers, I'm coming to the crame of the jist now, your honour," said Larry. "Well, sir, as I said before, Mary Burke was dancing a *wallet* with this Parleyvous, but whin she saw me, she stopt, and blushed, your honour, and well she might; and coming over to where I stud, she dropt a curtsey, and says she to me, 'Will you gallop, Paddy?' says she. 'No, Miss, I thank you,' says I, for I was vexed to hear her call me out of my name before dacent people; 'I'm neither a race-horse nor a cart-horse,' says I; 'and, moreover,' says I, 'my name isn't Paddy, but Larry,' says I, 'and to the divil I pitch your French compliments,' says I."

"Why, you booby," interrupted Blake, "the poor girl was paying you a real compliment that you very little merited, by asking you to dance a gallopade with her."

"Eh, then, Master Anthony," cried Larry, abashed at his own stupidity, "is there raily a dance called by that name? Faith it must be so, sure enough, for the crather looked more sorry than angry; and the dhrop stud in her eye whin she went back to



her partner. They said he belonged to the regiment of *Queer-asses* at Waterloo, and a mighty saucy-looking chap he was; and more, betoken, what does my gentleman do, whin they were dancing the wallet, but he puts his arm round Mary's waist, and gives her a loving squeeze. 'Oho,' thinks I to myself, 'I'll pay you for that, my lad;' so, without saying another word, good, bad, or indifferent, I wint up to the Parleyvous, right forenint him, your honour, and I gave him a douse in the chops, that knocked him boots over head in the twinkling of a bed-post. Oh, faith, I'll engage there was a divil of a hullabaloo then, any how. Poor Mary went into fits, and all the Parleyvous gother about me, jabbering their unnatural gibberish, like so many monkeys wid the delirious trimmings, and they called for the brigadier and the *gin darbies*; when up jumped the Parleyvous that I knocked down, and made at me wid his drawn sword, frothing at the mouth like a madman. Oh, faith, then I thought 'twas all over wid me but the shout, and I was looking about for some neighbour's son to carry me out and bury me dacently, whin what should I see but a pitchfork standing up agin the wall of the *Badstring*. Wid one jump over the heads of the people, I caught hould of the fork, and charged bayonets on the Parleyvous, who retreated, cutting right and left with his long sword, and capering like a rope-dancer. But I made him take side-step to the rear, till he came whack up with his back agin the house; and his fine long pig-tail dangling over his shoulder, I pinned it to the wall with a prod of the pitchfork; and there he stuck, making as many faces as would frighten a horse from his oats, or a cat into hystericks. Oh! by the powers, it would do your heart good to hear the shouts of the boys, and the scrames of the women, when they saw the *Queer-ass* grinning and shaking, like a pig in a palsy, stuck up agin the wall of the *Badstring*; but the *gin darbies* came at last, and spilte the fun; bad luck to them! They rescued the Parleyvous, and clapped me into a *fi-aker*, whin I was marched off to the stone-jug, where they locked me up safe enough in a place they could find me next morning. That's the whole of it, sir; I'll take my bible oath, if I was on my knees at the altar, saying a *padhereen-ave*, your honour."

Our hero could scarcely help laughing at Larry's adventure, though he reprehended him pretty sharply for his singular propensity to quarrelling, strongly recommended him to be more cautious in future, and finally threatened to dismiss him from his service the next time he offended in a similar manner.

"Divil burn me," said Larry, "if ever I go to a *Badstring* in the *Sham-Elizas* again, if I live to the age of Matthew Sullivan!"



## THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

A TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

ONE gloomy December evening, towards the end of the 17th century, a man was seen wending his way along the Quai du Louvre in the direction of the Pont Royal, in Paris. He was rather above the middle height, and somewhat slim, but well proportioned; and there was a firmness in his step and an elasticity in his gait, which denoted that the hand of time had as yet pressed but lightly upon his vigorous frame.

The individual's age might be about 40; he was dressed in a long-waisted and full-skirted surtout and loose trunks of black velvet, with a long shoulder-knot and knee-ties of scarlet ribbon, square-toed boots of polished leather, a long cravat, ruffles and collar of embroidery, and a low-crowned beaver looped up at one side with a golden clasp, completed his habiliment,—the ordinary one of the cavaliers of that period. His features were delicately moulded, and might, indeed, at first sight have been deemed effeminate but for a singular expression of daring recklessness and dogged resolution which played around the corners of his thin and compressed lips, and a kind of settled regard of wayward defiance, almost of malignity, which flashed forth from a pair of jet black eyes, surmounted by highly arched eyebrows, and fringed with long silky eyelashes. His complexion was swarthy, and his hair hung in thick locks and unpowdered quite down upon his shoulders; his thin moustache was turned up at the ends, and his beard trimmed into a point according to the fashion of the times.

The wind blew in frequent gusts along the dimly-lighted quay, sweeping before it the drizzling rain and sleet which descended at intervals as night closed in, partly freezing as it fell upon the pavement, and producing that slippery compound of ice, snow, and water, denominated "verglas," and which, from some atmospheric peculiarity, is more frequently to be met with in the French metropolis than anywhere else.

The cavalier drew his riding-cloak tighter round him as he pursued his way, carefully disengaging the sword which hung behind him from amid its ample folds, in case of an encounter with the bands of Spadassins and marauders which at that time in-

fested the city; and, notwithstanding the patrolling of the soldiery and *marachausée*, constantly committed nocturnal depredations.

He continued his progress across the bridge, and down the rue du Bac, until he came to the rue de Greulle, into which he turned, and at length, after threading his way through a succession of dirty lanes and alleys, stopped before a house situated in the angle of a narrow street in the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne.

The entrance was by a large *porte cochère*, and the habitation occupied three sides of a spacious but dismal-looking court-yard.

On the door being opened to his summons, the man was about to mount the gloomy staircase, over which a greasy lamp, suspended from an upper landing, shed an uncertain and flickering light, when a dirty old portress, emerging from some unseen retreat, rudely inquired, "Where are you going?"

"To visit the Signora Orsola," replied the intruder, in no very civil tone, and brushed on without waiting for the sulky nod of permission to enter, which was all the beldame vouchsafed in return.

On reaching the fourth story the man roughly pulled the bell at a small door opening upon the landing; a sliding pannel was immediately drawn back, and the shining face of a negro lad appeared at the aperture.

"What is your will, sir?" said he.

"I would speak with your mistress, the Signora Orsola, if she be alone," replied the other.

"I will conduct you to her, sir," said the lad, unbolting the door, and admitting the visitor into a dimly-lighted corridor hung with drapery of gray damask, in which were inserted metal sconces for lights, at distant intervals.

The young man followed close upon the heels of his conductor as they traversed the passage towards the door at the further end, as if apprehensive that admission would be denied him, and with the apparently settled determination of forcing an entrance should his expectations be realized.

The door opened into an ante-room, hung with the same drapery as the outer apartment; in the centre was an oaken table of an antique form, with huge arm-chairs ranged round it. Large mirrors in ebony frames adorned the corners of the room; on one side, in an embrasure in the wall, was a window of stained glass, and on the other was a door of solid wainscoting, which the negro, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked, and ushered the visitor into a moderate sized saloon, in which sat a female form seemingly absorbed in the contemplation of a pile of manuscripts, some of which were spread out on a table before her, whilst others were scattered around in careless disorder. An alabaster lamp shed a subdued light over the apartment, which was hand-



somely furnished with gilded chairs, sofas, ottomans, and consoles, whilst large looking-glasses, richly-painted vases, well-filled flower-stands, and innumerable elegant nicknacks and articles of *vertu* adorned the luxurious retreat, and a gaudy-coloured Turkey carpet covered the floor, rendering the heaviest footstep almost inaudible.

However, amid all the comfort and *petite maitresse*-like elegance of the room, there prevailed an air of studied originality, and an obvious striving after theatrical effect in the distribution of the different articles of furniture, and the whole internal arrangements, which testified to the character of its occupant, while her mysterious calling was at once revealed by the objects that lay upon a table beside her, consisting of two or three packs of cards spread out in various devices, a divining rod, and an old folio in a dirty cover. That the lady combined yet deeper occupations with her ostensible one of fortune-telling and card-drawing, and was also addicted to chymistry and physics, was sufficiently obvious by the contents of an inner recess in the apartment, consisting of an electric machine, alembics, crucibles, and various bottles and odd-shaped vessels, which a half-drawn curtain partially concealed from the observer.

The fortune-teller was of short stature, thin, and delicately formed; her complexion was of that clear and almost transparent olive hue which is one of the chief characteristics of the women of the south of Italy; and her countenance, though possessing no very remarked regularity of features, would generally have been esteemed handsome and distinguished. Her nose was slightly arched, her mouth rather long, but her lips singularly thin and compressed, imparting a character of severity to her whole physiognomy, which was heightened by somewhat prominent cheek-bones, and black eyes of almost dazzling brilliancy; her wide forehead was encircled by a profusion of silky black hair, which was dressed in small ringlets, according to the fashion of the age. She was attired in a loose wrapper of black cloth, with deep cape and hanging sleeves, which was fastened down the front by small buttons of scarlet cloth, and confined at the waist by a silken cord and tassels of the same colour. About that critical age when matronly dignity has just taken the place of youthful loveliness, and ruthless Time, ceasing to develop, has begun to destroy, there was an expression of earnest thought upon her brow, and a solemn dignity about her whole demeanour, which inspired an involuntary feeling of respect, if not of awe, and had checked the bold assurance of many a swaggering gallant, and dispelled the unseemly mirth of many a flaunting fair one, among the numerous visitors to her retreat, for the Signora Orsola's skill as a fortune-teller was held in high repute, and her connexion among all classes was proportionably extensive.



Our hero, however, entered the apartment with the unceremonious freedom of an old acquaintance, and striding up to the Signora, threw himself into a chair at her side, and crossing his leg, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, seemed in no great hurry to announce the purport of his visit. Orsola was far too deeply versed in the wiles and artifices of her calling to allow the slightest sign of surprise or token of astonishment to escape her at the most unforeseen contingency; still, in spite of all her studied imperturbability, she could not altogether suppress the nervous tremor which agitated her under lip, nor hide the crimson flush which overspread her pale physiognomy, at the entrance of her visitor. Angrily dismissing her attendant,—“Is it thus you observe your promise to avoid me, Raoul?” she exclaimed, fixing her sparkling eyes stedfastly upon him. “Am I to be ever subjected to your importunities—ever reminded of that I would strive to forget? It is shameful, it is unmanly of you, thus again to force admittance!”

“Ever mild and affable, I perceive,” answered the man in a tone of sneering irony. “Ever the same soft and loving little Orsola; the dainty ladybird, the gentle turtle-dove of days gone by! But,” continued he, somewhat more gravely, “a truce to all reproaches—a cessation of hostilities, until you have heard my errand; and then, if I mistake not, we shall become again allies.”

“Think not again to deceive me, Raoul,” answered the fortune-teller, “for I am now proof against your false promises and hollow protestations,—and would to God I had always been so!” added she, with mournful fervour.

“Well, well, I am willing to make you reparation if I have wronged you,” answered Raoul. “A splendid prospect has opened to me since I saw you last, and I come to propose to you, to participate in my good fortune, and to share my gains. I give you the preference to aid me in a master-stroke, which will be the making of us both, and only crave your assistance in a matter of mutual advantage.”

Orsola's features gradually relaxed, and the expression of scornful defiance they had assumed since the commencement of the interview now faded into one of crafty mistrust. “If it be money you require to carry out your promising schemes,” said she, coldly, “I have none to give you; impoverished, ruined, as I am, since the institution of that cursed tribunal of iniquity, the *Chambre Ardente*, and the severe researches of its President, *la Regnie*, my commerce is annihilated; I can with difficulty scrape together the few pence for my daily maintenance; and but yesterday I was obliged to barricade my doors against my creditors; and if,” continued she, and her brow darkened, and her cheek flushed, “and if you require my assistance in the old way,”

and she made a slight motion of her head in the direction of the laboratory, "I should scarce dare to give it you, promise me what you would. Suspicion is already aroused, the remembrance of la Brinvilliers and la Voisin is still fresh in people's minds, and we stand upon the very brink of a precipice."

"Calm your fears, good Orsola," answered Raoul, "it is but fifty poor louis d'ors I stand in need of for my project at present; and even if our old resources must finally be put into requisition to secure the completion of it, we have ample leisure to take such precautions as would defy the sagacity of the whole legion of la Regnie's myrmidons, with their accursed leader himself at their head; but it is time I should explain my reason for intruding on your privacy. I am just returned from Bordeaux, where I went for the benefit of my precious health."

"This is trifling, Raoul!" angrily interrupted the fortune-teller. "Think you I know not the reasons which forced you to fly the capital?"

"Be that as it may," rejoined the man, "only hear my story to an end, and taunt me afterwards, if you like. I had not been many days in my retirement, before I became acquainted with a rich merchant, into whose house my old name, and the large fortune my luxurious mode of life led him to suppose me possessed of, easily gained me admittance. I soon found out that his friendship was worth cultivating, for not only was his cook a very genius in his line, and his wine excellent, but he had also an only daughter, heiress to all his wealth, and who was to have, so said report, 500,000 francs down upon her wedding-day. And here was a chance to retrieve one's credit, and repair one's broken fortunes!

"Well! my refined manners, and the moral tone of my conversation, soon completely won the confidence of my Amphytrion, and I was at length emboldened to make a formal offer for the hand of the little wench his daughter; when just as he was about to give his answer to my proposition, he fell seriously ill, and died in less than ten days. Nay, look not so suspiciously at me, Orsola, I had nought to do with it; what motive had I to hasten his decease, at least until his daughter's fortune was secured to me? and *then*," continued he, with a grim smile, "perhaps a little calming potion, or gentle sedative, might not have been altogether unworthy of consideration; but, however, he had the honesty to express, in writing, his resolution of bestowing on me his daughter's hand, and thus remove all doubt as to his intentions.

"Immediately after her father's funeral, Mademoiselle D'Aubray set out for Paris, under the protection of an aged female attendant, to seek an asylum at the house of the guardian appointed by her father; and the professional adviser of the family,



a young advocate, whom I strongly suspect—curses on him!—of having taken advantage of the girl's inexperience to gain her affections, accompanies them as an escort.

"They must be arrived, or nearly so, for I only preceded them by a few hours, quitting my hotel at Bordeaux furtively at night, and, true to my part of 'grand seigneur,' leaving unpaid my horses, equipages, and furniture; for the truth is, not one single dirty louis d'or have I left, and yet, *veutre bleu!* it is essential I should cut the same figure in Paris as I did in Bordeaux, or suspicion will be aroused, and my scheme falls at once to the ground, even should no worse consequences arise."

"And the diamonds, what have you done with them?" said Orsola, bluntly.

Raoul's cheek turned deadly pale. "Diamonds!" cried he, hastily. "What mean you, Orsola? I know not to what you allude!"

"Must I ever repeat that artifice with me is useless? that all efforts to deceive me are unavailing!" rejoined the fortune-teller, with angry vehemence. "Think you I know not the history of a certain poor girl who was seduced, and then abandoned, by a ruined spendthrift and heartless profligate, who sued her but to gain possession of her jewels, and who left her to die, a sorrow-stricken maniac! Have I not already told you the motive of your flight from Paris was no secret to me? Did I not even obtain possession of a letter disclosing all your villainies, which the unhappy girl wrote in one of her few lucid intervals? for no sacrifice was too great to secure so precious a document, and hold in my power the destiny of one who is in possession of all my secrets. You knew not that your accomplice was my creature!" continued she, in a triumphant tone. "You knew not that I had had you tracked and watched about for months, until I knew that I need fear you no longer, and that I could, when I pleased, command your discretion! Again, I ask you, where are the diamonds?"

Raoul had betrayed considerable perturbation of mind during these words of Orsola; seeing that all further concealment was useless, he now answered sulkily, and by a desperate effort mastering his emotion, that he had pawned the diamonds to the Jew, Isaac Durand, in the rue de l'Arbre-sec.

"An acquaintance of mine, also," rejoined the fortune-teller, with a sinister smile. "And the money you raised upon them?" continued she, in her former tone of menacing interrogation.

"Lost at play," answered he, still very sullenly. "It was not my fault if my adversary's dice were superior to my own, which I had hitherto imagined to be infallible: and to fail me in the hour of need, too!" continued he, passionately, "and throw me overboard just as the wind was veering round, and driving my



weather-beaten bark into a safe and prosperous haven! And now that you have heard my tale to an end, will you not aid me, Orsola? Consider the value of the prize within our grasp, for she shall not trouble us long! Once mine, once completely within my power, she shall fade and wither away like a cankered rosebud, poor child! *Our* remedies, if of slow, are at least of sure effect," added he, in a joking tone, "and *we* can calculate exactly the duration of *our* patient's ailments, unlike the generality of practitioners—the clumsy blockheads! You could easily procure me the fifty louis d'ors, I am sure; for when did Orsola's ingenuity ever fail her, when she only chose to exert it? and she might, and ought to exert it now, to save an old friend at a pinch," concluded he, in a gentle tone of persuasion, and striving to grasp his listener's hand.

Orsola eyed him with an air of cold and scornful disdain, and snatching away her hand, arose and paced the apartment for some moments in thoughtful silence.

"The project is a bold one," muttered she, at length, half aloud, "and not ill-devised. Neither dares he deceive me now, false and treacherous as he is. And is he not my slave?—the mere contemptible creature of my will, from whom I can exact submission and obedience? I will consider of your project, Raoul," said she at length to him, "and you may return two hours hence to know my determination; but leave me now, this is the moment when customers pertimes drop in, for they care not to be seen to enter before nightfall, and it seemed to me, even now, that I heard the opening of the outer door." And she waved her hand impatiently to him to depart.

The fortune-teller's ear had not deceived her, for the negro had entered at this moment to announce that a lady had come to consult her, and was waiting admittance in the ante-chamber.

"Quick, then, away!" cried she to her visitor; and, reseating herself at the table, instantly assumed an air of profound meditation.

"*Sans adieu*, then, good Orsola," replied Raoul; and snatching up his beaver, disappeared through a small door behind the hangings, with an alacrity which testified to his familiar acquaintance with the various secret arrangements of the fortune-teller's abode.

## CHAPTER II.

Orsola was by birth a Sicilian, and the only child of the Comte di Maladesta, a poor nobleman of Palermo, who, reared in a style of luxury highly incompatible with his broken fortunes, and early imbued with aristocratic prejudices and exaggerated notions of the value of his ancient descent, had at length sought a refuge in his necessities, and made a bold attempt to redeem the antiquated privileges of his *caste* in associating himself with some of the secret political societies which agitated Italy at that period.

Hurried on, step by step, from a tacit sympathy in the milder ebullitions of discontent of his associates into all the turbulent excesses and stormy fermentation of political fanaticism, he was at length discovered in participation in one of those flagrant acts of sedition which is invariably visited with the severest retribution; and paid the penalty of his temerity upon the scaffold.

Endowed with singular precocity of intellect, Orsola had been early enabled to comprehend the subtle artifices of the world, whilst the mysterious nature of her father's proceedings—which, however closely veiled from general observation, had not altogether escaped her penetrating glance—had early awakened within her a taste for the marvellous, and an inordinate love of aught that was bold, romantic, and enterprising.

Deprived of a mother's care in her earliest infancy, her ardent imagination had never experienced a check, or known the salutary coercion of mental discipline; but, left to soar unguided into the glittering realms of fanciful enthusiasm, had quickly imbibed a colouring of moral scepticism and delusive sensibility.

Far too much occupied to take charge of her in tender infancy, her father had confided her, almost from her birth, to the care of a distant female relative, who, vain and dissipated woman of the world as she was, had encouraged the natural wilfulness of her charge by over-indulgence, and had never treated her but as an amusing toy—an elegant plaything, with which to entertain her visitors, or enliven her own rare moments of solitude.

Although at that interesting and impressionable age, when all the softer emotions of the female heart are the most powerful and irresistible, its susceptibilities the most acute, its sensations the most overwhelming—when intensity atones for durability, and grief, like joy, must have its vent and indulge its ebullitions—Orsola did not manifest any great degree of sorrow at her father's melancholy end, and, in fact, she felt but little; she had ever regarded him as a stranger, and they had met so seldom that his loss was scarcely perceptible. But there was one thing connected with his death that she did feel, and that with an intensity which time could never lessen or obliterate, and an acuteness which



soured her every thought and influenced her every future action, which rankled in her bosom and festered in her heart, dispelling every tender feeling, and stifling every kindly impulse ; and that was the ignominy and disgrace attending it.

Reared in the most profound conviction of the importance of her illustrious lineage, and of the overwhelming influence of a great name, her every idea had been crushed, her every prejudice subverted, and her pride had sustained a blow which humbled it to the dust. From that moment her nature, before but wayward and unyielding, became vindictive, cynical, and malicious, relapsing into a settled and deep-rooted feeling of enmity with all mankind ; and a revengeful spirit of retaliation took complete possession of her mind.

Shortly after the Count's unhappy end, Raoul de Bussy, a young Frenchman of noble family, had suddenly taken up his residence at Palermo, as some said to escape from his creditors, or, as others more confidently asserted, to allow time for certain suspicious rumours respecting gambling transactions, and divers other occurrences of a yet blacker hue in his native land, to fade away.

Far from his dubious reputation being any obstacle to his gaining the favour of Orsola, it constituted an additional source of interest in her eyes, and she experienced an invincible desire to unite her destiny to that of one who appeared to possess so great a reciprocity of ideas with her own.

So young and yet so skilled in all the wiles and artifices of the world as he appeared to be, he inspired her not only with a strong feeling of interest, but also with a heartfelt sentiment of admiration and esteem.

Chance soon threw them together, and he quickly became enamoured of her beauty, vivacity, and intelligence. She, easily captivated by his winning manners and extremely handsome person, soon lent a willing ear to his persuasions, and consented to elope with him to Paris.

She was, perhaps, the more easily induced to comply with his entreaties, from her eager desire to escape from the abode of her father's relation, who, after the first years of her childhood were past, no longer treated her with the same indulgence, and, as she approached womanhood, kept her quite in the background, dreading the influence of her charms in attracting the attention of her own admirers.

For a considerable time Orsola had continued to share the desperate fortunes of her seducer—a willing associate in all his profligate schemes and lawless excesses ; and very shortly after their arrival in the French capital, had contrived to turn the natural shrewdness and sagacity of her character to account, by embracing the character of fortune-teller—an extremely lucrative



one in that superstitious and credulous age, and one for which her foreign origin and imposing exterior particularly qualified her; the beauty and cleverness of the youthful Italian, also, quickly combined to make her abode a favourite resort of the dissolute courtiers of that epoch, and indeed of all classes of the community.

For some time previous to the opening of this tale, however, her commerce had been on the decline, and her popularity on the wane, for reasons which will become sufficiently evident as the incidents progress.

The new visitor to the abode of the Pythoness was a lady somewhat past the prime of life, and with nothing either striking or distinguished in her carriage or deportment.

Although her features must once have been handsome and captivating, they did not possess that peculiar delicacy which denotes the presence of noble blood and gentle lineage. Sorrow and anxiety had deeply furrowed the careworn brow, had blanched the pale and hectic cheek, and impressed the stamp of mental anguish upon the whole physiognomy. She was attired in a mantle of black velvet, which, with its ample folds and closely-drawn hood of the same material, answered as well the purpose of a disguise as of an effectual guarantee against the inclemency of the evening.

It was with a faltering step and considerable trepidation of manner that she approached the table, where the fortune-teller, with a grave and dignified air, handed her an arm-chair, and motioned her to be seated.

"I come to consult you, madam," began the visitor, as composedly as her state of extreme agitation would permit, "upon an affair of the greatest moment; and trust in your skill to elucidate a mystery which I have long striven in vain to penetrate, and remove the doubts and fears which have for years tormented me."

"My renown must long ere this have reached you," replied Orsola, somewhat sharply. "This long delay in applying to me for assistance—to me, who am enabled, by the infallible power of my art, as surely to reveal the past as to predict the future—denotes incredulity, and want of implicit confidence in my ability."

"'Tis true," answered the lady, timidly, "my mind ever rejected the belief in the occult sciences, and it was not until your prediction respecting the child of a dear friend, so confidently pronounced and so accurately fulfilled, became known to me, that I could persuade myself to solicit your assistance; but I own my friend's narration dispelled my unbelief, and aroused a hope which for many long and dreary years had slumbered in my breast."

Orsola had, ever since the entrance of her visitor, been evidently struck by her voice and manner, and it was presumable, by the profound attention with which she listened to every word and scrutinized every gesture, that she was striving to recall some distant recollection; when, however, in the agitation of the moment the lady slightly drew back her coif, and more distinctly exposed to view her grave and careworn features, the momentary gleam of surprise and exultation which passed over the fortune-teller's countenance, at once indicated that all further doubt as to her proselyte's indentivity had vanished.

"Relying upon your discretion and secrecy," continued the lady, laying a well-filled purse upon the table, "I implore you to set my mind at rest upon the circumstances I am about to confide to you. Hear me attentively, madam," and the speaker's voice faltered more and more, and her deeply sunken eyes became suffused with tears. "About sixteen years ago, a child, to which I had a short time before given birth, was, by the orders of its father, I believe, taken from me, and carried away into some distant land. Since that fatal moment, all my endeavours have been in vain to gain a clue to the place of its retreat, or learn the slightest tidings of its fate. I now entreat you to tell me if my child yet lives!"

Orsola had been for some minutes engaged in spreading out the cards before her in various devices. "These cards," said she, after a pause, "reveal to me a certain method of ascertaining your daughter's fate, lady, and ——"

"How know you that the infant was a girl?" interrupted her visitor, with astonishment depicted in her looks.

"You continue to doubt my power, then?" returned Orsola, pettishly; and, poring over the cards, she rejoined: "Yes, your child was a girl, and you were deprived of her by *ruse* and not by violence; but as to her fate, my cards are silent, and do but indicate the means of solving it." And she paused, secretly exulting in the anxiety and uneasiness depicted upon the lady's countenance.

"And have you the courage," she at length continued, "to pursue your inquiries? My oracle is infallible, and perchance may its revelations, in proving fatal to your hopes, cause you to regret your former uncertainty."

"I have already told you," answered the lady, vehemently, "that I am prepared to know the worst; for anything is preferable to living on in the agonizing suspense which I have so long endured. I repeat, then, I am ready to hear the truth, be it what it may, and conjure you to reveal it."

Orsola rose from her seat, and disappeared behind the curtain into the laboratory; she quickly returned, carrying in one hand a metal lamp of an antique form, emitting a blue light, which



threw a dim and fitful shade over her expressive features, and in the other a thin wand of dark coloured wood.

"See you this little wand?" said she, with much solemnity of manner; "it was plucked on St. Mark's eve at midnight, from off the lightning stricken yew-tree, and in it lurks concealed the mysterious revelation of that you wish to know; should it burn to the end, your child yet lives; but should it become extinguished while yet one particle remains unconsumed, your child is dead! Again let me entreat you to ponder ere you bid me continue."

The lady, far too much absorbed and agitated to reply, could only make a hasty motion of the hand to her to proceed, and then relapsed into her former motionless posture.

Slowly approaching one end of the wand to the lamp, the fortune-teller inserted the other into a little porcelain socket in a stand, and then stood beside it, watching the flame as it slowly ascended, and muttering some indistinct gibberish in a low and mournful tone. The lady continued to watch her movements with almost breathless attention, scanning her every look, and scrutinizing her every gesture with the penetrating discernment of maternal solicitude.

But of what avail the most touching demonstrations of reviving hope, the most guileless manifestation of sensibility before the malignant gaze of cynical scepticism and artful malice! The stern and rigid features of the fortune-teller, far from depicting one shade of sympathy in her visitor's ill-concealed sufferings, or disclosing the smallest sentiment of pity at her unfortunate situation, assumed the same expression of triumphant assurance and exultation which they had displayed when first she had caught sight of the lady's features, and it was with a sardonic smile upon her lips that she contemplated the flickering flame which burnt more and more feebly as it approached the middle of the stick, and at length died away altogether before it had nearly reached the end.

"My child! my child!" cried the afflicted mother, bursting into an agony of tears. "Never to be blest with one fleeting sight of her youthful features! Torn for ever from me!—and smouldering in the cold and narrow grave! No! no! it cannot be!" she suddenly exclaimed, clinging in desperation to the only hope remaining to her, and striving to regain her former conviction of the absurdity of the fortune-teller's devices. "All this is but jugglery and delusion, fit only to ensnare the credulous and deceive the simple minded!" and resentment took the place of fear, and she gazed upon her tormenter with anger and indignation depicted in her countenance.

"You would defy me, then, my fair one?" exclaimed Orsola, with an air of insolent contempt, "and presume to doubt the in-



fallibility of my art ; I must needs, then, relate to you a romantic history, which my cards but now revealed to me, of a poor young maiden of Vincennes, who had, some seventeen years ago, the misfortune to inspire a handsome cavalier with an ardent passion, and who, seduced, abandoned, and deprived of the only consolation remaining to her—her newly-born infant—fell into a state of the most abject misery——”

“What mean you, woman?” exclaimed the lady, in a faltering tone, and striving in vain to hide her confusion. “I wish not to hear your idle tales and silly fabrications.”

“And how, remaining deaf to the proffered assistance of her seducer, and falling dangerously ill,” continued Orsola, totally unheeding the interruption, “she soon saw herself and aged mother on the verge of absolute want; and how, rescued from her pitiable situation by the compassion of a rich and illustrious gentleman, she was afterwards persuaded to accept the hand which he, setting aside the prejudices of the world, was induced to offer her—the innocent child! the artless country girl! But should he ever learn her early history—should he ever suspect that, previous to their union——”

At this moment the sound of hasty steps and of a male voice in the ante-chamber caused her to pause and listen. It was in vain that her visitor strove any longer to preserve her composure or persist in her evasions. The menacing tone adopted by the malicious being, who was evidently in full possession of her secret—how, she knew not;—the heart-rending nature of the disclosure she had heard, together with the startling interruption to the interview, completely deprived her of her ill-assumed self-possession: terror and dismay completely banished all caution and further power of dissimulation, and acquired absolute sovereignty over her feeble and sorrow-stricken heart.

“Gracious Heavens!” she exclaimed. “Should it be my husband! Should he have had me tracked! Oh, save me, good Orsola! Forgive my hasty conduct—conceal me from him, I implore you! Should he discover me here, I am lost for ever!”

“So you are come to your senses at last, my beauty, are you?” answered Orsola, with a look of withering scorn. “And now you would appeal to my magnanimity, and calculate upon my befriending suffering innocence,” added she, with a sneer.

“Oh, save me! save me!” cried the lady, sobbing convulsively. “For pity’s sake, conceal me from his wrath! My fears are just: I know they are, and my dire forbodings are realized!”

“Well, well,” said the fortune-teller, lifting up a corner of the hangings at the opposite side of the apartment from that by which Raoul had disappeared, and disclosing a dark and narrow passage, “the virtuous spouse shall not be subjected to idle calumnies

and vile insinuations — she must not be found in unbefitting company ! Be pacified, and follow this corridor until you come to a door with a latch on the inside, and opening upon the staircase : be careful to close it after you, and you are safe ; and now begone !” and she waved her hand imperiously.

The lady, too much alarmed and agitated to reply, could only place her finger upon her lips, and mutter two or three words of grateful thanks : she then darted into the aperture with all the vigour of desperation.

*( To be continued in our next. )*

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## DAYBREAK AT SEA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I STOOD on the deck while the morning was breaking,  
I thought on my home, on each blossom and flower  
Which the sunbeams were then to existence awaking,  
As gaily they glittered o’er lattice and bower.

But soon, with enraptured and eager emotion,  
I watched the wide waters around me expand,  
And I thought, as the light slowly broke on the ocean,  
That daybreak was never so lovely on land.

From the East the faint glow on the billows descended ;  
Indistinctly, at first, it revealed them to sight,  
Till o’er the dim surface it brightly extended,  
And the vast field of waters grew radiant with light.

I wished not that song-birds were hovering o’er me,  
I asked not that flowers should enamel the ground.  
Enough for my eye was the ocean before me ;  
Enough for my ear was its deep rushing sound.

Let the landsman extol, in his songs and his stories,  
The dawn, softly shining on tower and on tree :  
I deem that he cannot feel half of its glories,  
Till he knows the lone grandeur of DAYBREAK AT SEA.

## THE FLOWER IS GONE!

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

MOTHER! bright eyes make sunshine round thee still,  
 And glad young voices music in thy dwelling;  
 Yet owns thine heart a void no love may fill,  
 Save the grief-fraught one in its lone depths swelling:  
 The flower is gone!

For thee life's spell is broken. Faith and truth,  
 So boundless once, now make thy spirit tremble;  
 Each wakening thought is darkened with the dust,  
 Whose frail endurance our best hopes resemble:  
 The flower is gone!

Thy pride is bow'd. Bright eyes, and sunny hair,  
 And blooming cheeks, so late in gladness cherish'd,  
 Now haunt thee but as types of one more fair,  
 Whose opening beauty from thy side hath perish'd:  
 The flower is gone!

The future borrows from the faithless past  
 A cloud of sadness that may not be broken;  
 And hope—fond, clinging flatterer to the last!—  
 Even hope hath words thy tried heart leaves unspoken:  
 The flower is gone!

And thou art conscious of a sleepless power,  
 From its first faith thy chasten'd spirit weaning;  
 A mighty grasp that shakes from hour to hour  
 The baseless rock whereon thy life was leaning:  
 The flower is gone!

So better, if to thee God's will be blest,  
 Whose hallowing purpose all around is speaking,  
 That but to bring thee to its own glad rest—  
 The only treasure worth our mortal seeking:  
 The flower is gone!



## THE CAPTIVE MONARCH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while:  
 I live with bread like you,—feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends. Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me I am a king?"

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard II.*

PERHAPS there is nothing more painful to a generous and susceptible mind than the discovery that it has misplaced its confidence, and that the being in whom it most trusted is the first to deceive and betray.

Such was the disappointment which awaited the unhappy Francis I., of France, after the disastrous battle of Pavia, in the estimate he had formed of the character of his victorious rival, Charles V., of Spain.

Judging from the feelings which would have influenced his own heart under similar circumstances, he thought the Emperor would hasten, on the wings of a noble ardour, to release his royal prisoner, and, by such a timely act of mercy, secure to himself a friend for life. Francis was, therefore, most desirous that Charles should be informed, as speedily as possible, of his deplorable defeat and captivity, fondly imagining that his ready sympathy would follow the sad news, and that he should obtain instant relief and freedom from him.

To effect this important object, he drew up a memorial, in which he detailed, in the most pathetic terms, the anguish he was plunged into; and implored the Emperor to take into consideration that the most godlike quality of a conqueror was clemency; assuring him that, if it had been his misfortune to have been overthrown, not one unnecessary moment's delay should have occurred between his imprisonment and release.

This he was permitted by Lannoy to join to the despatches he was forwarding to Charles, and as land travelling was the most expeditious at that season of the year, Francis gave a passport to the commendator Pennalosa, the bearer of them, to go through France, as the quickest way of reaching Spain.

For a time he was comparatively happy, buoyed up by the pleasing anticipations which the fancied kindness of Charles awakened in his sanguine bosom. But day after day, and week after week, did he languish, neglected and forgotten, in the dreary fortress of Pizzichitonè, guarded by the almost inquisitorial vigilance of the stern and unbending Don Ferdinand Alarcon, its governor, an officer remarkable for his strict and scrupulous sense of honour, without obtaining the remotest clue to the probable period of his captivity, or any amelioration to the misery of his present unendurable condition, not even that of knowing whether Charles had ever actually received his petition or not; until, sick to death with that sickness which hope deferred creates in the melancholy heart, when left to prey upon itself, the poor forlorn Francis fell into a state of despondency which seriously affected his health.

At length, after the most torturing procrastination, urged by the importunities not only of Francis himself, but also by the more imperative ones of Alarcon, who forcibly represented the absolute despair of his prisoner, the Emperor sent the Count de Roeux to Cremona, with the sole conditions on which the King of France could obtain his liberty. These, however, were so humiliating, so dishonourable, that Francis, exasperated beyond reason at them, drew his dagger, and pointing it to his breast, exclaimed vehemently, "'Twere better that a king should die thus." The alarmed Alarcon seized the uplifted arm, and restored the aggrieved monarch to some degree of composure; but, even after weighing the odious conditions in the most deliberate manner, he protested solemnly "that he would rather remain a prisoner for life than purchase liberty by such ignominious concessions."\*

Francis, having completely failed by writing to interest the selfish and ambitious Charles in his behalf, thought, with that hope which so tenaciously clings to man, that if he could but obtain a personal interview with him, he could, with the persuasive eloquence of genuine sorrow, rouse the dormant compassion of the saturnine Spaniard.

In this scheme he was favoured by Lannoy, who did all in his power to facilitate it; not out of regard to Francis, but to furnish the triumph to his countrymen of seeing that monarch in chains.

Without consulting either Bourbon or Pescara, his allies, Lannoy, with the money Francis furnished him, fitted out a galley for Genoa, under pretence of conducting him by sea to Naples; but, soon after setting sail, orders were given to the pilot to direct his course towards Spain; and in a few days they landed at Barcelona, when, to the mortification of Francis, he was lodged, by the Emperor's command, in the Alcazar of Madrid,

\* *Vide* ROBERTSON, vol. v., p. 278.

under the care of his old jailor, Alarcon, who had followed him immediately on discovering the object of his flight.

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CHAPTER II.

"I duly heard the reckless waters roar,  
Those waves that would not bear me to the shore ;  
I duly marked the glorious sun and sky,  
Too bright—too blue—for my captivity ;  
And felt that all which freedom's bosom cheers  
Must break my chain before it dried my tears."

BYRON'S *Corsair*.

Francis, finding it now impossible to hope against hope, abandoned himself to his miserable fate ; he uttered no complaint,—made no farther efforts for liberty, but mournful and silent he wasted away with fearful and startling rapidity. His appetite was totally gone, and his strength would not suffice to drag him across the narrow limits of his prison.

Physicians were summoned to the bedside of the invalid, who, perceiving that the disease was a malady of the mind, which medicine could not reach, they prescribed cheerful society, the tender sympathy of friendship, and the attendance of those dear to Francis, to alleviate his distress and lure him from despair.

The young and valiant Count Lautree de Foix, he who at the age of 18 was knighted by Bayard, "the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*," in the fatal retreat of Rebeo, which cost the hero his life, had also been made a prisoner at the battle of Pavia, while gallantly defending the chivalrous monarch, who then lost all except his honour. Alarcon, knowing his devoted attachment to Francis, and his strict integrity of conduct, obtained permission for him to share the solitude so insupportable to his beloved master.

With the unremitting solicitude of a brother did Lautree, still feeble from the severe wounds he had received in that lamented day, endeavour to mitigate the hopeless misery which was consuming his king ; but it was not in the power of the disinterested and affectionate young nobleman to pour the balm of consolation into the festering soul of Francis, aggrieved as it was by hourly disappointment and contumely.

Lautree, at last, really apprehending some dreadful result from the state he was in, secretly informed the Duchess of Alençon, the favourite sister of Francis, of it ; hoping that his own efforts, seconded by her vivacity, would restore her unhappy brother to something like hope again.

Marguerite, with the alacrity of a true and ardent affection, instantly obeyed the summons of the anxious Lautree, setting out for Madrid the moment she received it.



On being introduced into her brother's apartment, she could not suppress an exclamation of profound sorrow at the fearful ravages sickness and confinement had made in him.

Could she believe that the pale emaciated being before her was the fine, athletic, handsome Francis I.? He whose bravery inspired courage in the most timid, and whose wit inspired gaiety in the most desponding?

Where was now the glowing cheek—the flashing eye—the finely-curved lip, with its good-natured sarcastic smile?—the smile, that healed ere the wound it made was felt. Where the vigorous finger, pointing with saucy triumph to the libellous couplet just scratched on the window of her own boudoir? Oh! that his mind was as disengaged, his fancy as free as then, when he maliciously watched the effect the said lines produced upon her:—

“Souvent femme varie—  
Bien fou qui s’y fie.”

Oh! would that he could now, as formerly, when she, in revenge for the audacious scandal he dared to cast upon her sex, taunted him with the inconstancy of his own, defy her to give him one undoubted instance of woman's fidelity. “Not even your bosom friend, Marguerite,” he cried, with exultation, “the hitherto supposed immaculate Emilie de Lagny, had remained faithful to her nuptial vows. No! she had forsaken her husband in his misfortune, left him to pine in the gloom of a dungeon, under an unmerited charge of treason, and for a page, too!”

How did she prolong the argument, enchanted with the animation of his countenance, his conscious satisfaction at having produced, as he thought, an irrefragable proof of woman's frailty! How did she, in her turn, enjoy his crest-fallen look, when she convinced him that his assertion was a base calumny, and that the traduced wife, instead of having eloped with a menial, was languishing in a prison, in her husband's place, whose escape she had accomplished by changing dresses with him!

And, oh! how did she exult to hear Francis say, with the enthusiasm such an act of heroism is sure to inspire in a kindred mind, “This instant shall she be set at liberty. This instant shall he be restored to the favour of his king. A traitor could not have won such a noble wife.”

“Oh, my brother!” she continued mentally, wiping the blinding tears from her eyes, “my poor heart-broken brother!—who will give you liberty? Is there no reward, O Heaven! for such acts of surpassing goodness as he has performed? Must he, who opened the prison gates to all, languish and die in captivity? Direct me, oh, merciful powers! how to save a being so dear to me—so precious to his kingdom—so essential to every Frenchman!”

## CHAPTER III.

" Seek to be good, but aim not to be great ;  
A woman's noblest station is retreat :  
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight—  
Domestic worth,—that shuns too strong a light."

LORD LYTTLETON.

Marguerite's first object was to renovate her brother's health and spirits, which she endeavoured to do, by assuming a degree of cheerfulness she was very far from feeling, by continually dwelling on his certain and immediate liberation, and the future conquests that awaited him, when he should once again lead his gallant and eager subjects to the field.

Francis, as if aware of her benevolent motive, struggled to evince his gratitude for it ; but the sickly and transient smile, which rather distorted his pale lips, only pained her to behold, and the unnatural hilarity of his voice grated harshly on her shrinking ear : it was too palpably affected to deceive, even for a moment. She thought it better to leave time to work its salutary change than urge him beyond his strength by sudden and over-wrought excitement. She, therefore, abstained from any topic calculated to recall the past, or render the future conjectural ; and, with the delicate tact of woman, only sought to beguile the present of its irksomeness.

In a few days after her arrival, a magical change was observed in all that surrounded the sick monarch : his favourite flowers delighted him with their perfume—the gay airs of France soothed and enlivened his gloomy solitude—his faded appetite was tempted by the dishes he was wont to relish—and, in fact, as much as it was possible, the dreary old room was transformed into a petit Parisian salon.

Marguerite's lute, Marguerite's drawings, Marguerite's embroidery, were arranged around with unstudied elegance, giving an appearance of refined feminine vicinity and home comfort which only woman can diffuse. Then the chess-board was ever ready, and Lautree's passion unabated for the martial and scientific game, who, with his whole soul apparently bent in serious earnestness upon winning, yet continued to suffer Francis to make all his favourite moves, amply rewarded by the passing smile of triumph, for his " pious fraud." Passing, indeed ! for rarely did it last beyond the moment. The game finished, the king once more sunk into sadness and sorrow, until something else was devised to rouse and amuse him.

Alas ! who has not had the experience of a sick room ?—that experience which is bought by tears—tears that sear the heart, and burn into the very soul ! Who has not felt the almost

joyous alacrity with which the task is commenced of "ministering to a mind diseased"—the unwearied, the angelic patience with which it is pursued, for days, weeks, months—nay, even years? proving that "the labour that we delight in physics pain," of a surety. And who has not felt, at last, the hopelessness of the endeavour to eradicate the sorrow which is deeply rooted in that mind?—the lassitude that succeeds the expectation at first indulged in?—the lassitude which makes the task, once a pleasure, now one of toil, accomplished with effort—perhaps indifference?

Such was the case with Marguerite, when, after all her kind and fond anxiety, her brother still remained the same miserable, dejected being she found him.

Her gaiety entirely forsook her. If she sang, it was a mournful strain, more calculated to encourage than to dissipate his melancholy. If she laughed, it was hollow and unjoyous. The light badinage, the sparkling *repartee*, no longer issued from her lips, now parched and pale from the fever of her heart.

Lautree, too—the ardent, the hopeful Lautree—was changed; he yielded to the dire infection which was destroying his king; the infection of blighted ambition: he felt it with personal acuteness, for his own was blighted as well.

Despite of the illusions which affection wove, the startling, the appalling reality constantly forced itself on the conviction of the wretched Francis—he was still a captive, still at Madrid, still watched by the dragon eye of the sullen Alarcon, still denied an interview with Charles; that interview which was to procure him freedom, restore him to his kingdom and his children. That interview he must have, and without delay, or expire: he could live no longer without it. "Write, my sister," he exclaimed, with tears streaming down his pallid face; "write and tell the implacable emperor his prisoner will soon elude his cruel persecutions by death. Oh! Marguerite, a woman's pen, a woman's eloquence will touch that obdurate heart! Exert yourself for a dying brother, that, when you come to gaze upon his grave, you may be able to say, 'I strove to save him, but could not!' Threaten him; alarm his ambition; tell him if he does not comply with my request, and that unconditionally, I will at once resign my crown in favour of my eldest son, and end my days in any prison he may choose to allot me."

Marguerite, seeing the frantic desperation to which despair was urging her brother, resolved to seek a personal interview with Charles, who had just returned to Madrid from Toledo, having dismissed the Cortes.



## CHAPTER IV.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heaven,  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown."

SHAKSPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

Late in the evening, having established Lautree as nurse to her precious invalid, Marguerite, attended by a confidential servant, set off for the palace, on reaching which she demanded instant admission to the presence of the emperor, on an affair of life and death ; accompanying her request with such a sum as could not fail to unlock even the hermetically sealed portals of royalty.

On being admitted into the private cabinet of Charles, and throwing back the hood which concealed her face, he exclaimed, with undisguised astonishment,

"The Duchess of Alençon, and at such an hour ! Surely, lady, your reputation runs some risk, exposing it, as you are doing now, to the uncharitable surmises of those who make unkind conjectures the business of their lives."

"When did a sister's pity ever pause to weigh the consequences of the step it urges her to take ? Let the world talk. I'm too oppressed with wo to heed its idle slanders. A brother's death lies heavy on my soul."

"How, a brother's death ?"

"Francis will die if you refuse to see him. Oh ! Sire, he pines, he languishes for an interview. He thinks he has a word framed on his lips will soften your resentment, melt your heart, and win the god-like clemency it is yours to give ! Say you will see him soon. Oh ! promise that."

"I will at my earliest convenience, madam."

"Grief cannot wait upon your leisure, Sire. Oh ! name the day, the hour : to-morrow, say. The breaking heart, arrested by such hope, will wrestle with despair a little while, and panting wait your coming. Can you reject my supplication—my prayer ? You must comply with it."

"Must, madam ! You forget to whom you dictate."

"No, in sooth ! Nay, smooth that haughty brow ; I know too well to whom I speak. I kneel and sue in vain to the obdurate Emperor of Spain. I, a princess, pleading for a king, am spurned by the cold, calculating Charles. Where is the spirit of that chivalry which fired the bosoms of your ancestors ?"

"Have I not said that I will see your brother ? What must I

promise more to satisfy you? Surely I am sufficiently complaisant; I never condescended so before."

"Condescend! man never can to woman condescend! Yet, pardon, and but name the hour for such a grace. Oh! if you have one spark of anger left, come and behold my wretched brother's tears, and let them quench it. My noble, gallant brother! When I reflect, a few short months ago, how bold, how brave he was, how matchless in his courage, how undaunted, thought sickens at the contrast he affords, now pale and wasted, trembling at a blast of that same trumpet which inspired his breast with certain presages of victory. There is a most unrighteous wrong beneath the sun, which is, when majesty, victorious over majesty, imposes chains, and makes a king a slave."

"How mean you, lady?—slave? Has not your brother all that befits a king, save liberty?"

"*Save* liberty. Why, that is all that constitutes a king. What is a monarch when deprived of that? what, but a miserable effigy of greatness, a mock for envy's saucy finger to wag at, or cold morality to take a text for the sad homily it reads to an aspiring thriftless multitude. I tell you, Sire, a king in fetters held is such an object of complete distress, that not the meanest, lowliest born of men would change conditions with him. Yet, such an object is my brother now."

"Do we not chain the lion that we dread? Were I to set King Francis free again——"

"Free! Oh, blessed word, how beautiful it sounds! Repeat it once again; it comes with smiles, as native to your lips."

"Did I not offer him his freedom once?"

"Yes, Sire, but on what terms? Gracious Heaven! to yield up Provence and rich Dauphine, to form a kingdom for the traitor Bourbon? Think you, his spirit was not galled enough, to find himself a captive to a subject, but he must, on the ruin of himself, establish the arch-traitor's aggrandizement? I glory that he did refuse such terms."

"There was a time when the fair Marguerite thought less degradingly of Bourbon, sure?"

"True, when he was worthy of my commendation, no one was louder in his praise than I."

"Who made a traitor of him, lady?—who? Louise of Savoy, the haughty mother of the King of France."

"And mine. Respect a daughter's feelings, I entreat."

"I do; but in vindication of Bourbon must declare, that it was not so much from love of me, as hatred of her cruel persecutions, gave Spain the noblest warrior of the day, and turned a generous and devoted friend into a deadly foe."

"No more of him: he is not worth a thought. The man who

raises his hand against his country, let the provocation be what it will, is but a traitor—a base detestable traitor ; and so Bourbon will still live to feel himself. But why these precious moments waste on him ? My brother's cause."

"Because, lady, I wish to prove poor Bourbon is not held so lowlily in others' hearts, as your resentment shows he is in yours."

"Not held so lowlily ? He is, he is ! What said brave Bayard, on his dying field, when Bourbon proffered his insulting pity ? 'Pity me not, base Bourbon ; pity yourself, for bearing arms against your country, your king, and knightly oaths.' What was the answer to your own request from the intrepid Marquis de Villena ? Why, this—'I cannot refuse my sovereign the use of my palace for Bourbon, while the court is at Toledo ; but he must not be surprised if I raze it to the ground the instant he leaves it ; for the house which has been polluted by the presence of a traitor, is unfit for the habitation of a man of honour.'"

"What enemy of Bourbon spread that lie ?"

"It is no falsehood, Sire ; all Spain abhors his turpitude. But a truce to him. Will you not see my brother, free him, save his life, and win my prayers for ever ?"

"Lady, you bribe high ; but still my interest bids me pause awhile."

"What interest can compete with mercy, Sire ? I see your resolution giving way : my brother will soon join his prayers to mine, and thank you for his liberty."

"Lady, your strong impetuous love forestalls my thought. I would observe, were I to set King Francis free again, I should release a foe against myself, who, quite forgetful of the generous act, would point the sword I placed in his firm hand towards my very breast."

"Can a king think thus ignobly of a king ? My brother never could be so base. Try him, Sire ; prove his gratitude ; I'll answer for it, with my proper life."

"I'll see your brother ; after that, decide."

"When, Sire ?"

"To-morrow noon."

"To-morrow noon ! God guard you till that time. I'll go and pray the tedious hours away. Let it be at your very earliest, Sire ; stint not your mercy now you're in the mood ; it will refresh your heart as Heaven's dews refresh sun-parched flowers. Oh ! wondrous, that kings should be so chary of it. Farewell, and pardon my abruptness, Sire : I shall be gentler than an angel when you stand by the bedside of my poor brother, dispensing life and hope."

"Lady, farewell. Oh, what a potent advocate has man, when woman, backed by sisterly affection doth undertake his cause."



Alas ! in such a hap, where is the sister who would plead for me ? ”

“ Heaven save you from such sorry need. But should you fall, for fortune still is fickle, seraphs will, in lieu of a poor sister, plead for you, for the great joy you have bestowed on me.”

CHAPTER V.

“ O let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour.”

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus*.

Marguerite hastened back to the prison of her brother, and stealing softly into his room, was rejoiced to find, that long as her absence had been, he had never missed her, having fallen into a tranquil slumber, which still continued, watched by Lautree.

Marguerite, arguing the most favourable results from the calm and renovating rest Francis was enjoying, as preparing him, in a manner, for the severe trial awaiting him on the morrow, seated herself by Lautree, and, with that unceremonious familiarity sorrow engenders in kindred hearts, informed him in a whisper of her recent interview with Charles, and the promise she had extorted from him of visiting her brother the next day.

Lautree, although struck with admiration at the devotion of the heroic woman, by no means participated in the sanguine expectations the fond sister indulged in, respecting the result of that visit. He knew most thoroughly the selfish and austere character of the Spanish monarch, and how little dependence was to be placed on any act militating against his own advantage ; the jealousy he naturally entertained for his brave rival, and the importance it was to him to retain possession of such a prisoner. However, he prudently refrained from imparting his secret convictions to the Duchess, and at last, by listening to her ardent anticipations, actually caught a degree of the enthusiasm which warmed her own affectionate bosom—so infectious is generosity to a noble mind.

In the morning, they intimated to Francis, in the most guarded way, the probable visit of Charles ; imploring him to remember that he was still King of France, and to keep up his dignity by that composure and forbearance which befitted his rank.

Francis promised not to betray any outward emotion ; but when he saw him enter the room, followed by a numerous and splendid retinue, forgetful of all, save the protracted sufferings he had endured through the man who now stood before him, he exclaimed, in a tone of the bitterest reproach, almost springing from the bed at the same time, "Have you come to ascertain if death has deprived you of your prisoner?"

"You are not my prisoner, but my brother and my friend. Let this tender embrace assure you of my sincerity. I come to give you your liberty, and whatever else it is in my power to bestow."

"Liberty! what, unconditional liberty, Charles?"

"Almost. I only require your consent to this treaty, drawn up in the strictest amity, for the sake of the peace of both our kingdoms; and to surrender your sons as hostages for its not being violated."

"My sons! consign my sons to the same prison which has nearly cost me life? Never! better perish at once than expose them to its baneful pestiferousness. Fool that I was to think one magnanimous thought could actuate your base designing heart."

"Anger is always illiberal and unjust. I bear your railings as I ought to bear the unreasonable upbraidings of a sick and sorrowful man, letting pity subdue resentment. What renders this a prison unto you? What, but the soaring ambition which longs to spread its eagle wings over bright France again? It will not seem a prison to your sons, they are too young to feel the chains that gall you so. To them it will but be another palace, which, for its novelty, will have its charms. Here, with kind friends ——"

"Friends! *My* children friends in Spain! Name one."

"Lautree."

"Lautree! will he not be released?"

"Your sister asked not for his liberty."

"I thought it followed as a thing of course."

"Lady, I could not guess your hidden thought. Besides, it suits my purpose not to part with him."

"Oh! miserable favour, then, at last. Francis, thy liberty is pinioned still, shackled and fettered, if deprived of him. Oh, Lautree, would I had thought of thee."

"Honour me not with such a deep regret, or I shall feel imprisonment, indeed. 'Tis better, lady, I should stay awhile, I will protect the princes of my king."

A sinister smile passed over the dark countenance of Charles at this vaunt of the young noble; but it died away without being perceived by the agitated group. Had it been seen, it would have decided the vacillating Francis: he would have remained at Madrid.

Charles, beginning to show some impatience at the evident irresolution of his poor victim, observed, rising to go,—“I’ll leave you to deliberate with your friends. If they are really such, I make no doubt, they will advise you to embrace my offer ; more liberal than I ever thought to make.”

“Decide at once, dear, dear Francis,” exclaimed Marguerite, drawing him to her bosom. “What is the freedom of your infant boys compared to your own liberty? You owe it to your country—that loved France—for ever in your dreams and waking thoughts, to make the sacrifice required of you. Where is the demon would harm those pitiful babes? Trust me, they’ll be as safe here in Madrid as in your court—your arms. Will they not, Sire?”

“If I have power, they will. Your confidence in our integrity shall meet its due reward.”

“Will nothing satisfy you but my sons? Is there no other hostage I can give? Oh! you’re not a father yet; you know not, Charles, the delight, the ecstasy of flying from the cares, the turmoils of state, to sweetly recreate and repose the jaded, the disgusted mind, in their society! Looking into their bright glad eyes, listening to their merry laugh, pressing the parched lips to their cool fresh cheeks, and feeling that beauty and innocence still dwell uncontaminated on this earth. Then, in the silent communion of the soul, the mystic language of almost inspiration—which, foretelling the fate of princes when arrived at maturity—wishing, for their own happiness, they could always remain children; artless, uncorrupted, unambitious. Oh! my sons! to part with you will wring your father’s heart, indeed. Oh! mighty, oh! tyrannic sacrifice, must you be completed?”

“Only for a time,” whispered the affectionate Marguerite, overpowered by the strong agony of her adored brother: “only for a time,” she repeated louder; “this nominal treaty will soon be null and void, and your sweet children will come back to France, to rivet the bond now forming betwixt you both.”

“Dear, gentle prophetess! Yes, it will be so. Give me the treaty, let me sign it at once: my children are but coming into Spain, as princes visit one another’s realms. Charles, welcome my dear ones!”

“Rely on that; all courtesy is theirs.”

Charles then took an affectionate leave of Francis and his sister, promising to expedite their departure as much as possible.

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## CHAPTER VI.

" Freedom is  
The brilliant gift of Heaven ; 'tis reason's self,  
The kin of Deity."

BROOKE'S *Gustavus Vasa*.

" Liberty, like day,  
Breaks on the soul, and, by a flash from Heav'n,  
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy."

COWPER'S *Task*.

In a few days Francis, now no longer pale, dejected, and miserable, but buoyant with hope, and kindling for revenge for the many humiliations he had of late endured, shook off all remains of sickness, and was ready to fly to that France, which would resent every insult, on the wings of his newly-recovered liberty. He was almost ashamed of the sorrow to which he had given way, and despised himself for the pusillanimous despair which had for a moment rendered him an object of Charles's hateful and despised commiseration. How he longed to wipe away the stain of cowardice which illness and persecution had, in a manner, stamped upon his name! Keep the vile treaty imposed upon him in the hour of mortal suffering? Pay the usurious ransom which was to impoverish his subjects and ruin his kingdom? Never! never! while there was a sword in France and an arm to wield it.

" My children shall not languish long in exile ; my precious children! No, no, no! On the speed of implacable hatred will I hasten to your rescue. Princes of France! fear not; your father, Francis I., will fight for you—will free you from the traitor gripe of power, or perish in the attempt!"

Francis felt no gratitude for the liberty so reluctantly accorded him; and, indeed, none was due: he thought only how to evade every appearance of favour or obligation; and in these sentiments he was encouraged both by Marguerite and Lautree, who equally abhorred and detested the wily and scheming Emperor.

Lautree, without uttering one selfish complaint at his own lengthened incarceration, hailed the departure of his beloved sovereign with the most unfeigned rapture and delight, considering it as the advent of his own speedy deliverance.

From the Duchess of Alençon he parted with feelings of the tenderest emotions—not as a lover's, but holier, more reverential—their mutual trials having bound them by the cords of celestial friendship to each other for ever!

The suspicious and narrow-minded Charles had given positive orders to the Spanish officers not to permit Francis to land in France until the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, his sons,

were safe in their power. Hence, it was arranged, that the King of France should leave Fuentarabia, the Spanish frontier town, in a boat, the moment the young hostages did the same from the opposite French village of Hendaye. These places are situated upon the *embouchure* of the Bidassoa. Thus Francis and his sons met half way across the river, and bade each other farewell in an agony of grief. It was in vain the tender father assured them that in a short time they should meet again; the children clung to him with tenacious fondness and fear; the name of Charles was enough to terrify their young hearts; for the last year they had only heard it mentioned with curses and execrations from every lip, as the cruel tyrant who held their father in chains—the chains they were now about to wear.

What a picture, an able writer observes, would that affecting scene make! It was evening when it took place, the sun was sinking behind the hills of Spain, and gilding with tints of flame the portions of the ancient ramparts and houses of Fuentarabia, still visible to the straining eye, soon to be wrapped in the silent shadow of the lofty sea-ridge of Aizguibel, whereon the white hermitage of Nuestra Senora de Guadaloupe nestled in solitary brightness in the midst of a wild and sterile expanse.

Yes, surrounded by this hush of nature, this blessed calm, this rest of earth, the stormiest farewell ever breathed was uttered then by that tortured monarch to his distracted infants. Snatching them, at last, convulsively to his bosom, imprinting a passionate kiss on each upturned tearful face, he untwined their clasping arms, and gave them, without another look or word, to those who were to conduct them to Madrid; then, with one strong effort, as if all feeling was concentrated in the act, he closed his eyes, as if to wring out the tears which were blinding them; then springing on shore, with a proud elastic step, he mounted a Turkish horse, waved his hand over his head, and, with a joyful voice, exclaimed, "I am yet a king," galloped full speed to St. John de Luz, and from thence to Bayonne, just one year and twenty-two days after the fatal battle of Pavia.

## COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

BY E. LYNN.

COURTSHIP. 1840.

*"The Day before the Fair."**Old Song.*

AND to-morrow is my wedding-day! How queer, yet how happy, I feel. To-morrow I shall call my dear Laura indeed my very own,—my bride—my life. Oh! how great a boon does a gentle, tender maid bestow, when she thus delivers up her happiness into the keeping of man. How sweet her confidence, half child-like ignorant of evil,—half angelic knowing nought of sorrow. And then her clinging tenderness; her submissive—not obedient, that is a harsh, tyrannical word, which no husband ought to use, and no wife ought to learn,—but her feminine yieldingness; her woman's trusting fondness, naming her stronger lord dearest, wisest, best; her forbearing indulgence, unselfish devotion, playful good-humour, and highest, crowning grace of all, her constant love and unwavering affection, making of home an Eden paradise! Woman, a thing scarce inferior to the seraphs of the sky art thou in the character of wife!

I cannot imagine a wretch more base and heartless than that man who could abuse this precious gift of a woman's love and trust; who could bring tears into the eyes destined only for joy, and wrinkle with lines of grief the sweet lips which only laughter and kisses should move. Besides, the cowardice of cruelty to a weaker being! No torture could be too exquisite for the brute who could strike his wife. Fancy my lifting my hand against Laura. Ha, ha, ha! The world would be in its true year of confusion if that were to happen. I cannot help laughing; the idea is so unutterably funny. I think I see those blue eyes looking at me with all their deep, innocent love, and those sweet, soft hands twined round my neck, as they twined themselves to-day on my departure, and I savagely, brutally, fiendishly striking her for answer. It is really very comical. No, my Laura, thou needst not fear thy Edward's conduct towards thee. The mother-bird tending her young, the caresses of nature, as she wraps the blossoms in her robe of mist and dew, the snow-



wreath's protecting love, the leaf round the rose-bud, the child with its doll,—no, not this, for the doll is more often broken and cast aside than cherished for long years,—no, not the child with its doll, but all the other similes may serve as types of my love for thee, my Laura.

And I am to be married to-morrow! To-morrow I bid adieu to all my gay bachelor companions, my club, wine-parties, opera-stalls, flirtations, with the long list of *et-ceteras* which make up the life of that luckless dog—an unmarried man. Now I shall think of nothing but furnitures, and women's pretty finery, and respectable dinner-parties, where the ugliest damsel will be as acceptable a companion as the finest beauty of the season; and,—yes,—of choosing those mysterious bits of lace, and muslins, and ribbon, which all married women have so much love for. This will constitute my social life; while my domestic will be a casket of all the delights of paradise. How exquisite will be the pleasure of watching over my young fairy-like bride! To anticipate her wants, to study her looks, until each glance of her violet eyes becomes an intelligible and eloquent speech; to stand before her, and shield her from all the ills of life; to strew her path with bright flowers, figuratively speaking; to build for her a crystal palace of pure joys; to find out new gems in the mines of love, flashing, brilliant gems, which I will hang round her neck, a carcanet of caresses, to make of her my idol and my star. Will not this be a bliss almost beyond the power of the full heart to bear? And this will be my married life.

How beautiful she looked this evening. That loose white muslin robe set off her natural loveliness far better than the most fashionable attire would have done. The graceful folds fell round her more graceful form, with that bewitching negligence which half reveals the beauty they mean to hide. And that broad blue band circling her pliant waist and swan-like throat, with the one white rose so coquettishly placed among the rings of her flaxen hair. Gods! she would have put Aphrodite herself to shame, and transformed the three, the immortal, Charites, into the frumpish old maids of the celestial tea-drinkings. She never looked so sweet. I still see that pure blush which mantled over her fair cheek when I whispered my parting words, reminding her that this was the last time I should have to bid her adieu; I still see her blue eyes droop to earth—hide themselves beneath their “veiny lids,” in all the maiden's captivating shame. The touch of her long white hands with their taper fingers, soft and caressing, is still upon my cheek, and the curl which she pulled in playful wrath yet hangs where she laid it. Dear Laura, my beloved, my angel! shall I indeed call you mine? Oh! what ecstasy, what bliss!

I always keep a journal. It is a very good plan. It reminds one of one's former self, when one's past feelings were, perhaps,

different to one's present, and one was one's own Proteus. One changes; one marries, and one becomes no longer one's own, but another's. And yet this marriage ought but to make one, so to speak, a larger one—a Siamese unity in duality—a double selfhood. I expect, now, that instead of the disreputable adventures of a careless young man, I shall have to chronicle in this said journal nothing but touching incidents of mutual affection and mutual consideration; enviable anecdotes of sweet love-tutorship, with now and then an interesting account of a new specimen of the genus *Bimana*. It is true we shall have but little on which to feed, clothe, and educate these young cosmopolites; yet love conquers all, and kisses and water-cresses form a more delicious meal than gold-served fricandeaux with cold looks. We shall be poor, dear Laura and her fond Edward; but we shall be happy.

A note from Laura? The little loving creature! She could not retire without sending me her last adieus. She has written on blue paper—emblem of constancy—and her seal is a Cupid with a “forget-me-not” in his chubby fist. Forget thee, sweet love?—never! Sooner shall I forget myself—my own existence—earth—sky—and Regent-street, ere I cease to turn to thee with all love's fondest memories! What does her darling little note say?

“Dearest, best-beloved Neddy”—Sweet, playful charmer—“I cannot compose myself to rest, until I send you, dearest, once more my tenderest good night!”—Now, who could help worshipping this girl?—“Though you have been gone only ten minutes, already has cruel time tortured me for hours. Fleet as are his steps, when my Neddy's beloved voice charms my ear, so that it shall not listen to the echo of his flying feet”—How very well she writes! so poetical!—“yet when he, my loved one, hath fled, then cruel, barbarous time lingers on his leaden-heeled course, and nearly maddens me with his slow torments. To-morrow, blissful word! To-morrow calls me thine!”—She is so natural! She is none of your cold artificial prudes, who pretend to blush at nature, and would wish men to believe that they had subdued every warmth of feeling within them. No! Laura is no hypocrite—“Oh! if you did but know how I long for that happy moment when I shall feel safe. When standing by my Neddy's side, his own little wife, I shall feel that no power on earth can then divide us! My heart's best treasure, farewell. Good night, dearest, darling Ned. I pant for the time when I may, with truth, say, that I am your own devoted LAURA.”

Dear girl, how fond and how beautiful she is. Yes, to-morrow shines upon the happiest man in London, when it shines upon me, the husband of my Laura.

And this is the end of our long courtship.

## MATRIMONY. 1846.

"The Day after the fair."

*Old Saw.*

Can it really be only six years since I was married? Heigho! Time has lagged wearily. Why, it seems to me at least a century. And when I look round, and see myself the father of five small, squalling children, I can scarcely believe that such an awful accumulation of misery could have gathered over me in six short years. How changed, too, is the mother of these poverty-bringing intruders. What a slattern she has grown! How cross, and plain, and inconsiderate! She is nothing like the meek and gentle Laura that I married. The children are always crying; she is always scolding; the servants never stay longer than a month; the house is in a perpetual uproar; and I, from being the best-tempered man in the club, have become sad, and soured, and weary of life itself.

Oh! would that I were still one of the merry bachelors of London. Dear, dear! How very differently society treats a promising young man with good expectations, and a poor benedict, disowned by his rich old uncle. Formerly I was courted and caressed, and mammas petted me, and daughters sighed for me, and handsome cousins looked duels and daggers as they saw me bear away the belle or the heiress for whom they had sued in vain. But now the girls flout, and the mothers cut me, while I am forced to endure the half-pitying, half-insolent notice of the male relations and friends who have usurped my place. Laura, too, looks such a dowdy in society, I am positively ashamed to call her my wife. She acts the coquette even yet, and arranges her tallow-candle ringlets as if she thought each hair wove a net for love and admiration, instead of seeing that they only make spy-glasses, so to speak, for impertinent sneering and deserved ridicule. The mother of five children ought to look, and dress, and behave, more matron-like than my flirting wife. She decks herself in youthful colours, and has all her dresses made in girlish fashion: she disdains a neat, modest cap, and bedizens her pale hair with dirty, crushed flowers, part of her long-past wedding gear; while, instead of behaving with that grave and staid decorum proper to a married woman, she coquettes with every coxcomb she comes near, and lisps her affectations with every mustachioed dandy in the room. She quite disgusts me. I only regret that the laws are so cruelly strict, and that I cannot restore her the full possession of that liberty which she so much regrets, while I hastened to lay myself and my hopes at the feet of pretty modest Jane Smith. *She* will be a treasure, indeed, to



the man who is so fortunate as to win her love. Her soft black eyes, and neat, glossy, raven-coloured tresses; how far superior to the blonde's pallid blue, and sickly hair, which she calls flaxen!

It is long since I have kept a journal. I remember the last words that I wrote in the shape of a diary were penned the day, or rather night, before my luckless wedding. Times and feelings have changed since then. I really was very fond of Laura; but then I was so young, only just twenty-three, and I had not seen her temper in all its captivating perversity. No, she had had sense and tact enough to hide her bad qualities from the lover, —from the man that she and her old intriguing mother wished and determined to *catch*. Would that she had delicacy enough to strive to hide them from the husband! But this is of no consequence; this unceasing annoyance of *him*. She has him safe; she has attained her object, and become a married woman, and is no longer in danger of the dreaded old maidenism: she has a purse, which she does not fill, nor care for the means by which it is filled; and this she opens when she pleases: she may spend money earned with toil, and care, and thought, and anxiety, on the veriest trifles of her woman's vanity: she may study every little art of tormenting; and she still feels secure. The unhappy wretch to whom she has thus fastened herself must bear with all: he must still toil and toil to get gold for her extravagance: he must still endure the annoyance from which he cannot escape. Oh, would that wives practised but half of those alluring arts which they are so prodigal of as maids! Would that they would but remember one of those forgiving, gentle, indulgent ways, which, before the fatal ceremony, clothed them in a robe of angelic grace! It is not good—this fearful change from every sweet endeavour to please, to every coarse, cold contempt, and every independent insolence. It ought to render matrimony invalid when the discovery is made that a falsehood has been wedded. And what falsehood is so black, what deception so unpardonable, as that of which maidens make such murderous use, when they paint their vices with the colours of heavenly virtue, and ensnare men with cheating charms less true than the enchantments of Armida? Let wives be what they were as virgins, and there would not be so many unhappy marriages in the world, nor so many bad husbands. Women make men what they are.

I had written thus far, and really I had almost philosophized myself into forgetfulness of my own peculiarly miserable condition, when my wife, who never lets me alone if she knows that I am employed, and therefore contented, came into my study with a handful of bills in her hand. I received her mildly, though she presumed to enter without knocking, and also dared

show me such a flagrant instance of disobedience by coming into my presence dressed in her untidy morning wrapper. Why *will* she wear it? She knows very well that I detest the fashion generally; and that individual wrapper particularly. She reminds me that I liked it before she was married, and the conversation usually ends in her flying into a rage, taking to sulking and tears. But to-day I was very mild; and I meant my manners to express only a severe dignity, and grave, majestic reproach. She ought to have felt the deepest gratitude for my forbearance, instead of which she exclaimed, "What are you looking cross for, Ned?"

Now, if there is one thing more than another which makes the blood of a gentleman boil with indignation, it is the familiarity of nick-names. I have told my wife a hundred times that I will not be called Neddy, or Ned, and still she wilfully persists. Of course, I was far too much disgusted to reply, so I turned my back, and commenced writing to my old friend, "Merry Martin," as he used to be called in "our set." This was very proper behaviour. I avoided any unpleasant altercation, and kept up my dignity at the same time.

"What rudeness!" she cried, petulantly flinging down the bills on my desk. "How can you be so surly, Ned?"

"Madam," I said gravely, "I command you to leave my room."

"I am not a child, sir," she answered in a loud voice; "and I won't be commanded by you or any person."

"Then you will lay me under the disagreeable necessity of turning you out," said I, with the greatest coolness imaginable; the provoking creature wanted to put me in a passion, and I was determined, for spite, to keep my temper.

"If you dare to lay a finger on me, I will leave you and the children, and never enter your house again!" said my wife, turning very red.

"I am glad to hear it," returned I, still quite cool.

"You brute!" she exclaimed, sobbing with rage. "Oh, what a fool I was ever to marry you. I only wish that I had taken cousin Tom instead: he would never have treated me so."

"I wish you had, madam, married any one rather than me! I wish you had. You might have married the devil himself, and he would have been the only suitable match for your infernal temper. I wish you *had* taken in cousin Tom, rather than have doomed me to this life of purgatory. I look upon you, madam, as the incorporate scourge for all my sins. With you, as my wife, Heaven would have no joy; and to be rid of you, I should find pleasures even in —"

"This is too much!" interrupted Laura, suddenly drying her tears. "Do you think me a fool or a stone, sir, that you dare talk to me in this way?"

"Yes, my dear, I know you to be a fool, and I wish you were a stone," I answered.

"My dear!" she sneered. "Very dear, indeed!"

"Very dear," I returned, "for you have cost me all my happiness; and that is too large a price to pay." I knew this would touch her.

"And one's home, liberty, friends, and prospects are too much to sacrifice for a brute of a husband, who is mad with vanity and selfishness; whose heart, sensitive for himself, is hard as rock for any other. And this you are, sir! You spend pounds upon pounds on your own selfish indulgences, while you grudge your wife and children the very necessities of their station! You aim at grandeur, without possessing one requisite even for a gentleman. You are a tyrant at home, amongst women and children; but oh! the merriest boon companion among your sottish friends. You would starve your household to appear magnificent with strangers. I hate you. All my love has gone, and I now see your character in its true light. You are a mean, cruel, despicable man, and I wish that I had died at the altar."

As soon as she had finished she began to cry, as all women do. But my blood was fairly up, and I am a very passionate man when I do once begin. I could not stand all this; so, without further ceremony, I caught hold of her arm, and inflicted two unmistakable boxes on her own two ears.

This was the first time that I had struck my wife. She deserved it, though. I'm sure any other man would have done the same, and more. She *did* deserve it. And yet I am sorry that I did it; for, instead of becoming, as I expected, furiously enraged, she stopped crying, and looking very hard at me, merely said, "Edward, do you strike a helpless woman?"

I felt very funny; I almost wished that I had not done it. And yet a little wholesome correction would do her good. But she looked so like the Laura I so madly loved, that I felt my heart "turn," as they call it. She left the room, and I saw no more of her. At dinner she was sulky, and sent down my eldest girl to say that she could not come. She had a headache, little Nanny said; "and mamma is crying very hard," she added. Now this is all temper, every bit of it. It is absurd to think that I hurt her. I only just touched her. Good heavens! are women such tender, fragile things that a man's hand crushes them? Stuff and nonsense. Why did she provoke me, then? Does she think that I am an angel, and so presumes upon a more than mortal patience? It served her right, and I won't go to her and kiss and make up. It is a woman's place to be obedient; and even if her lord and master has stretched his prerogative too far, she ought to be the first to offer the hand of reconciliation. She is only sulking now, and I am determined to break her of this



vile temper; so I won't go to her, and I don't know that I will speak to her when she does come to her senses. I will teach her what is the authority of a husband.

I went to the play that night. What a sweetly pretty girl I sat by! she was all smiles and good humour; and when I offered her my opera-glass, she accepted it, and thanked me with such a captivating glance and smile, I was quite fascinated, and looked more at her than I did at the stage. Even Farren was forgotten, and Julia Bennet unthought of. I should like to know where she lives. She looked back so archly as she tripped along; and she pretended to adjust that wicked little crimson cap, when she was only looking with all the witchery that she knew so well to use. My home seemed cold, and blank, and desolate when I returned. No fire, one solitary candle, furniture shabby, wife sulky, children in all directions, lying about like so many white mice; I, the hapless father, and husband, and householder, devoutly wishing them all—we won't say where, for politeness' sake,—and myself once more the gay, the careless, free bachelor.

And thus passes my married life. Alas! for all the gay hopes which my vagrant fancy painted, and my credulous enthusiasm enshrined as realities. Oh! how sadly different is hope from fulfilment—fiction from fact! And nowhere is this so bitterly shown as in the courtship and matrimony of two young people. Bright flowers enframe the one, thorns the other; one is decked in smiles, happy laughter, becoming garments, love-looks, caresses, good-humour, and beauty; the other appears livid, old, wrinkled, and soured with disappointment and vexation. The carelessness of the attire bespeaks the indifference to please; the cold looks and angry gestures wail the dirge of love. Beneath the black grave of mutual heart-burnings, affection lies buried. Poverty, too, comes in to lend her moan to the heart's sad cry, and, when too late, they wake, the husband and the wife, to the desolation of their reality!

And Laura may remain sulky, if she likes it. This morning she would hardly vouchsafe me an answer at breakfast. She declared her intention of returning home to her father. She may go. I asked her what she would do with the children?

"Leave them," she answered, and looked as if she intended to cry.

"The baby?" I asked; "do you expect *me* to nurse him, madam?"

"Let him die," she sobbed: and as soon as she let loose those torrents of tears which women have at command, of course all the children joined in the concert, and there was a tremendous noise, and fuss, and wailing, and lamentation. In the

midst of it I walked out of the room, saying, "When it is all over you may call me again."

This quarrel was made up, as all the other quarrels had been before. A good deal of sobbing, a little bit of passion, a few kisses, and then some more tears, and matters returned to their usual course. But these quarrels always leave a certain bitterness of feeling, and to her dying day Laura will never forgive those two chastising "boxes" which she received from my hands.

Oh! wooing and wedding are truly the two opposite points of the compass of love. It is very sad how often the most tender courtship ends in the most hating marriage; the most fond lover becomes transformed into the wildest and most disagreeable spouse. It is an odd fact in domestic philosophy, but not the less a true one. And it is of no use giving advice. Young people are foolish and headstrong, and won't take any teaching but that of experience; and yet, if they would hear me, I could whisper just one little word or two. Here they are:—

Young men and maidens, don't be caught by the outside, but look below the surface; and choose your article for wear, and not for show. The plainest colours are the fastest; and a good, durable thing, says the housewife, looks well to the last. Doves kissing over a ring may, in time, be changed into a chain and wasp, and the orange-flower often turns to a stinging-nettle—the true bud of matrimony.

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## SONNET.

BY C. E. N.

HARK! the reapers blithely singing,  
 While their grateful task they ply.  
 Homeward, lo! the team is bringing  
 Corn-sheafs, 'neath a cloudless sky.  
 Children, group'd around, are twining  
 Chaplets for their sunny hair;  
 Guileless mirth in their bright eyes shining—  
 Joy, contentment, everywhere.  
 May their morning, so fair seeming,  
 Never set in storms and gloom;  
 But their last sun, calmly gleaming,  
 Light their pathway to the tomb—  
 Hereafter rise, for ever beaming,  
 T' illumine their final Harvest Home.

## DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

## No. IX.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

The Duke of York's Statue, Carlton-house Terrace, to Sir Ralph Abercromby's Statue in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE bronze statue of the Duke of York, with its spike on its head, its military cloak over its shoulder, its right hand resting on the hilt of its sword, held like a walking-stick, and its left foot somewhat advanced, had for ten years stood on its granite column, that looks fat in the middle, silently and solemnly bending its attention towards the Horse-guards. Surely any passer-by, who could contort his neck sufficiently to look all up there, would have said that sundry deep ponderings were occupying the Duke's statue's metal. So fixedly did he keep his regards in the same direction, that fifty marble statues, though stone blind, could not help having their curiosity excited by it. Even those that were shut out from a direct view of him by the intervening buildings, were, nevertheless, fully aware of his Royal Highness's bronze study—brown study, rather; for statues possess an invisible co-reciprocity of intelligence, one with another, something like the sympathetic animal magnetism of clairvoyants in the mesmeric state. It isn't everybody that knows this, but it is important that they should. Two or three of the monuments in the Abbey were bursting to inquire the cause; but their great inferiority in rank, as compared with a prince of the blood, acted as a check. This only shows that the thinking principle is the same after death as before. They knew the etiquette of statues, as much as if they had studied it from the book of some "Lady of Rank." At the same time, they might have taken courage, by recollecting that statues are not men: and also that death makes us all co-equals; not reducing some to gold-dust, and others only to iron-filings. The etiquette of statues, therefore, is not very rigid—like the loyalty of Leigh Hunt. There was Westmacott's magnificent group of Lieutenant General Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral, that recollected how the real Sir Ralph had served under the living Duke of York in the Netherlands, and had enjoyed his most unreserved friendship; and this white marble (except the dust), less diffident, suddenly exclaimed—

"A penny for your thoughts!"

"Where's your money?" returned the Duke.



This ought to have been a settler, for Sir Ralph had not so much at his disposal as a single "rap;" which sum, in monetary transactions, is usually understood to mean something infinitesimally small. Besides, the marbles of departed heroes deal not in coin, notwithstanding that, according to Lucian, the shades of departed heroes certainly did. But some were miserable shirks. Menippus was a sad dog at forking out the ready.

"*Redde naulum, sceleste!*" cried Charon to this sinner, who wanted to get over the ferry for nothing.

"*Vociferare, siquidem hoc tibi jucundum est, Charon,*" rejoined Menippus.

"*Redde, inquam,*" persisted the ferryman; "*id, cujus graciâ te trajeci.*"

"*Haudquaquam accipere possis ab eo qui non habet,*" was the reply; which ought to have been a good reason for not paying, had it only been believed.

"*An est quispiam,*" continued Charon, inquiringly, "*qui ne obolum quidem habet?*"

"*Sit ne alius quispiam,*" was the answer, "*equidem ignoro. Ipse certè non habeo.*"

It wouldn't do. At last they threatened to cuff each other; but enter Mercury, and, behold, matters are made up. Menippus had only some lupine seeds in his pocket.

But shades in Pandemonium are not bronze and marble in London; and how-much-soever the infernals dealt in oboli and drachmæ, certain it is, Sir Ralph's statue had not one penny for the Duke's.

"I was first of all," said his Royal Highness, "running over a long train of circumstances more or less connected with that building, whose discrete, but discordantly striking clock, serves as an oracle to the sun; for whilst I was forty-seven years a soldier, and thirty out of that commander-in-chief, you may be sure that many notable things occurred. But just at the moment you spoke, I was watching one of the Blues sauntering along upon the parade ground, talking to that pretty nursemaid. There he goes, happy dog, all boots and helmet,—his bulk at each end, like an hourglass. I was rather contemplating his boots than himself. He must have been an ingenious fellow who invented those gaping, funnel-like tops. Each boot makes an admirable rain-gauge, when he sits on horseback with his knees bent, and the clouds send down a good pelting shower of rain. He never need complain of thirst when he is campaigning in the desert; for when his legs and stockings get once well saturated, and the interstices all filled up till they run over, be sure there is a good supply for some weeks to come. If I had been bootmaker to the army, I would have kept the rain

out of a soldier's boots, rather than devised so effectual a mode of conducting it *into* them."

"Indeed," said Sir Ralph, "there are several reforms yet of which the army stands in need. At last they are going to introduce education—and high time, too, since it is notorious that many of our old general officers can do little more than write their own names. We have had queer grammar from the Iron Duke before now. It would be well, for the sake of morality, and the prevention of a host of crimes, if they would introduce marriage; for, as the case now stands, marriage is virtually forbidden in the army. Your Royal Highness and Lord Hill were called the friends of the army——"

"Who is that taking Lord Hill's name in vain?" cried a loud voice, from some remote region, no one knew where.

"Who are you?" demanded Sir Ralph Abercromby.

"Me? Why, I am Lord Hill's statue, near Shrewsbury. What are you saying about me, I should just like to know?"

"I was only telling the Duke of York's statue, that you were a friend to the army, and praising you up a little bit."

"Oh," was the satisfied rejoinder; "if that was all, pray go on, and welcome."

So the former went on.

"You both did much for the army," he continued; "and stood by it in many difficulties. Still, according to the old system of things, a vast amount of abuses existed, and, indeed, continue even to the present day. By the wholesale yearly brevets that took place, ignorant men bought themselves on, so that at the end of the war, there were nearly eight hundred general officers on the list—not one half of whom were worth their salt. You remember what people said about these sales, and how you were charged with recruiting your own finances."

"It was Mrs. Clarke—it was all Mrs. Clarke. A word with you on that subject."

"Ay," continued the other, "there is always a Mrs. Clarke somewhere. The same things were found in the navy; and there are about seven hundred and thirty captains in command of only eighty ships. The pernicious system of rising in the profession by purchase, or by Court interest, holds out no inducement for young men to improve themselves. Parliament should take it up, and see if something cannot be done; for nothing can be effectually managed without Parliament. A child, with interest, before the down is upon his chin, can step over the gray-headed heroes of a hundred fights. And some of us, with this same interest, can rise high in the Church, too, even before we are weaned."

"Don't be impertinent: that is a hit at me," said the Duke. "I know I was made Bishop of Osnaburgh when I was six

months and eleven days old ; and it is true I had not received much deep theological study at that age ; but though a dignitary of the Church, my person was not sacred among princes, nevertheless. I remember my eldest brother George broke his fiddle-bow over my head one day, because I offended him when he was practising. When the king afterwards saw the bow, he inquired how it happened ; to which the Prince of Wales replied—‘Sire, I broke it beating Osnaburgh.’”

“I have heard of that circumstance,” observed Sir Ralph, “and I thought that the spike upon the top of your statue’s head was intended to represent a part of the fiddle-bow still sticking there.”

“Oh, nonsense !” was the rejoinder ; “that is a lightning conductor. It is a villainous addition to a fine work of art. Some say it looks like the iron bar on the top of a flag-staff, on which a weathercock is intended to swing ; and some others, who have more pious associations, think it resembles one ray of the cruciform glory, such as we see in the old paintings surrounding the heads of the saints. All this is complimentary. As for my granite column, it is plain, but massive. A curious optical delusion attends this column : it looks fat in the middle. I conclude that it is only an optical delusion, as no architect could produce such a monstrous fact, as the shaft of a column having a larger diameter in the middle than at the base. But just look at it from Regent-street, where this appearance is manifest to every eye. Just go and look at it.”

“This fiddle-bow affair,” observed Abercromby’s marble—which, by-the-bye, is scarcely visible for dust—“did not, at all events, beat the spirit out of your Royal Highness, as was evinced in your duel subsequently with Colonel Lennox.”

“No, faith,” was the answer ; “it rather aroused what was dormant within me. That was a close shave, that meeting. He cut off one of my side curls ; and one inch nearer would have sent York a long journey at a short notice. Then, indeed, I should never have gone to the Netherlands, ‘to tickle the French with the long broad-sword,’ as the ballad of the day expressed it ; nor have married my German Princess, to consign her to Oatlands, there to establish a colony of dogs ; nor have been attacked by Colonel Wardle ; nor duped by the woman I confided in. I escaped a hard death by lead, and died comfortably at last in my crimson chair with the blue seat, at twenty minutes past nine o’clock of January 5th, 1827. My ‘Posthumous Letter,’ dated September 1st, 1826, contains a vindication of my conduct on various occasions, and my opinions on various momentous subjects.”

“True,” added the other speaker : “it touches upon the



charges which were brought against you in Parliament, but from which you were exonerated in the House of Commons, by 278 votes to 196, on the division; and it enters largely into the subject of Catholic Emancipation, or, as you preferred to call it, 'Catholic Consolidation'—to which you were conscientiously opposed. The Romish party in Ireland hated you for your sentiments; but you call blessings down upon that country, nevertheless; and you end with the words—'May the dews of God's beneficent providence fall kindly upon my country of England, Ireland, and Scotland.' You even mention your solicitude about the profession to which you had devoted so much attention, care, and kindly interest, during the greater portion of your life. I wish, with your Royal Highness, that certain most desirable reforms could be effected in the army. As I said before, Parliament should take the subject up; but this is almost a hopeless wish, as fifteen of its members belong to the two services. The want of the rudiments of an ordinary English education, the gross ignorance of geography, tactics, fortification, mathematics, and languages, have been the source of infinite evils. Lord Hill very properly advocated military libraries——"

"So I did," cried the statue near Shrewsbury.

"I know you did," said Abercromby. "In 1793, the army was miserably weak, ill regulated, and devoid of all order, union, and compactness. It was without men of talent, and without men of influence or rank to command it."

"This is why the command in Holland was given to me," observed the Duke.

"So it has been asserted," added the former speaker; "and grievous were the results of the campaigns in the Low Countries. The causes of these results were attributable to the then military system, or rather the want of all system. Your allies on the continent, the Prussians and Austrians, were military pedants, who acted on erroneous principles, and therefore did no good. As regarded yourself, you shared the ignorance of other commanders of the King's regiments. The command was given to your Royal Highness, in order to give dignity to that command; and you carried a great name, as the son of the King of England, over to Holland with you. But that name, without military science, was not sufficient to gain victories. The event proved it. The exploits of Vandernoot and Van der Mersch got rid of Austrian dominion—signally at the battle of Turnhout; and turn out it certainly was to these Austrians; for they ran out of the town before the Dutchmen, like sparks from under a blacksmith's hammer. Much good to the Bourbon cause, against the French republicans, was expected by your presence in the field. Though you prevailed at Valenciennes, you were defeated by those French scourges of Europe on the 4th of September, 1793.

You gained some advantages the May after ; but were so harassed at Turcoign, that you were obliged to retreat into Flanders. Then, after having been beaten at Boatch, you had had enough of it, so you returned to England. This was an inglorious campaign."

"You speak very freely, Sir Ralph," said the bronze figure, rather haughtily. "In your life time you could not have spoken so : it would have cost you your commission."

"I know it well," was the reply ; "but being a statue, I can say what I like without offence. Statues have vast privileges."

"So it appears," added the Duke, laconically.

"Your second campaign in 1799," proceeded the voice from St. Paul's Cathedral, "was not without its disasters, too. I was present, and not only saw them all, but had some hard work to do into the bargain."

"Well, Abercromby," said his Royal Highness at Carlton-house Terrace, with an air of frankness and conciliation, "I confess you did your duty like a brave and skilful officer. You repulsed the French admirably just before you took up your position on the canal between the Zuider Zee and the North Sea. When I arrived in person, and was joined by 17,000 Russians, I expected to have done well. When we came to a general engagement with the French, it is true I drove them back by hard fighting. The Russian division, that had to advance along the sand hills by the coast was repulsed ; but your division was the only one that did the work assigned to it. I think I lost 5,000 men in this battle ; and I had previously lost 7,000, when I was beaten by Le Brun at Bergen. But the French were not our only enemies. We had much to contend against in respect of a difficult country to traverse, and a villainous climate. As for you, you had a long career of glory after these things were over, and I had returned to England."

"I? oh, yes!" said the marble ; "I had served in the West Indies ; and with some credit, too, let me observe, though I say it as shouldn't say it ; and historians have committed the error of asserting that I then served against the United States during the revolutionary war ; but this is wrong. It was not me ; it was my brother, Sir Robert. I came home, was made a Knight of the Bath, and Governor of the Isle of Wight. I then took the command in Ireland. By-the-bye, I got regularly snubbed over there. I ventured to remonstrate with the English Government on their policy towards that country, so they gave me the sack. Don't tell. They then sent me to Scotland. In 1801, I went to Egypt, where I got shot, and was succeeded in the command by Lord Hutchinson. My body was carried to Malta in Lord Keith's flag-ship ; and was buried in the Commandery of the Grand Master. My country made my widow a Peeress, and



gave a pension of 2,000*l.* a year, to be enjoyed by three or four of my heirs. As for my monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, it is one of Westmacott's most successful works. My horse is rearing up in the most spirited manner. The sphinxes, flanking the pedestal, indicate the country where the scene lies; there is the subdued enemy grasping the French standard; and myself, I am fainting, and falling off my horse into the arms of a Highland soldier. The whole group is twice as natural as nature, and that is very natural."

"I should think so," said the Duke of York. "That trooper with the mud-lark's boots," he added, "is still gossiping with the pretty nursemaid. He looks as happy as if he hadn't got a care in the world."

"Hang him, lucky dog, his debts are paid," rejoined Sir Ralph. "Would all of us could say as much."

"That's an insinuation," observed the other statue. "Soon after I was put upon this column, some one had the impertinence to say that I had been put so high in order to be out of reach of my creditors. Dr. Carus quotes this in his tour. But that reason does not hold good; for if the statues of any of my creditors have anything to say to my statue, they have only to pay sixpence, and come up the winding staircase inside the column. Everybody knows it was my wish that they should be paid; and I left money to liquidate all just claims. The state of things ought to have been amended, and Lord Liverpool, in referring to them, exclaimed, 'This is too bad!' I was a frank, good tempered, open-hearted, thoughtless man, of whom everybody took advantage. The world is never charitable enough to make allowances for the temptations by which a prince is ever surrounded from his infancy. Like all others of my rank, I was brought up with the most expensive habits; and, consequently, I had never been taught the real value of money. I was coaxed, and praised, and flattered, and blinded, till I scarcely knew whether I was human or divine. No one could presume to thwart a prince, even in his most outrageous whims; and, therefore, if I ever showed a bent towards error in any direction, it was immediately given way to. Thus, I grew fond of the turf, and fond of play; but being by nature candid and undesigning, I was not rogue enough to make money by my ventures. But I fell in with sharpers, and they took advantage of me. I staked my villa in the park, and lost it: some say to the late Lord Melbourne, but I tell no tales. I also lost that magnificent estate, Alerton Maliveror, in Yorkshire. But the jewels that I left, which Sir Herbert Taylor whipped off to Windsor, were worth 150,000*l.* My executors got 1,103*l.* from Hughes Ball; and 75,195*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* from other sources. This, however, was not much, when I mention that my debts amounted to 201,585*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*"



"Not much, certainly," said the figure of Sir Ralph. "But the finances of your Royal Highness were comfortably augmented when you were appointed custos of your father at 10,000*l.* a year, and only to get into your carriage and roll down to Windsor once a week."

"Exactly; but that was only an income for life."

"True; but Colonel Wardle, in the House of Commons, charged you with selling commissions in the army——"

"It was all Mrs. Clarke—every bit of it was Mrs. Clarke."

"Verily, these Mrs. Clarks seem to be sad creatures. Somehow or other, there is never any mischief done but there is sure to be a Mrs. Clarke at the bottom of it. Mrs. Clarks are like female Mr. Nobodies. They do all the mischief which cannot be otherwise accounted for."

"So free did I feel myself from guilt, and so little did I fear the most searching investigation, that I utterly contemned Colonel Wardle's accusations; and although I could easily have stopped them and crushed my calumniators, I rather gave every facility for the fullest inquiry. Read my 'Posthumous Letter,' page so-and-so, and you will there see that I neither shrink from speaking of myself, nor of Mary Ann Clarke either. I call her affection for me 'an infatuated and infatuating connexion,' and my conduct towards her 'a careless and most unguarded confidence.' Again, I say—'The charges against me spring out of the consequences of an unsuspecting and too artless a disposition.' Mary Ann was 'a cold-hearted and intriguing woman.' It was said that I enriched myself by the sale of commissions through her agency; and that those who wished to get on in the army had only to make friends with her. Whether she trafficked for her own benefit I cannot tell, but certainly I got the blame. 'I could not believe,' as I elsewhere say in my letter, 'and did not imagine, that in a character which appeared all frankness, and seemed never more pleased than in endeavouring to oblige and render services, evidences of good temper and kind disposition were but the cloaks of a cold, and calculating, and venal mind, of which I became the dupe.' But my worst enemies never said that I ever appointed improper persons, even through her recommendation. All I helped on did honour to the profession; and, therefore, I write—'Thus the extreme point of accusation would extend to this—that by means of an acquaintance with Mary Ann Clarke, some few were brought under my notice sooner than, without such means, they otherwise might have been.' This was all."

"Still," returned Sir Ralph, "the principle was a bad one. Besides, whenever a person forms a *liaison* with a *chère amie*, I never like to see him try to throw blame upon her for any improper transaction that arises out of the connexion. Men seek to form these connexions rather than women. Women would

go on well enough if the men would let them alone. Nature has given to man the privilege of making the first advance, and he generally makes it; so that whatever evils arise out of the connexion, he is the one originally to blame, and I think he ought to take all responsibilities on himself."

"You stick up for the women."

"I do; and what I now say I believe to be correct. But stop: I see a group of visitors who have just paid their twopence each at the door, to look round the Cathedral. They are approaching my monument with their guide-books wide open, for which they have given sixpence. They will be surprised to hear a voice issuing from Abercromby's figure. I had better keep a discreet silence just at present."

"Ay! hold your tongue," said the Duke, agreeing in this sentiment. "They will think Balaam's ass has come to life again. Look sharp, and take no notice."

And when the visitors gazed upon Sir Ralph's statue, they said it would have been a speaking likeness, if it could only have uttered a word.

## THE YOUNG MENDICANT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Hope leads us on, nor quits us when we die."

POPE.

THE past! how she rejoices it is gone,  
It was so isolated, so forlorn;  
So fraught with struggles, heart-exhausting woe—  
Poverty, life's most inveterate foe.  
That worst of evils, scarcely sympathized  
By the more prosp'rous world; unharmonized  
With all that ruffles its serenity,  
Or breaks its calm of self-complacency.  
It is a vulgar error in its eyes  
To think of, pity, human miseries;  
Absorbed in selfishness, it nothing gives,  
But for itself ignobly, basely lives.

Yet poverty hath one redeeming good,  
 E'en by its victims little understood ;  
 The pang of retrospection is not theirs,  
 The joys that flee, the e'er-abiding cares—  
 Remorse for wealth and talent misemployed—  
 The inward peace and outward health destroyed.  
 While, oh! the torturing fiend, satiety,  
 Sends sick'ning nausea to each luxury!  
 Their hard-earned morsel, like Apician treat,  
 The unpalled appetite renders most sweet ;  
 While conscience sanctifies each thought and dream,  
 Serene as halcyon, haunting summer stream!

That fragile girl, so insecurely clad,  
 Is cheerful—nay, exuberantly glad.  
 There is a hopeful future in her breast,  
 By present suffering will not be repressed.  
 The forward-looking spirit, decked in smiles,  
 Pants, at one bound, to leap the weary miles  
 Which intervene betwixt the happiness  
 It feels assured it *MUST*, ere long, possess.  
 " Hope leads us on, nor quits us when we die :"  
 'Tis thus ordained by gracious Deity,  
 To stimulate us sanguinely to bear  
 The anguish which would else yield to despair.  
 O wise provision, where the o'er-wrought mind,  
 Support, encouragement, and bliss can find !

Oh ! what to want, the hourly sad probation,  
 To the more buoyant up-springing elation,  
 Which breaks, like sunlight, round the weary heart,  
 And health, and strength, felicity impart?  
 Grief may be felt: its bitter tears be shed,  
 And wo, unutterable, bow the head ;  
 And hunger pinch the worn and wasted frame :  
 Yet Hope, 'mid all, emits its lambent flame.  
 Benignant lustre ! beneficial ray !  
 To chase the gloom of wretchedness away !  
 Enkindled by a Providence Divine,  
 For the Unfortunate *ALONE* to shine !



## RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.

### CHAPTER II.

"The most trifling occurrences give pleasure, till the gloss of novelty is worn away."—*Citizen of the World*.

IN no place can foreigners meet with so much civility and license in passing the ordeal of Custom-house vexation as at Funchal; in none with so little of either as at Lisbon. The marked distinction in this respect between the two places, both under the same regulations, seems unaccountable. It might be said that the Portuguese, being a people who will always stretch a point to their own advantage, and aware of the importance of the fluctuating population of visitors to the prosperity of the island, are likely to welcome them with some degree of favour; but, unfortunately, however advantageous the principle would be, it is not carried out in other things, and this is, perhaps, the only instance in which courtesy is shown by the authorities to any but their own countrymen. I fear it is attributable rather to some laxity in the economy of the Customs-office than to a desire of playing the agreeable. The fact, however, is indisputable; and those among us accustomed to the delay and inconvenience of the continental *douane*, found the change by no means disagreeable.

My destination, along with several of my late fellow-passengers, was an abode which bore the formidable name of "British Hotel," painted in various conspicuous parts of a rambling-looking building, close to the sea. I was not guilty of the indiscretion to go to an hostelry because its title bore promising tokens of English comfort—a measure generally attended by finding a detestable mixture of foreign and home luxuries given with the mighty assurance that it is *à l'Anglaise*, and with the certainty of paying for it quite *à l'Anglaise* also. Funchal boasts but one hotel, and that the British. Alas! what sweet recollection of the cozy "Green-bank" at Falmouth intruded as we passed through a low-paved passage on to a very dirty staircase—a crowd of ragged boys, filthy beggars, cripples, and hideous old women lining the way, and each, as we ran the gauntlet of the grisly crew, putting in his whining petition of "*Ah, signor, por amor de Deos!*" to incite the generosity of the *Signors Ingêses*.

The contrast between past and present was decidedly painful. Matters improved as we got higher, and on the second floor, when almost removed from the whines and odours below, I passed with no small gratification into a pretty, white-washed, Indian-matted room, and sitting in the cool breeze that blew gently from the sea, already began to think Madeira a paradise, of which the Portuguese were certainly not the Peri!

Our host, who it appeared had resided some time in England, gave us an excellent dinner, the only thing unusual about it being the profusion of vegetables and fruits unknown to regions far north of the tropics. Fortunately for my first impressions, I was not then sufficiently connoisseur in the merits of the glorious island nectar to criticize the wine—indeed, I had faint ideas of imbibing sundry libations of the London *particular*, though I doubt now whether what I was then drinking would have satisfied a *particular* of London. However, I went to bed fully persuaded that Bananas and Guavas were undeniable, unforsakable luxuries, and determined to drink Madeira to the end of my days.

I was leaning out of the balcony the morning after my arrival, enjoying the novelty of the scene—Funchal is so foreign in appearance. The streets are narrow and straight, paved with small stones, and no *trottoir*. The houses, three or four stories high, having a square tower, or sometimes a turreted sort of room rising far above the rest of the building, are chiefly white, a few of a dirty buff colour, and all have rather a lath-and-plaster appearance. High-sloping red-tiled roofs, projecting very far over the upper windows; bright green balconies, from which you can almost shake hands across the street, and doors and Venetian blinds of the same hue, produce the most picturesque effect, which is even increased by the lower parts of the houses being used as stores and warehouses opening on to the street, in which are displayed goods and merchandise of all descriptions.

The street I looked down upon was thronged with a motley set of all shades in complexion, from the pale-faced invalid to the dusky mountaineer. There were groups of white-jacketed, white-booted, straw-hatted people, talking with, or without, much gesticulation, according as they were English or Portuguese. Now and then might be seen coming down the street in all the importance of his profession, some pompous, frock-coated individual, with bland and amiable countenance, and patronizing air; a huge bunch of seals depending on a gold chain reaching nearly to his knees, and a high crowned leghorn hat,—his only departure from an ordinary English costume,—a perfect specimen of a Maderia merchant. Then there were black-looking, half-naked boatmen, leaning against the wall, smoking their cigarettes; beggars, and cripples of both sexes lying on the doorways; country people in the picturesque costume of the hills, loaded

with vegetables, poultry, and tropical-looking fruits; vendors of baskets and straw hats lying wait for any unhappy stranger in want of their goods, and ready to be cheated; and there were plenty of half-starved dogs sneaking in and about the stores and doorways; or sledges, with no little rumbling noise, turning every corner, to the seeming annihilation of a regiment of toes; and gay palanquins passing and repassing under the windows. The absence of wheel-carriages, of which there is not a single one in the island, and, indeed, the absence of everything to which an English eye is accustomed, gave a singular character to the scene. The buz, the rapidity of motion, and bustle about the whole throng were perfectly marvellous. Everything looked so white, and warm from the prevalence of light costume; but there was occasional relief in the bright-curtained palanquins, and the gay coloured petticoats and capes of the countrywomen. It was a bright and moving spectacle, curious and amusing. Presently we heard a trampling of horses, and a noise that completely drowned all the sounds below. It came nearer and nearer; we were all ignorance and expectation, when at last, round the corner of the street, wheeled a gallant cavalier, the first of a whole troop of horsemen, who soon followed, howling and screeching in a manner we could scarcely appreciate. At first we thought, naturally, of a revolution, knowing that to be a favourite morning's amusement among the Portuguese, although the troops did not certainly look exactly *en militaire*; but we soon recognized our amiable friends who were so anxious for us to mount and away, on landing the day before. There were the *burroqueros*, the horse-dealers, jockeys, or grooms, equally distinguished with the rest of the genus for good horsemanship and roguery. The fellows stopped under our windows, to the number of twenty or more, and soon cleared the street, which they seemed to consider peculiarly adapted for the display of equestrian performances. The rearing, kicking, galloping, whirling, and prancing, and the profuse adulation that they lavished on their beasts, brought the whole troop to an extraordinary pitch of excitement; and while we were hesitating to give into their prejudices and consent to a ride, one or two of the fellows, impatient to be heard, dismounted from their chargers, mounted the stairs, actually rushed into our presence, and, eternally praising themselves and their horses, forced us, in self-defence, to determine on riding. Most impudent chaps, these Portuguese, I thought. Still we all have our weaknesses, and I pity the man who cannot make allowance for them in others. Alas! my philosophical reflections speedily dissolved, for no sooner was our intention made known, than we were pulled and hauled down stairs—a party of five or six of us—violently assaulted, and counter-hauled, and pulled by fresh *burroqueros* at



the door, and, never having a chance of selecting a steed, eventually began to think of calming our ruffled spirits on the backs of the worst horses of the whole lot. Rather *strong weaknesses*, I thought, indulging in an Irishism. Well, at last we were off; down the narrow streets, trotting, galloping, really going very fast, knowing little or nothing of Funchal manners; the *burrogueros* clinging to the horses' tails, shouting and trying to make us understand that if we did not advance more slowly we should be fined three dollars by the *policia*. The idea was strange; and the *burrogueros* not explaining themselves very intelligibly, and we devoutly wishing them at the *policia*, or somewhere else, galloped faster to get out of their way. Vain anticipation! They only got a firmer grip of the tail, and came along gallantly. We gave them a mile of it up hill, and then lost all hope of winning a race with such a set of devils.

I shall never forget that first ride of mine, from the start to the finish; it was so ludicrous. As to the town, I never saw it. I had an indistinct idea of riding through a number of badly-paved alleys, and turning very sharp corners at a headlong pace; the barking of lean dogs, and the shouting of men, preventing every attempt at speaking; and I had firm belief that the balconies were crowded with gaping faces, looking as if some unusual excitement had caused them to run hastily there. All this gave me a shrewd suspicion that I was not altogether conforming to the manners of the good people of Funchal. So, with Sterne, "I have behaved very badly, said I within myself, but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I go along." Then the singularity of the roads in the vicinity of the town—paved, about four or five feet wide, a stream of water running along one side, and a high wall on either hand, down to the edge of which the vine hangs trailing on trellis-work, obstructing all view of the country, even on horseback. Uninitiated as we were to Madeira thoroughfares, I suspect the hills we descended that day must have appeared precipices, for I can remember being seized with a constant desire to catch hold of the crupper to prevent slipping over the horse's neck. But my ideas are, I confess, slightly confused about the whole excursion; for the jostling against each other in the narrow roads, and the din and clatter of the hoofs over the pavement was perfectly distracting. Our ride brought us to an eminence about three miles from Funchal, called the Y Antonio Point, from which there is a beautiful view of the town, the amphitheatre of hills around, the bay, the boldly outlined coast, and the *desertás* in the distance. This our roguish 'squires gravely informed us was the *Courál*—a very old trick, by which they get paid for a ride to that glorious place, without going one quarter of the distance.

It told perfectly well with us. The view was an exceedingly fine one, and if we were slightly disappointed, we felt not a little exultation in having *done* the *Courál* (as an American gentleman once expressed himself after a visit to Marathon) so soon after our arrival. I cannot help laughing: we did not go within ten miles of the *Courál*; and although I forgave the *burroqueros*, I never forgot the trick; for if American gentlemen like to *do* interesting places, we have no desire to be *done*.

By-the-bye, a word or two about these *burroqueros*, who form a distinctive class in Funchal, and, in spite of their roguery, are a finer set of men than is ordinarily seen.

Of the middle height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, handsome dashing-looking fellows, the muscular development of these men is, from the nature of their occupation, magnificent. The throat and chest are superb; the leg a model, and wonderfully elastic; a springiness in the whole body; and their *condition* splendid. Indeed, there is a want of sleekness for beauty of form, but in lieu of this the muscles are finely traceable. Their powers of endurance are wonderful. With the aid of the horse's tail twisted in their hand, they will keep pace for miles at full gallop. With young Malcolm—

“Right up Ben Lomond could he press,  
And not a sob the toil confess.”

At a more moderate rate of travelling they will walk quite as far in the course of a day as a stranger would care to ride.

The distance from Funchal to the *Courál* is about fourteen miles, the ascent some four thousand feet, and I have ridden there, on purpose to try the *burroqueros*, in two hours and a quarter; but they were well up when I arrived, and came home in equally good style.

I remember, on one occasion, riding from the north to the south of the island by the *Buoaventura* ravine, the most difficult and circuitous route. I can form little idea of the distance from the nature of the road, but it could not have been less than thirty miles, in which there was one ascent of five thousand feet, and another of three thousand; the track often the bed of a mountain torrent, or steps cut in the solid rock. I was fourteen successive hours in the saddle; the man carried a large basket of provisions, and heavy great coats on his head, and performed the journey with ease. I could multiply instances of these extraordinary feats, in their way, I should think, unequalled. The waste of system is, of course, very great; they are, consequently, short-lived. They are merry fellows, earn capital wages, live well, and drink freely; but on occasions perform prodigies of labour on prodigiously short commons. The *burroquero* is a great dandy. He wears a smaller and more expensive *carafóusa* (the national cap) than the rest of the people; a shorter waistcoat, with bright

brass or mother-of-pearl buttons, and a worked shirt collar, thrown back from the bare neck. There is a dash, a flaunty air about the best of them, that really makes them very pretty fellows; but they are sad rogues, and cheat you in every possible way. *Ne quid nimio.*

What curious adventures we meet with—what “hair-breadth ‘scapes” do we run in civilized countries! Talk of South America, and the Buenos Ayreans! Talk of Bedouin Arabs! I was nearer arriving at an undesirable termination to my existence the first night of my sojourn in Madeira, than many a traveller through deserts and barbarisms has been in all his peregrinations. I was walking a few paces from the hotel, inhaling the fumes of a fragrant Havannah, and indulging in various fancies, much in the same reflective mood as did Don Juan, as, “wrapped in contemplation,” he strolled behind his carriage on Shooters-hill; when, like him, I was roused from my reverie by a deep guttural voice in a tongue of which I knew not one word, and as the night was of that pitchy darkness when we commonly say we cannot see a yard before us, I found myself suddenly within about that distance of a bright red and white thing, with a gleaming musket furiously cocked at me, all which I took, of course, for a bandit at least, although it was but a poor sentry. And when, receiving no reply, he growled a second and third time the same harsh interrogatory, and I saw a bright-looking triangular instrument brought down within an inch of my waistcoat, I confess I had serious anticipations of the English burial-ground in Funchal; but as I had a particular dislike to so very disagreeable a proceeding, I resolved to make one desperate effort to excite his sympathy, and shouted out in good vernacular—“My dear fellow, you may run me through and through if you will, but I shall be none the wiser as to what you want; so, hold hard!” This was an unanswerable argument, and as if to show the universal force of truth, the man lowered his bayonet, exclaiming, “*Ah, no entendo!*” which I then believed, to my great gratification, signified that he did not intend spitting me thereon, but which, I afterwards discovered, meant that he was an ignoramus. I was always, after this adventure, tolerably rapid in my counter-challenge of *Amigo!* to the sentry’s *Qui v’la?* until we adopted a new *mot du quet*, which was *Pope*. The first time *Pope* did not go down very well. The soldier growled, and talked about not knowing *Pope*; but when we intimated that if he did not know that respectable person, he was not a *bon Catholique*, he seemed to take our view of the matter, and from that time *Pope* became the usual password among the young Englishmen in Funchal.

(To be continued.)



## THE STEP-BROTHERS.

It was about nine o'clock, on a dreary night in December, that a young man was seen wending his way among some of the dark narrow streets in the city of London ; his pace was hurried and uneven, as one who seemed to be labouring under a nervous irritability. He had not gone far ere he turned into a low doorway, down a short flight of steps, and disappeared.

The house he had just entered was a dark, dingy-looking mansion, almost in a falling state. It seemed almost too old and rickety for man to inhabit, and yet this old dilapidated building was the resort of some of England's nobility—noble in name, though sinking far below the common herd in habits and passions. This was one of those dens of crime called hells : a house of gaming, rioting, drinking, swearing, and a greater variety of crimes than it would do to relate.

We will now, however, turn to the personage who had just entered.

He passed through a large, damp-looking lobby, and entered a room wherein was seated a small spare man, apparently about sixty years of age.

"Well, Regel," said the new comer, "have you got any person here yet ; and how is the game going ?"

"Got any person here, did you say, Master Harry Vargrave ? Yes, by the mass, there is your step-brother, George De Vere, and three Captains of the Guard hard at work since five o'clock. And hark, Master Harry, I believe your step-brother has very nearly cleared them of their cash."

"By Jove ! say you so ? Then I will have a rap at him, and see what I can do ;" so saying he opened a door, which admitted him into a splendidly lighted saloon, fitted up in the most magnificent style.

Around a table in the corner of the room were seated the four personages before mentioned. They were deeply engaged with their play, and did not see Vargrave as he entered. From their haggard countenances they appeared to be playing for a heavy stake ; their fingers had a nervous twitching about them, and their red eyes showed that they had made free with the contents of the bottles that were lying empty at their feet. Upon the whole they were as fine a picture of misery as any painter would wish to take a sketch of.

"The rubber is mine," cried De Vere, as he threw down his cards, and grasped a heap of gold that lay before them upon the

table. "Ho, ho, ho!—this is as fine a pull as I have had for a long time. Well, lads, will you have another rubber?—it will do you good. I wish you better luck next time."

"No, by the mass!" cried one fine handsome young fellow; "I am cleaned out. I have not as much as will buy my wife and child a single mouthful of food; and I left them this very night starving to come to this cursed hole. May the fiends fly away with it!"

"Nay, nay, don't be in such a fury," said De Vere, with a sardonic laugh. "You would be such a fool as to play when I advised you not."

"Advise me, did you? Hang you, you know very well it was by your infernal advice that I came here first. But 'tis no use speaking to such a hawk as you, for I verily believe you would pounce upon a beggar if you thought you could get a farthing out of him."

"What is it he has won from you?" said Vargrave, interfering. "Here, take this purse, and if it is not enough, come for more."

"Halloa, Master Harry," said De Vere, "you are suddenly becoming very liberal. Perhaps you would like to have a rubber?"

"Be advised by me, Vargrave," said the person to whom he had given the purse. "If you knew what it was to have a wife and child starving at home, while you were gambling away their livelihood, you would never play again. You have given three beings almost their life, and may God's blessing attend you for it. Adieu."

"You will not take the advice of that croaking raven, Harry?" said De Vere. "Come, boy, and try your hand."

Vargrave sat down along with the other two officers, and commenced their game. He had not been long, however, before he was deeply in debt with one of the Guards—much more than he was able to pay.

They all then arose, Vargrave promising to pay on the morrow.

Our scene changes. It was on the day following the one just mentioned that Vargrave was sitting in a large room at the west end of the great city, and by his side a young female of surpassing beauty. Her raven locks hung down over a finely-formed face of a Roman cast. Her beautifully small mouth was of that peculiarly determined cast which gives you an idea of a proud, commanding beauty. Her tall, finely-rounded figure seemed almost masculine.

"Harry, you must not go near that step-brother of yours. I am sure he will not do you any good. I like not his looks. He

is a secret enemy of yours, depend upon it; and if he do not bring you into ruin, it will not be his fault."

"How now, Helen? you have suddenly taken a dislike to him. I see nought against him. There is only one thing I do not like—he is closeted sadly too much with my father, and I feel confident he has some plot a-going; but that is all."

"Yes, that is the thing I most fear, for he knows that your father has not made over his estate to you, and if he can only creep into his favour, he imagines he may have a share. Take heed: he is a subtle snake."

"Well, well, Helen, since it will please you, I will keep a sharp look out after him; and if I do catch him at any undermining scheme, I will make him know who he has to deal with. But we will drop that subject for one of more importance. Have you got all ready for the flight?"

"Yes, everything; and not a soul knows a word about it, except my robing-maid, and I am sure she is trustworthy."

"Are you quite confident that she is safe? For should it get to my father, then are we undone; he would disinherit me at a moment's notice, and then De Vere would drop in for the whole of my estate."

"Oh, never fear! never fear! I have found her faithful so far; I hope I may depend upon her now."

"Then all will be well, for I have got the ostler to have a chaise in readiness at twelve o'clock on Friday night; so mind and be ready: no wavering, Helen," said he, placing his hand gently upon her shoulder, and looking stedfastly in her face, "or you will spoil all."

"Do not fear for me, Harry; you know that when our hands are once joined together, there will be an end to this misery and anxiety; your father will soon forgive your trespass, and all will be as we could wish."

"I fondly hope we may be able to carry it through, but I have my doubts; if all other blessings vanish we shall be happy in each other;" so saying he rose to depart, promising to come back on the morrow. He had scarcely got many yards from the door, when he met De Vere coming to look for him.

"I say, Harry," said he, hurriedly, "I have just seen Villiers, and he is clamorous for the money you owe him: he will have it to-day, or will have to go to your father. I tried to pacify him, but he is quite in a fury. He knows I would have paid him if I had it, but you are aware how I am fixed: I have not a single farthing in the world, and it was only the day before yesterday the old governor gave me 500*l*. Can you not lend me a few hundreds?"

"No, by my halidom! I am worse off than you. How much do you owe him?"



"3,000*l.* ; and 1,000*l.* to Topcliff in the Blues."

"Why, man, that is a trifle. I owe Topcliff 10,000*l.* for one night's play, but I do not think he will ever get it. However, putting that aside, have you a mind to retrieve your bad fortunes, to fill your purse, and pay your debts? If so, join myself and a few more in an experiment. The Bristol mail is coming into town with the banker's box, and we are going to try if we cannot ease them of their burthen. Do you like the idea?"

"What! turn highwayman—rob the mail? Nay, nay, George; you must be joking; you cannot really mean what you say."

"Will you join us, my boy? and you will soon see whether we are in joke or earnest. If you want to remain a beggar, stay away; if not, come with us."

"It is a perilous undertaking. Have you considered the penalty if you are caught, George? Come, come, George, imprisonment for debt is far before such a thing. Why, you would have to die like a common murderer! I would rather starve to death than meet such a fate."

"Fate, a fiddlestick! We have made our plans all sure: we shall be well armed, and are sure to come off clear. Will you join us? If so, meet me at twelve o'clock at night, and mind you are not without fire-arms, or you may suffer for it."

Before Vargrave could answer, he turned on his heel, and, darting down a narrow street, disappeared from his view, leaving him quite perplexed as to what course he must pursue. Dishonour on one side, and crime on the other—it was a hard fate to undo the intricate knot. "I will run all risks," said he. "I can but loose my life, at the worst, and that were preferable to dishonour."

I must now carry my reader to the Bristol road.

It was between the hours of twelve and one o'clock, the night was dark as pitch,—it was a night for the gentry of the road to carry on their plundering without much molestation. A small drizzling rain fell continually, so that a person could scarce see above a yard or two before him.

It was along this road that six men were wending their way: they were each muffled in a large cloak, and had large slouched hats drawn closely over their foreheads. They had not gone far before they crossed a small stile into a meadow, that was completely shaded from the road.

"Now, Harry, my boy, we are here at last," said De Vere, throwing back his cloak. "We must make ready, for I expect sharp work. Now mind my directions:—While we settle with the guard and passengers, do you take this key, open a door in the back of the coach, and take out the banker's box. You see I have given you the most easy job."

"Very well," said Vargrave, taking the key, "it is, no doubt,

an easy part compared with yours, but I do not like the idea of it at all."

"What, man! Faint-hearted already? Here, take a draught at this, it will do thee good," said he, pulling a flask from his jacket; "it will revive thy drooping spirits. Don't begin to flag now."

"No, no, George, I want none of it: it is the thought of my father and Helen that weighs me down. Should they hear a word of this, it would be the death of me."

"Bah! now thou'rt a fool. The idea of thinking about old men and women, when your fortune is at stake! You should have more heart now."

"Heart! Yes, you may talk about heart in that strain, who never knew a spark of love, but have despised women all your life."

They were interrupted in the midst of this colloquy by the distant rumbling of a heavy vehicle coming along the road.

"Hark, here they come!" said De Vere. "Now, my lads, look to the priming of your barkers, and we will soon cook them a kettle of fish; and," added he, aside to one of the men, "I will take myself off in the scuffle, and as soon as he has got hold of the box, arrest him in his majesty's name."

The coach had by this time got almost opposite the stile. The six men immediately sprang out of the meadow, and dashed at it at full speed. To knock down the guard, bind the passengers, and cut the traces were the work of a second. During this time Vargrave had got the box, and was on the point of carrying it away, when his four companions, taking staffs from their pockets, arrested him in the name of the king.

"What!" said Vargrave, staring them full in the face with astonishment, "do you think I am a fool to be duped out of my share in that way? Where is De Vere? he will soon show you that you have got hold of the wrong man. Come, unhand me, fellows, and let us have no more of this mummary."

"De Vere! Why, who the deuce knows what he means? Do you take us for one of your crew, young man? If so, you will soon find you are sadly mistaken."

"What! do you mean to say that you did not help in the robbery? Were you not but a few minutes ago in that field with me along with George De Vere?"

"No, no, young pink, you are asleep: you must be dreaming. We none of us know any De Vere, nor you either; only we know very well that you were making off with other people's property."

"Ah!" said Vargrave, as a sudden thought struck him; "Helen was right. This is some infernal plot of his: he has caught me in a trap that I shall never be able to get out of."

"Come, come, I say, young fellow, don't you be talking to yourself there, it will do you no good. Jump in here," pointing to the coach-door, for all had been put to rights again. "Come, jump in; we have no time to lose."

Vargrave was placed between the four ruffians who had so betrayed him, and was conveyed in silence until he came to the ponderous gates of Newgate, when a bitter exclamation escaped him: "Oh, my God! protect my father from the wiles of that villainous De Vere."

Two days afterwards, Vargrave was to appear before the judges of his country, to be tried for the heinous crime of highway robbery.

He was led to the prisoners' dock, before a large assembly of people, among whom he recognized many of his friends. He was in the greatest agony, large drops of perspiration hung upon his forehead, his feet staggered beneath him, and he would have fallen, had it not been for the support of the turnkeys.

"Who accuses this man of robbery?" said the judge, rising from his seat.

At that moment De Vere stepped forward, and entered the witness-box.

"Well, witness, what have you to say regarding this robber?"

"That I and four other men were coming up the Bristol road on the night of the robbery, and hearing a noise, we ran forward to ascertain whence it proceeded, and found that the mail was attacked by a band of ruffians. They no sooner saw us coming up, than four or five of them jumped over the adjoining hedge, and disappeared. We were just in time to arrest the young man at the bar, who was in the act of carrying away a large box. I found afterwards, to my sorrow, that the same young man was no other than my own step-brother."

This statement was corroborated by De Vere's comrades, and condemned the prisoner in a moment.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "what have you to say in your defence?"

"That all my worthy step-brother De Vere has been pleased to say is a base calumny: 'twas he who planned the robbery; he accompanied me and the four other witnesses to a field, and joined in the attack upon the coach; and if he denies it, he will lie before God and man."

"Prisoner," said the judge, "you must be mistaken. Is it likely that they would appear as witnesses, if that were the case? You have almost condemned yourself."

The jury then retired to deliberate, and returned, bringing in a verdict of *Guilty*.



The judge then read the sentence of death with a loud clear voice, and the trial was finished.

On the Friday morning after the scene above mentioned, a young female presented herself at the prison-gate, to apply for admittance to the prison.

She was shown by the turnkey through a long dark passage and down a flight of steps into a dungeon, so damp and dark that it was almost a pain to breathe the heavy atmosphere. He then opened an inner door, and admitted her into the prisoner's presence. Vargrave was asleep.

Helen (for it was she) stepped forward to the table, and taking a bottle from beneath her cloak, poured out a red coloured liquid into a glass. She then placed her hand quietly upon his shoulder, and whispered rather loudly, "Harry." At the music of that well-known voice he raised his head and smiled, but all at once, remembering his crime and the place he was in, he shrank back.

"What! Helen, have you come to see such a fallen wretch, doomed by his country's laws to suffer an ignominious death?"

"Come to see thee, Harry! Yes, I would if thou wert upon the scaffold. But stay; I have something here," holding out the glass, "that will make thee go through all with firmness."

Vargrave took it, and drank a deep draught; when, pouring out some more, Helen drank it off.

"Dost thou believe that I am guilty of making such a plot, Helen? Dost thou believe *De Vere*?"

"Believe him! No, I would not believe him though he swore it on his death-bed. But he will be foiled; thou wilt not die upon the scaffold, Harry."

"How? What mean you? Speak, and let me not be in suspense. Has a reprieve come? Am I to be released?"

"Reprieve come! No, that has there not; nor wilt thou be released until thy soul takes its flight away from thy body. No, no; expect it not from thy country's laws. It is I who have enabled thee to escape the scaffold. Hark you, Harry; do you know what that was you drank just now? 'Twas poison. I mixed it that you should escape."

"Gracious Heaven! Then have I killed thee, too, Helen? Thou hast drank of the cup as well as I. May Heaven forgive us both!"

"See, Harry," said she, clasping her arms round his neck, and looking him in the face; "see how a woman can die for the man she loves. We shall die together. Is not that happiness? Is not it better than being carried in a cart before a gaping crowd, and hanged like a dog."

"Oh! Helen, thou mak'st me love thee more and more. I little thought that thou hadst such a daring spirit. But, oh!

how giddy my head begins to feel! Oh! how it burns! Helen, where are you? Everything swims around me. Oh! my God, have mercy on our souls!"

An hour after this scene the turnkey came to fetch away the visitor, when he found them clasped in each other's arms, quite dead. They had died together, as they had wished. There was a letter lying upon the table, and its contents ran thus:—"Bury the innocent in one grave, close together. Their hearts were entwined during life, separate not their bodies in death."

Twelve months after this a mournful procession made its way from Newgate to the place of general execution. The prisoner was a young man who was to suffer for a crime done a long time back. It was no other than De Vere. One of his comrades had brought him to justice. Thus died the guilty man who had sacrificed two lives for the love of lucre. T. T. H.

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## STANZAS AT EVENING.

BY MRS. B. F. FOSTER.

Oh! how I love the placid eve  
When all rude sounds are still;  
For then can ærial fancy weave  
Her magic garland, till  
The raptured soul, on wings of bliss,  
Flies from a world so dull as this.

Oh! could the spirit, in its flight  
Along the æther plain,  
Meet with some long-lost soul of light,  
And commune once again—  
Tho' but a moment, it would be  
A moment of deep ecstasy.

But yet, what agony to think  
That those bright, glorified,  
Might haply from my presence shrink,  
And coldly turn aside,  
Shunning a spirit that is bound  
With spells of earthly love around.

Then let the heart no longer sigh  
For converse with the blest;  
But to one mortal bosom fly  
And seek its place of rest,  
Content to find a little while  
Its heaven in the loved one's smile!

## DIVISION LEAVE.

## A FRAGMENT OF EXILE.

## CHAPTER I.

"If it be true that 'good wine needs no bush,' 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play?"—*As You Like It.*

"TAKE my advice, and wait till the cool weather sets in."

"I assure you, the heat to the northward is unbearable."

"Indeed, you should not venture in the month of May."

All very good, my kind friends and advisers, but what is a man to do? I am sick, perhaps more than usually *ennuyé* with monotony; this perpetual routine of drill and duty has become a spur to my application. They have refused to give me more leisure than between the returns, and I will at once make the most of what I can get. I must proceed on division leave. After all, the project cannot be so very appalling, for no sooner has my determination been known, than a *companion de voyage* presents himself. We start on the evening of the 5th instant.

There is a beautiful, hard, even sea-beach; the tide is low; the sun, after a day's diffusion of excessive munificence, is losing its power, and my companion and I have started on our little expedition. When I survey myself from top to toe, while spurring a not very choice dark bay Arab, along the edges of each expended wave, I cannot but think how strange a costume would that which I have chosen appear to an un-Indianized English eye. I will introduce my chocolate-coloured coat as the one made up for an amateur performance of *Monsieur Morbleu*; my black silk waistcoat is a remnant of the Chinese expedition, my red-striped handkerchief is borrowed, my hat is Manilla straw, with tapes tied under the chin, and covered with white for protection against the heat, my white corderoys have been made for the occasion, and a huge pair of jack-boots and spurs complete the picture—one, perhaps, more suited to a British highway than a climate at 96 in the afternoon! However, hip a hoy! here we go, a good seventeen miles before us, ere settling down for the evening. There is no time to be lost.

Our start was from Waltair—the suburb, as it were, of Vizagapatam; our first stage is to Bimlipitam. I propose changing horses at Woopada; the beach is good for the whole way, or nearly so, and the sea-breeze, such as there is, cannot



fail to be acceptable at a season like the present; although I have ridden the distance in about an hour and three-quarters, I allow myself three hours walking and galloping on the present occasion. The allowance is ample, and about half-past seven p.m., I find myself entering Bimlipatam.

Bimly, as the place is commonly called, is a *quondam* Dutch settlement, and has many remnants of Dutch civilization in existence, such as an old battery, a strong barrack-wall, and here and there a carved tomb stone. The village itself is pretty enough in the distance; but, on closer inspection, as most Indian villages, small, mean-looking, and not particularly clean. The Rajah, or Zemindar of Vizianagrum, one of the thousand-and-one potentates of our Madras Eastern Empire, still suffered to rear his head, like a stray blade of grass escaped from the scythe, formerly held his court here; and the two large bungalows, in use with the English official functionaries at the station, are nominally his to the present day. The old gentleman is, however, too little fond of his enormous train of dependants and relatives in these parts to honour them with the light of his presence. Consequently, leaving the affairs of his "kingdom" to the better government of the British rulers, he hides himself from the cares of state in Benares; nor is it likely that he will ever, of his own free will, return to Bimlipatam or its vicinity. Few will, I think, blame him for his choice; that is, few who can appreciate his position and utter insignificance opposed to the superior controlling power guiding his every action and expressed will. Rajahs, Nawaubs, Zemindars, or any other native titles, are fast dwindling into names, and no more. Independence is a word seemingly unknown to our Asiatic brethren on this coast; the gait of the haughtiest may bespeak ambition; but it is the ambition of gain, with not a thought of freedom for freedom's sake—the very climate seems of a nature to stifle such a sentiment.

There seems some foundation to suppose that this said self-exiled Rajah is a poet, or musician—perhaps both—of no mean rank. A native fat friend of mine, who treated me to a vauth in each of the royal bungalows, perceiving what was doubtless interpreted as enthusiasm depicted in my countenance, during the progress of a vocal dance (if I may so term the union of two accomplishments), significantly informed me, that the cause of my apparent delight was the great man's own composition. Hence may it be inferred that the *ingenue artes* are not neglected among the aristocracy of these parts, any more than at Vienna or Naples; and however preposterous the idea of seeing a sleek, stout, long-robed old Gentoo accompanying Sutchmee Davee's pianoforte performance with his flute, in the variations on *La Violette*, may be, we must allow for a difference of

taste, and remember that a good tom-tom player would be more fashionable and in greater requisition at Bimlipatam than Thalberg or Rossini;—but it would indeed astonish even the renowned Boz himself to hear my friends Narsing-Rao and Jugga-Rao, both full-grown native gentlemen of these parts, talk, among fifty other Europeanisms, of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*! Mrs. Bardell, the Fat Boy, Tupman, Newman Noggs—they appear quite familiar with all, as though they were fellow-countrymen of the same *caste* and stamp: the latter, if I remember rightly, actually contemplated himself making a translation of *Pickwick* in the Telegoo language. I know that the subject was broached in a sort of *nox ambrosiana*, which I held in company with one of them, when such a measure was spoken of as about to be, or having already been, set on foot.

A little out of Bimlipatam, inland, is the village of Chittawalsah, where may be seen a sugar and indigo factory, the owner of which is well known by those who have come within the reach of his hospitality. After partaking of it, not for the first time, I mounted my horse in the afternoon, and rode about fourteen miles onward, parallel with the sea-beach, to Conada, a large village close upon the coast, and favourably known to the officers of the Vizianagram station for a fine sea breeze, and abundance of antelope to be shot at. There is a large tract of open level country in this neighbourhood, over which these animals may be seen by the hundreds, and where an amateur of the rifle, if conducting the sport with discretion, may slaughter bucks and does to his heart's content. My visits to the bungalow, or travellers' halting-place, at Conada, having been invariably night ones, I can say but little with regard to its fitting-up or "decorations." I know that it has two rooms, the tables in both of which, when dragged into the influence of the sea-breeze, may be recommended as furnishing good accommodation enough for weary exiled bones.

The next halt for the day was Cotaparlim; for the night, Copellee. These places have travellers' bungalows, but the country around either does not look fertile or inviting. From Copellee, the next stage is Chicacole.

Chicacole—"place of arms and Tappal station," so says the *Road Book*—is one of those residences which a portion of officers in the service are attached to from old associations; a portion never revert to but with disgust; and a third portion are perfectly indifferent about. The sportsman meets with no lack of employment in the snipe season for his gun, and almost at all times finds opportunity, amid the bear hills, for distinguishing his rifle. The liverish and dyspeptic—those, too, who worship cool breezes and a fine fresh climate—have little to gladden them in this locality; and the reading man cares little about his regi-



ment's destination at any time. Sepoys of the northern division of the Madras army (and there are very many) regard Chicacole as their capital—the central point of attraction, as it were; and pensioners, and men on leave, may always be seen by the dozen, walking up and down the bazaar or public streets, bearing testimony to this assertion.

The dwelling-places are not, as in most Indian cantonments, far and wide apart, but almost all the principal ones are condensed in one square and its immediate vicinity. This, though quite natural at home, forms a terrible inconvenience, as well as inconsistency, in India; a subaltern, especially, whose furniture is scanty and none of the best, and whose in-door dress is none of the most *recherché* or picturesque, does not like to have his poverty overlooked by the commandant or collector next door. And, again, the wealthier and more "respectable" man does not relish the close vicinity of the three noisy ensigns, whose position enables them, if they please, to take note of all his movements. Besides, Madame may wish to practise the piano, or Monsieur and Madame may sometimes indulge in a family duet in *recitative*; or, more dangerous and not less likely than all, Madame may be a very pretty woman, wearing very pretty dressing-gowns. These are annoyances of neighbourhood unquestionably unpleasant in India, where no operas, concerts, or balls connive to make us forget a good deal of the "house at home." *Au reste*, Chicacole is a dirty, unwholesome-looking place, situated on the banks of a large, broad "bed of a river," yclept the Nagaloo. We cannot help thus qualifying the position, as the river itself is so seldom to be found, except at certain particular seasons. It has long been a detachment, but is now a regimental head-quarter station. Of course, the advantages of having the full force of the allotment of drums and fifes in a native corps are immense to the aforesaid square, which, by the way, contains the parade ground and barracks; that is, to those who like this kind of thing continually under their windows. For my own part, I am not competent to form an opinion on the matter, as these instruments keep up a daily accompaniment to my duties in the East.

I would not lose time by remaining at Chicacole beyond the day. There are two routes laid down from hence to Ganjam; one by the sea for the Tappal or post, in which there is but one travellers' bungalow conveniently situated; and one inland, *viâ* Berhampore, for troops. I resolved to take the first in going up, and borrowed a palanquin for the occasion, ordering my horses to proceed to Berhampore, with intent to return by that station. My travelling companion remaining for some short time longer at his present quarters, I got into my conveyance at about nine at night, and had full leisure to thank a kind host for his entertainment in memory, and wonder anent the doings of the morrow.



Does a passage through avenues of plantain trees provoke sleep, or is it night assuming her privilege, or the preliminary tumbler of beer, or the rattling of the pistol and tin cheroot-case, or the jolting of the palanquin? Strange, but these bearers stopping to demand their hire at the close of the stage, and being put down unceremoniously, and lit to payment by a torch of very primitive material, is quite distressing, to say the least of it.

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CHAPTER II.

There is a delicious spot in the Tappal road, between Chica-cole and Ganjam, by name Pondee. The village is a small fishing village, close to the sea beach, and should, from its position, boast a healthy race of inhabitants; but the travellers' bungalow is, in my estimation, a perfect sanitarium. A free current of air on all sides, clean and large rooms, excellent attendance, and a glorious sea view, combine to make this halt, but for the site only, quite a luxury out of the common. I could stay here alone for weeks—almost for months—and make myself moderately happy. The old sepoy in charge, nearly in his dotage, is remarkably attentive and anxious to please. I have jumped out of my palanquin as uncivilized a being, to all appearance, as could well be found, to keep off respect and courtesy; yet the old man follows me about with a chair, as though he was used to the trade of satisfying *all* classes, as much as the waiter at any Goat and Compasses in England. He has a son, a fine young Mussulman lad, about one-and-twenty, whom I have been endeavouring to persuade to take the shilling, and become a sepoy, but without effect. The scene between father and son has been most amusing, and not uninteresting: the former begging me, with evident earnestness, to make the youngster enlist in my regiment, and, on the latter's appearance, bobbing behind the walls, and peeping through the verandah window, to watch the effect of my persuasions upon him; and the son quietly holding out that two rupees a month which he derives in the collector's employ is better to him, under his present circumstances, than would the seven given to him as a private—then, when he finds that we have no listeners, confidently informing me that his father, if left alone, would take to drinking, and commit some serious self-injury; that, consequently, he is obliged, even against his will, to stay and watch over him.

It is a beautiful little provision made by the Indian

Government—that of giving the travellers' bungalows to old pensioned sepoys, who, having served the state for many long years, are at length disabled, by ill health or infirmity, from active service: they remain in them, one or two at a time, at an allowance of nearly three rupees (six shillings) per month, and are ready to provide the passing traveller with his wants, in the way of milk, eggs, or whatever, in fact, the village affords, besides looking after his money and travelling necessities, should he be unattended by a servant. I ordered nothing, and brought nothing with me, save a loaf or two of bread and drinkables; and a very excellent dish of curry and rice was I furnished with—in fact, I know not when I have dined so well and with such a relish for many a day. I have no servants with me, having left them behind at Chicacole, to follow with the horses to Berhampore: it is of no consequence, the old man and his son wait upon and tend me like a young child: they are almost over-attentive; perhaps, had I met with different treatment (and I say this in no spirit of ingratitude or unkindness to old Ashur Beg and his son, but in a mere worldly way of Asiatic feeling), I might have retained possession of the Poondee bungalow for another day, in lieu of posting on to Ganjam at sunset.

But the old man's teapot—a present from some passing traveller—a cracked, battered, old teapot—emblem of its owner: with what regard does he look upon this article of luxury, and how proudly does he invite me to take tea in the afternoon! Alas! had I known the gratification I should have afforded in accepting, I might not have refused his offer; but, as it was, the teapot was still placed on the table, and I had only to look on and admire. Natives who know us, know that we are great tea drinkers, and the pensioner deserves great credit for the regard paid to our tastes and comforts. I wonder what his tea was—whether Hyson, Bohea, or Twankay—and for whom, and how often, the same tea leaves had served!

It is the custom here, as elsewhere, for travellers to write their names and distinctions in the bungalow book, recording any remarks which their visit may seem to call forth. On opening the present one, I find a curious medley of pert sayings, and modest registers of names only. How characteristic of the foreigner's idea of an Englishman are his effusions who dilates on what he had for dinner, and how interesting to those who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, to find that your predecessor made a hearty repast of fish and curry, on Thursday, the 7th, or Wednesday, the 6th ultimo. Before quitting this place, my young host, who seemed anxious to atone for his own want of inclination to become a sepoy, brought me a recruit for examination, and gave great hopes of many more, provided a few men,

from one of our own recruiting parties, could be despatched hitherward. I do not dislike the young man, but the more I see of him, the more am I inclined to think that his accusations, or rather insinuations, against his sire, with regard to the drinking, would bear a more appropriate transfer to his own broad back: he has an incoherent style of talking which I do not admire, and his conversation is rather too profuse to be agreeable.

Palanquin travelling is to me anything but a gratification at all times; the motion is so uncertain—I mean, so dependent on those who cause it, either from their shoulders or dispositions—that a novice, especially if he be bilious, can never securely make up his mind to sleep through a night's journey of this kind; for myself, I can manage a doze at times; but after settling into this happy state, a nightmare, or demand for the travelling money, is sure to dispel the momentary elysium. It seems almost needless detailing a matter which has been put before the public at home in its every shape, through the medium of books and conversation; therefore, when I state that the usual method of travelling in these parts is with a set of twelve bearers, a cooly, or porter, for the “cowries” (two tin baskets containing sundry necessaries), and, at night only, a “a missalchi,” or torch-bearer, I think the picture may be considered complete. I really cannot say whether the price paid for this “conveyancing” is moderate or otherwise; the relative value of pounds, shillings, and pence seem lost to me in the constant contemplation of rupees and annas; but be the stage eighteen or twenty miles, the charge of four annas for each bearer, an equivalent to sixpence, never or rarely seems to be exceeded. I should be very sorry, and so would, I think, most Englishmen, even the lowest in the scale of society, to bear a twelfth part of the burden of a fat portly gentleman during a dark night, or under the rays of a fiery sun, over a country where foot-paths are often wanting, and broad “nullahs” are by no means scarce, for one hundred times the amount.

It is curious to observe the change in the character and appearance of the people as you travel up the coast from Madras to Bengal; this is perhaps more easy of detection among the bearers than in any other class. I have now come upon a tribe of Woodias: these are very dark, stout-built, and muscular; indeed, in my idea, they have more of the African mould than most races that I have seen in India. How to define them I know not; without being precisely a distinct people and *caste*, they appear to have certain peculiarities unknown to their neighbours. They have a separate language, too, in which Hindostanee and Sanscrit bear a part: for the interested in these matters, it might be well worth while to trace how they became scattered even some hundreds of miles along the coast, on either side of Ganjam and Cuttack.



Starting from Poondée at about six in the afternoon, we ran for a tolerable distance along the sea-beach, and at length changed bearers at a place called Barwa: this was the sole halt during the night. About seven in the morning, I found myself deposited at Soonapoor: it is the custom in this routine of travelling to send on and post a relief in readiness at each stage, but my clever assistants had posted mine at Itchapore, a station considerably out of my intended route northward. The word "deposited" is therefore peculiarly applicable here, for I was put down bodily, without a hope of getting up, for probably an hour or thereabouts. I am not fond of being looked at as a strange animal at any time; and it was with anything but agreeable sensations that I saw a host of inquisitive folks staring into my palanquin, standing still to contemplate me as I lay there. I had read two out of three French *pièces de théâtre*, which, fresh from Old England, had overtaken me on the road; viz., the *Campagne à Deux*, comédie, and *Lambert Simnel*, opéra, and *Les Naufrageurs de Kérongal*, an extraordinary *rifacimento* of Knowles' *Wrecker's Daughter*, and, I think, the *Inchcape Bell* alone remained. I wished to reserve this for my next stage, and turned over the leaves of the book, here and there, as a child wetting his last cherry between his lips, but afraid to bite. At length a very important-looking and excessively ugly individual made his appearance; he bowed, and looked at me fixedly. "Bhoi illadoo?"\* said I, in Telegoo, knowing as much of the language as my drum-major does of the income-tax. He made some reply in the negative, and I understood him to ask me my name. I wrote it with pencil on a piece of paper, and handed it to him: he put on his spectacles and read it off. "You speak English?" said I. "Yes, sir," replied he, with a very fair accent, looking "I should rather think I did." This was evidently the climax expected. I got out of the palanquin and entered into a long conversation with my new acquaintance, the upshot of which was that I was deputed to ask Mr. A——, the collector at Ganjam, whom I had never seen or spoken to in my life, to give him a better appointment than that which he then held; for instance, a gumastership, or superintendent of Customs at Soonapore. Of course, I could not forget so delicate a mission!

I proceeded onward much as usual, and read through *Les Naufrageurs*. At length, tired and sick of the jolting, I was looking around me, quietly wondering whose and for what purpose were certain neat little bungalows near the road-side, into which I had but just turned from the beach, when a servant rushed out from one of them and attracted the attention of my bearers, who insinuated pretty plainly that they were about to be

\* Meaning—"What! no bearers?"

relieved, for that I was wanted in-doors. True enough; the spot was called Gopaulpore, a sort of watering-place to the Berhampore station. Some friends of mine were there, and I had been recognized by means of a telescope. Need I cite this as one of the myriad examples of Indian hospitality? I accepted a very kind invitation, and delayed my concluding stage to Ganjam till the evening. My good friend K——, whom I was about to visit at the latter station, happening to be at Gopaulpore himself at the time, I was, of course, in luck's way in stating my objects. But invitations in cases of this kind are little required; I saw that I was welcome at once, as a guest, for any period of my leave.

Ganjam is (from what I learn, not having had a fair view of the town as yet) a wretched-looking, bleak, uninteresting spot, feverish and unhealthy. In the year 1815, or thereabouts, I am afraid to say how many thousand souls are reported to have perished there through sickness. Since this period the place has been much avoided, as bearing the stamp of pestilence, and the street, or double row of huts constituting the town, remains comparatively silent and untenanted. The pentagon fort is a strong building, and has numerous accommodations within its walls; among others, a cell for convicts, which, if it resembles the Black-hole of Calcutta, the latter must have been a fearful place. A body of prisoners had just been transferred therefrom, prior to my visit. Poor wretches! fortunate among them those who obtained the side admitting the sea-breeze, such as it is, creeping over the ramparts! The most curious thing that I saw here was the drawing of a primitive style of vessel, which I took the trouble of copying, from its grotesque disproportions and absurdity. On the early morning of the third day at Ganjam, I resought the palanquin, and proceeded on my expedition.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LITERATURE.

## NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*A Scriptural Guide to the Duties of Every-day Life: consisting of Passages selected from Holy Writ, and placed under various Heads.* Compiled by a LADY, for the use of her own Child.

MATERNAL love has in this work been the amiable motive for a labour which might well be useful to all the Christian world. The precepts of the Bible are scattered through all its sacred pages, one section not being devoted to the enforcing any single duty, nor another to the denouncing any solitary vice ; but every portion teeming with threatenings and promises, with warnings and examples ; and the selecting a rich assemblage from this exhaustless store, and arranging them under their various heads, has been the self-appointed task of a mother for the pious instruction of her child. Finding in the routine of a religious education, that the duties of life must mainly, if not wholly, be enforced by appeals to the sacred word, and finding also that searching for instructions so disseminated somewhat retarded the progress of tuition, this lady resolved upon collecting and arranging, each under their respective heads, some of the most forcible and convincing texts of Scripture, referring to the great duties of life and their opposite vices, displaying on the one hand the virtue commanded, and on the other the sin forbidden ; and illustrating both from examples derived from the same high and holy source.

It must at once be seen, that it would be presumption in us to speak with praise and commendation of the material of a work, not only based upon, but being in fact a portion of, that sacred word which we ought to approach with submissive reverence, rather than with assuming commendation. On the plan and arrangements of a production formed of these rich materials, we are at liberty to comment, and of these we may truly say, that the execution is as praiseworthy as the design. As a manual of devotion, this little volume would be found a most valuable closet companion. The best instructed Christian best knows how necessary it is to be constantly put in mind even of his simplest and plainest duties, and of being daily guarded against the encroachments of his besetting sin ; and here the injunctions and warnings are arranged on either hand in all the powerful language of inspiration, unimpaired by human argument, and



brought into one commanding assemblage. The work most truly deserves its title of *A Scriptural Guide to the Duties of Every-day Life*; while its primary end, as a help to the religious instruction of the young, is equally well borne out. Is a virtue to be enforced—here is what the Bible says of its requirement, not only in one but in various places. Is a sin forbidden—here, too, is what Revelation has declared against it. In both points of view, as well for the adult as for the child, we consider that this work ought to be held in the highest estimation.

We could not, however, consider our own duty as discharged, were we to close our notice without a word to schools and the various seminaries of education. The variety of avocation crowded into the daily routine of these establishments, so circumscribes the perusal of the Bible, that, generally speaking, but little progress is made in the reading, much less in the study, of the sacred volume; and knowing this, we would not only suggest but recommend that this *Scriptural Guide* should be adopted as the scriptural reading. Such a selection would be infinitely better than suffering pupils to make a tardy way through the few first books of the Old Testament, which, in many cases, they never get beyond; and they would exchange imperfect fragments of theology for a beautiful compendium of Christianity.

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1. *The Knitter's Casket.* 2. *The Knitter's Friend.* 3. *The Art of Crochet.* 4. *My Working Friend.* 5. *The Book of the Baby's Wardrobe in Knitting and Netting.* Ramsgate: J. Hope.

THE publication of the first-mentioned in the above list affords us an opportunity of offering a few words of comment on this unpretending but really valuable series of little manuals.

Believing habits of industry to be most favourable to the development and maintenance of a healthy condition of mind and body, we cannot but hail with pleasure the appearance of any production, whether in mechanics or of the press, which professes to furnish light and agreeable employment to the sex perhaps more peculiarly subject to the influence of *ennui* and its attendant miseries; and when any circumstance has rendered us in any case cognizant of the validity of such a profession, and a new source of amusement is offered to those among our fair readers who are industriously inclined, or the sphere of any pre-existing occupation is extended, we hold it a part of our duty to make them acquainted with it.

Compiled with an exclusive regard to practical utility, the

contents of these little volumes have evidently undergone a most jealous scrutiny by one thoroughly conversant with the subjects on which they treat, and the result of this attention is a greater degree of correctness in the receipts than many similar productions can boast.

The series is very neatly got up, the price places it within the reach of all, and we may be allowed to notice the binding as a novel and elegant specimen of the modern style of the art.

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*Elements of Mental and Moral Science.* By GEORGE PAYNE, LL.D. Third edition.

IT is not necessary we should say anything respecting the merits of a work which has reached a third edition. We merely refer to the fact of a third edition having been required for the purpose of expressing our admiration of the beautiful manner in which it has been printed by Mr. Hasler.

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*Bohn's Standard Library.—Beckmann's History of Inventions,* Vol. I. Henry G. Bohn.

THIS is a very interesting volume. It abounds with information of a varied and very attractive kind. When the concluding volume has made its appearance, we shall take an opportunity of advertizing at some length to the book.

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*A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.* By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL. Translated by JOHN BLACK, Esq., late Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Henry G. Bohn.

THIS work has long been popular in Germany and France; nor has it been unknown in England. Now, however, it will obtain a much larger circulation in this country than it has yet had, in consequence of its great cheapness. It is a work of much merit. It abounds with interesting and varied information on the subject of the drama, and is written in a fine discriminating spirit. Mr. Black, the translator, is a thorough German scholar, and, therefore, the fidelity of the rendering may be relied on. The volume will form one of the most valuable of Mr. Bohn's popular series of standard works.

